







TO THE QUEEN.

Revered, beloved—O you that hold A nobler office upon earth Than arms, or power of brain, or birth

Could give the warrior kings of old,

Take, Madam, this poor book of song; For the the faults were thick as dust In wacant chambers, I could trust Your kindness. May you rule us long,

Victoria,—since your Royal grace
To one of less desert allows
This laurel greener from the brows
Of him that utter'd nothing hore:

Of him that utter'd nothing base;

And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
'She wrought her people lasting good;

And should your greatness, and the care

That yokes with empire, yield you time

time
To make demand of modern rhyme
If aught of ancient worth be there:

'Her court was pure; her life screne; God gave her peace; her land reposed; A thousand claims to reverence

closed In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

Then—while a sweeter music wakes,
And thro' wild March the throstle
calls,
Where all about your palace-walls
The sun-it almond-blossom shakes—

'And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

'By shaping some august decree, Which kept her throne unshaken still, Broad-based upon her people's will, And compass'd by the inviolate sea.'











JUVENILIA.

CLARIBEL.

A MELODY.

I.

Where Claribel low-lieth
The brezees pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall:
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth,
Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
With an ancient melody
Of an inward agony,
Where Claribel low-lieth.

H.

At eve the beetle boometh
Athwart the thicket lone:
At noon the wild bee hummeth
About the moss'd headstone:
At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone.
And looketh down alone.
The calculuted was a substituted to the control of the contr

NOTHING WILL DIE.

WHEN will the stream be aweary of flowing Under my eye? When will the wind be aweary of blowing Over the sky? When will the clouds be aweary of fleeting?

When will the heart be aweary of beating?

And nature die?

Never, oh! never, nothing will die; The stream flows.

The wind blows, The cloud fleets, The heart beats,

The heart beats, Nothing will die.

Nothing will die;
All things will change
Thro' eternity.
'Tis the world's winter;
Autumn and summer
Are gone long ago;
Earth is dry to the centre,
But spring, a new comer,
A spring rich and strange,
Shall make the winds blow.
Round and round,
Thro' and thro!

Here and there,
Till the air
And the ground
Shall be fill'd with life anew.

The world was never made; It will change, but it will not fade. So let the wind range; For even and morn Ever will be Thro' eternity.

Nothing was born; Nothing will die; All things will change.





"THE SOLEMN OAK-TREE SIGHETH."-Page 2.



ALL THIN IS WILL DIE.

CLEARLY the base aiver chimes in its

Under no eye;
Warmly and brookly the south winds are blown;

Over the sky.

One after another the white clouds are

fleeting;
Every heart this stay morning in joyance is beating

Full merrily;
Yet all thing saust die.
The stream : 1 I cease to flow;
The wind will - ase to blow;
The clouds will rease to fleet;
The heart will - rese to beat;
For all thing - ust die.

All things anst die.

Spring will come never more.

Oh! vanity!

Death walts at 'n door.

See! our friends are all forsaking

The wine and the merrymaking. We are call'd—we must go. Laid low, very how, In the dark we must lie. The merry glees are still; The voice of the bird. Shall no more heard,

Nor the wind on the fill.

Oh! hise
Hark! death is calling
While! I speak to be,
The jaw is falling,
The red cheek paling,
The strong limbs feiling;
Ice with the warm blood mixing;
The red halk fiving

The eyeballs fixing.
Nine times goes the passing bell:
Ye merry souls, farewall.
The old earth
Had a birth.
As all men know,

Long ago.
And the old earth mus, die.
So let the warm winds range.
And the blue wave beat the shore:
For even and morn
Ye will never see
Thro' eternity.

All things were born. Ye will come never more, For all things must die.

LEONINE ELEGIACS.

Low-FLOWING breezes are roaming the broad valley dimm'd in the

gloaming:
Thro' the black-stemm'd pines only
the far river shines.

Creeping thro' blossomy rushes and bowers of rose-blowing bushes, Down by the poplar tall rivulets

babble and fall.

Barketh the shepherd-dog cheerly;
the grasshopper carolleth clearly;
Deeply the wood-dove coos; shrilly

the owlet halloos;
Winds creep; dews fall chilly: in her
first sleep earth breathes stilly:
Over the pools in the burn water-gnats

murmur and mourn. Sadly the far kine loweth: the glim-

mering water outfloweth:
Twin peaks shadow'd with pine slope
to the dark hyaline

Low-throned Hesper is stayed between the two peaks; but the Naiad Throbbing in mild unrest holds him

Throbbing in mild unrest holds him beneath in her breast.

The ancient postess singeth that Hea

The ancient poetess singeth, that Hesperus all things bringeth, Smoothing the wearied mind: bring me my love, Rosalind.

Thou comest morning or even; she cometh not morning or even. False-eyed Hesper, unkind, where is my sweet Rosalind?

SUPPOSED CONFESSIONS

OF A SECOND-RATE SENSITIVE MIND.

O God! my God! have mercy now. I faint, I fall. Men say that Thou Didst die for me, for such as me, Patient of ill. and death, and scorn, And that my sin was as a thorn

Among the thorns that girt Thy brow, Wounding Thy soul.—That even now, In this extremest misery Of ignorance, I should require A sign! and if a bolt of fire Would rive the slumbrous summer

noon
While I do pray to Thee alone,
Think my belief would stronger grow!
Is not my human pride brought low?
The boastings of my spirit still?
The joy I had in my freewill
All cold, and dead, and corpse-like

grown?

And what is left to me, but Thou, And faith in Thee? Men pass me by: Christians with happy countenances— And children all seem full of Thee! And women smile with saint-like

glances Like Thine own mother's when she

bow'd

Above Thee, on that happy morn When angels spake to men aloud, And Thou and peace to earth were born.

Goodwill to me as well as all—
I one of them: my brothers they:
Brothers in Christ—a world of peace
And confidence, day after day;
And trust and hope till things should
cease,

And then one Heaven receive us all.

How sweet to have a common faith! To hold a common scorn of death! And at a burial to hear The creaking cords which wound and

eat Into my human heart, whene'er Earth goes to earth, with grief, not

fear, With hopeful grief, were passing sweet!

Thrice happy state again to be
The trustful infant on the knee!
Who lets his rosy fingers play
About his mother's neck, and knows
Nothing beyond his mother's eyes.
They comfort him by night and day;
They light his little life alway;
He hath no thought of coming wees;

He hath no care \$1 to the control of the control of

Would that my goes ancy were As thine, my and a substitute of the substitute of the

Paths in the doce who all do not I Bowmyself when we have the hearth and be the card of the the decrease of the doce when the decrease of the doce had to rear'd—to brush the doce when the doce when

From the e on by when thy grave Was leep, me me er, in the clay?

Myse Is to Myself? Had I So lit le love for thee? But why

Prev n'll not the jone prayers? Why

To one who heels not, who can save Butwillnot. Great infaith, and strong Age in the great of circumstance West thou, and we unheard. What if Thou plee it the and seest me drive The utto cark full-sail'd skiff.



Of reboant whirlwinds, stooping low Unto the death, not sunk! I know At matins and at evensong, That thou, if thou wert yet alive,

That thou, if thou wert yet alive, In deep and daily prayers would'st strive

To reconcile me with thy God. Albeit, my hope is gray, and cold Atheart, thou wouldest murmur still—Bring this lamb back into Thy fold, My Lord, it so it be Thy will. Would'st tell me I must brook the rod And chastiscement of human pride; That pride, the sin of devils, stood Betewar me and the light of God! And had rejected God—that grace Would drop from his o'er-brimming love.

As manna on my wilderness,
If I would pray—that God would

And strike the hard, hard rock, and thence,

Sweet in their utmost bitterness, Would issue tears of penitence Which would keep green hope's life. Alas!

I think that pride hath now no place Nor sojourn in me. I am void, Dark, formless, utterly destroyed.

Why not believe then? Why not yet Anchor thy frailty there, where man Hath moor'd and rested? Ask the

sea
At midnight, when the crisp slope

After a tempest, rib and fret The broad-imbased beach, why he Slumbers not like a mountain tarn? Wherefore his ridges are not carls And ripples of an inland mere? Wherefore he moaneth thus, nor can Draw down into his vexed pools All that blue heaven which hues and

The other? I am too forlorn,
Too shaken: my own weakness fools
My judgment, and my spirit whirls,
Moved from beneath with doubt and
fear.

'Yet,' said I, in my morn of youth, The unsunn'd freshness of my strength,

When I went forth in quest of truth,
'It is man's privilege to doubt,
If so be that from doubt at length,
Truth may stand forth unmoved of

An image with profulgent brows, And perfect limbs, as from the storm Of running fires and fluid range Of lawless airs, at last stood out This excellence and solid form Of constant beauty. For the Ox Feeds in the herb, and sleeps, or fills The horned valleys all about, And hollows of the fringed hills In summer heats, with placid lows Unfearing, till his own blood flows The lamb rejoiceth in the year. And raceth freely with his fere And answers to his mother's calls From the flower'd furrow. In a time. Of which he wots not, run short pains Thro' his warm heart; and then, from whence

Whence
He knows not, on his light there falls
A shadow; and his native siope,
Where he was wont to leap and climb,
Floats from his sick and filmed eyes,
And something in the darkness draws
His forebead earthward, and he dies.
Shall man live thus, in joy and hope
As a young lamb, who cannot dream,
Living, but that he shall live on?
Shall we not look into the laws
Of life and death, and things that

seem, And things that be, and analyse Our double nature, and compare All creeds till we have found the one, If one there be? 'Ay me! I fear All may not doubt, but everywhere Some must clasp Idols. Yet, my God, Whom cail I Idol? Let I'ry dove Shadow me over, and my sins De unrememberd, and Thy love Enlighten me. Oh teach me yet Weighs on me, and the busy fret Of that sharp-headed worm begins In the gross blackness undergreath.

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SONG.

THE winds, as at their hour of birth, Leaning upon the ridged sea, Breathed low around the rolling earth With mellow preludes, 'We are free.'

The streams through many a lilied

Down-carolling to the crisped sea, Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow Atween the blossoms, 'We are free.' Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian

ISABEL.

.

EYES not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed With the clear-pointed flame of

With the clear-pointed flame of chastity, Clear, without heat, undying, tended



Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
Of ber still spirit; locks not wide-dis-

spread, Madonna-wise on either side her head;

Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign

The summer calm of golden charity, Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood, Revered Isabel, the crown and head.

The stately flower of female fortitude, Of perfect wifehood and pure lowlihead.

H.

The intuitive decision of a bright And thorough-edged intellect to

Error from crime; a prudence to withhold; The laws of marriage character'd

in gold Upon the blanched tablets of her

heart;
A love still burning upward, giving

To read those laws; an accent very low In blandishment, but a most silver flow Of subtle-paced counsel in distress.

Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried, Winning its way with extreme

gentleness Thro' all the outworks of suspicious

pride;
A courage to endure and to obey;
A hate of gossip parlance, and of

Crown'd Isabel, thro'all her placid life, The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

11.

The mellow'd reflex of a winter moon; A clear stream flowing with a muddy

Till in its onward current it absorbs
With swifter movement and in
purer light

The vexed eddies of its wayward brother:

A leaning and upbearing parasite,

Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite With cluster'd flower-bells and am-

With cluster'd flower-bells and ambrosial orbs

Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on

each other--Shadow forth thee:--the world

hath not another (Tho' all her fairest forms are types of thee,

And thou of God in thy great charity)
Of such a finish'd chasten'd purity.

MARIANA.

'Mariana in the moated grange.'

Measure for Measure.

With blackest moss the flower-plots Were thickly crusted, one and all: The rusted nails fell from the knots

That held the pear to the gable-wall. The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:

Unlifted was the clinking latch; Weeded and worn the ancient thatch

Upon the lonely moated grange.

She only said, 'My life is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

Her tears fell with the dews at even; Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;

She could not look on the sweet heaven,

Either at morn or eventide. After the flitting of the bats, When thickest dark did trance the

Sky, She drew her casement-curtain by, And glanced athwart the glooming

flats.

She only said, 'The night is dreary,
He cometh not,' she said;
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'

Upon the middle of the night, Waking she heard the night-fowl

The cock sung out an hour ere light: From the dark fen the oxen's low Came to her: without hope of change, In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn, Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed

morn About the lonely moated grange. She only said, 'The day is dreary, He cometh not, she said; She said, 'I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall A sluice with blacken'd waters slept, And o'er it many, round and small The cluster'd marish-mosses crept. Hard by a poplar shook alway

All silver-green with gnarled bark : For leagues no other tree did mark The level waste, the rounding gray. She only said, 'My life is dreary, He cometh not,' she said; She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,

I would that I were dead! And the shrill winds were up and

In the white curtain, to and fro, She saw the gusty shadow sway. But when the moon was very low. And wild winds bound within their

The shadow of the poplar fell Upon her bed, across her brow. She only said, 'The night is

He cometh not,' she said ; She said, 'I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead!

All day within the dreamy house, doors upon their hinges creak'd; The

The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse Behind the mouldering wainscot

shriek'd.

Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors, Old footsteps trod the upper floors, Old voices called her from without. She only said, 'My life is dreary, He cometh not,' she said;

She said, 'I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead!

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof, The slow clock ticking, and the sound

Which to the wooing wind aloof The poplar made, did all confound Her sense; but most she loathed the hour

When the thick-moted sunbeam lay Athwart the chambers, and the day Was sloping toward his western

Then, said she, 'I am very dreary, He will not come,' she said; She wept, 'I am aweary, aweary, Oh God, that I were dead!'

TO ---

CLEAR-HEADED friend, whose joyful

Edged with sharp laughter, cuts atwam

The knots that tangle human creeds.

The wounding cords that bind and The heart until it bleeds,

Ray-fringed evelids of the morn Roof not a glance so keen as thine:

If aught of prophecy be mine, Thou wilt not live in vain.

Low-cowering shall the Sophist sit; Falsehood shall bare her plaited brow; Fair-fronted Truth shall droop not

With shrilling shafts of subtle wit.

swords



























Can do away that ancient lie; A gentler death shall Falsehood die, Shot thro' and thr'o with cunning words.

111

Weak Truth a-leaning on her crutch, Wan, wasted Truth in her utmost need,

Thy kingly intellect shall feed, Until she be an athlete bold, And weary with a finger's touch Those writhed limbs of lightning

Like that strange angel which of old, Until the breaking of the light, Wrestled with wandering Israel, Past Yabbok brook the livelong night,

And heaven's mazed signs stood still In the dim tract of Penuel.

MADELINE.

Thou art not steep'd in golden languors,

No tranced summer calm is thine, Ever varying Madeline. Thro' light and shadow thou dost

Sudden glances, sweet and strange, Delicious spites and darling angers, And airy forms of flitting change.

II.

Smiling, frowning, evermore, Thou art perfect in love-lore. Revealings deep and clear are thine Of wealthy smiles: but who may

Whether smile or frown be fleeter? Whether smile or frown be sweeter, Who may know?

Frowns perfect-sweet along the brow Light-glooming over eyes divine, Like little clouds sun-fringed, are thine,

Ever varying Madeline.

Thy smile and frown are not aloof From one another. Each to each is dearest brother:

Hues of the silken sheeny woof Momently shot into each other All the mystery is thine; Smiling, frowning, evermore, Thou art perfect in love-lore,

Ever varying Madeline.

A subtle, sudden flame, By veering passion fann'd, About thee breaks and dances; When I would kiss thy hand,

The flush of anger'd shame
O'erflows thy calmer glances,
And o'er black brows drops down
A sudden-curved frown:
But when I turn away,

Thou, willing me to stay,
Wooest not, nor vainly wranglest;
But, looking fixedly the while,
All my bounding heart entanglest
In a golden-netted smile:

Then in madness and in bliss, If my lips should dare to kiss Thy taper fingers amorously, Again thou blushest angerly; And o'er black brows drops down A sudden-curved frown.

SONG-THE OWL.

WHEN cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,

And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

II.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,

And rarely smells the new-mown hay, And the cock hath sung beneath the





Alone and warming his five wits, The white owl in the belfry sits.

SECOND SONG

TO THE SAME.

THY tuwhits are lull'd, I wot, Thy tuwhoos of yesternight, Which upon the dark afloat, So took echo with delight, So took echo with delight, That her voice untuneful grown, Wears all day a fainter tone.

I would mock thy chant anew; But I cannot mimick it: Not a whit of thy tuwhoo Thee to woo to thy tuwhit, Thee to woo to thy tuwhit, With a lengthen'd loud halloo, Tuwboo, tuwhit, tuwhit, tu-

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free

In the silken sail of infancy The tide of time flow'd back with me, The forward-flowing tide of time; And many a sheeny summer-morn, Adown the Tigris I was borne, By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold, High-walled gardens green and old; True Mussulman was I and sworn, For it was in the golden prime

Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling thro' The low and bloomed foliage, drove The fragrant, glistening deeps, and

The citron-shadows in the blue: By garden porches on the brini,

In sooth it was a goodly time, For it was in the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear-stemm'd platans guard

The outlet, did I turn away The boat-head down a broad canal From the main river sluiced, where all The sloping of the moon-lit sward Was damask-work, and deep inlay Of braided blooms unmown, which crept

Adown to where the water slept. A goodly place, a goodly time, For it was in the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

A motion from the river won Ridged the smooth level, bearing on My shallop thro' the star-strown calm. Until another night in night I enter'd, from the clearer light, Imbower'd vaults of pillar'd palm, Imprisoning sweets, which, as they

Heavenward, were stay'd beneath the dome

Of hollow boughs .- A goodly time, For it was in the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward; and the clear canal Is rounded to as clear a lake. From the green rivage many a fall. Of diamond rillets musical Thro' little crystal arches low Down from the central fountain's flow Fall'n silver-chiming, seemed to shake The sparkling flints beneath the prow. A goodly place, a goodly time,

For it was in the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid Above thro' many a bowery turn A walk with vary-color'd shells Wander'd engrain'd. On either side All round about the fragrant marge From fluted vase, and brazen urn In order, eastern flowers large,





Some dropping low their crimson bells

Half-closed, and others studded wide With disks and tiars, fed the time With odor in the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon grove In closest coverture upsprung, The living airs of middle night Died round the bulbul as he sung; Not he: but something which possess'd

The darkness of the world, delight, Life, anguish, death, immortal love, Ceasing not, mingled, unrepress'd, Apart from place, withholding time, But flattering the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black the garden-bowers and grots Slumber'd: the solemn palms were ranged

Above, unwoo'd of summer wind: A sudden splendor from behind Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-

green,
And, flowing rapidly between
Their interspaces, counterchanged
The level lake with diamond-plots
Of dark and bright. A lovely time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Darkblue the deep sphere overhead, Distinct with vivid stars inlaid, Grew darker from that under-flame: So, leaping lightly from the boat, With silver auchor left afloat, With silver auchor left afloat, Upon me, as in sleep 1 sank Upon me, as in sleep 1 sank Entranced with that place not Entranced with that place and time, So worthy of the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence thro' the garden I was

A realm of pleasance, many a mound, And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn Full of the city's stilly sound, And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round The stately cedar, tamarisks,
Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
Graven with emblems of the time,
In honor of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

With dazed vision unawares From the long alley's latticed shade Emerged, I came upon the great Pavilion of the Caliphat. Right to the carven cedarn doors, Flung inward over spangled floors, Broad-based flights of marble stairs Ran up with golden balustrade, After the fashion of the time.

After the fashion of the time, And humor of the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight As with the quintessence of flame, A million tapers flaring bright From twisted silvers look/d to shame The hollow-vaulted dark, and streamly Upon the mooned domes alouf In immost Bagdat, till there seem'd Hundreds of crescents on the roof Of night new-risen, that marvellous time

To celebrate the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly Gazed on the Persian girl alone, Serene with argent-lidded eyes Amorous, and lashes like to rays Of darkness, and a brow of pearl Tressed with redolent chony, In many a dark delicious curl, Flowing beneath her rose-bued zone;

The sweetest lady of the time, Well worthy of the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side, Pure silver, underpropt a rich Throne of the massive ore, from which

Down-droop'd, in many a floating fold,

Engarlanded and diaper'd With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.



Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirr'd With merriment of kingly pride, Sole star of all that place and time, I saw him—in his golden prime, THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID.

ODE TO MEMORY.

ADDRESSED TO ---.

Thou who stealest fire,
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present; oh, haste,
Visit my low desire!
Strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

2.5

Come not as thou camest of late, Flinging the gloom of yesternight On the white day; but robed in soften'd light

Of orient state.

Whilome thou camest with the morning mist, Even as a maid, whose stately brow

The dew-impearled winds of dawn have kiss'd,

When, she, as thou, Stays on her floating locks the lovely

freight
Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots

Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits,

Which in wintertide shall star The black earth with brilliance rare.

Ш

Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,

And with the evening cloud,
Showering thy gleaned wealth into
my open breast
(Those peerless flowers which in the

rudest wind Never grow sere, When rooted in the garden of the mind, Because they are the earliest of the

year).

Nor was the night thy shroud.
In sweet dreams softer than unbroken

rest
Thou leddest by the hand thine infant

Hope. The eddying of her garments caught

from thee
The light of thy great presence; and
the cope

Of the half-attain'd futurity, Tho' deep not fathomless, Was cloven with the million stars

which tremble O'er the deep mind of dauntless in-

fancy.

Small thought was there of life's dis-

tress; For sure she deem'd no mist of earth

could dull
Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen
and beautiful:

Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres, Listening the lordly music flowing

from
The illimitable years.
O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

TV

Come forth, I charge thee, arise, Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes l

Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines
Unto mine inner eye,

Divinest Memory I Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall

Which ever sounds and shines
A pillar of white light upon the
wall

Of purple cliffs, aloof descried:
Come from the woods that belt the
gray hill-side,
The seven elms, the poplars four

The seven elms, the poplars four That stand beside my father's door,







"I WOULD THAT I WERE DEAD! - Page 7.





"THE DARK DESERTED HOUSE,"-Page 17.





Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wat-Upon the ridged wolds,

When the first matin-song hath waken'd loud Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,

What time the amber morn Forth gushes from beneath a hung cloud.

Large dowries doth the raptured eve To the young spirit present When first she is wed;

And like a bride of old In triumph led. With music and sweet showers

Of festal flowers, Unto the dwelling she must sway. Well hast thou done, great artist Memory.

In setting round thy first experiment With royal frame-work

wrought gold; Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay. And foremost in thy various gallery

Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls Upon the storied walls;

For the discovery And newness of thine art so pleased thee, That all which thou hast drawn of

fairest Or boldest since, but lightly weighs

With thee unto the love thou bearest The first-born of thy genius. Artistlike,

Ever retiring thou dost gaze On the prime labor of thine early days: Where from the frequent bridge, Like emblems of infinity. The trenched waters run from sky to

sky; Or a garden bower'd close With plaited alleys of the trailing

Long alleys falling down to twilight

grots. Or opening upon level plots Of crowned lilies, standing near Purple-spiked lavender Whither in after life retired From brawling storms. From weary wind,

With youthful fancy re-inspired, We may hold converse with all forms

Of the many-sided mind, And those whom passion hath not blinded, Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.

My friend, with you to live alone, Were how much better than to own A crown, a sceptre, and a throne!

O strengthen me, enlighten me! I faint in this obscurity, Thou dewy dawn of memory.

SONG.

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers: To himself he talks; For at eventide, listening earnestly, At his work you may hear him sob and sigh

In the walks;



The air is damp, and hush'd, and close. As a sick man's room when he taketh

Heavily hangs the hollyhock,

Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

An hour before death: My very heart faints and my whole

soul grieves At the moist, rich smell of the rotting leaves

And the breath Of the fading edges of box

beneath. And the year's last rose. Heavily hangs the broad sun-

Over its grave i' the earth so chilly:

Heavily hangs the hollyhock, Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

A CHARACTER.

WITH a half-glance upon the sky At night he said, 'The wanderings Of this most intricate Universe Teach me the nothingness of things Yet could not all creation pierce Beyond the bottom of his eye.

He spake of beauty: that the dull Saw no divinity in grass, Life in dead stones, or spirit in air; Then looking as 'twere in a glass, He smooth'd his chin and sleek'd his hair.

And said the earth was beautiful.

He spake of virtue: not the gods More purely, when they wish to charm Pallas and Juno sitting by:

He canvass'd human mysteries, And trod on silk, as if the winds Blew his own praises in his eyes And stood aloof from other minds In impotence of fancied power,

With lips depress'd as he were meek, Himself unto himself he sold: Upon himself himself did feed : Quiet, dispassionate and cold. And other than his form of creed, With chisell'd features clear and sleek.

THE POET.

THE poet in a golden clime was born, With golden stars above Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill,

He saw thro' his own soul. The marvel of the everlasting will, An open scroll,

Before him lay: with echoing feet he threaded The secretest walks of fame: The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed

And wing'd with flame, Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue,

And of so fierce a flight, From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung, Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which bore Them earthward till they lit; Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field

flower. The fruitful wit











Like to the mother plant in semblance, grew

A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling

The winged shafts of truth, To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with beams. Tho' one did fling the fire

Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many dreams Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world Like one great garden show'd, And thro' the wreaths of floating dark

upcurl'd. Rare sunrise flow'd. And Freedom rear'd in that august

sunrise Her beautiful bold brow. When rites and forms before his burning eyes Melted like snow.

There was no blood upon her maiden Sunn'd by those orient skies:

But round about the circles of the globes Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced in flame WISDOM, a name to shake All evil-dreams of power-a sacred

name And when she spake. Her words did gather thunder as they

And as the lightning to the thunder

Which follows it, riving the spirit of

So was their meaning to her words. No sword

Of wrath her right arm whirl'd, But one poor poet's scroll, and with She shook the world.

THE POET'S MIND.

VEX not thou the poet's mind With thy shallow wit: Vex not thou the poet's mind; For thou canst not fathom it. Clear and bright it should be ever, Flowing like a crystal river: Bright as light, and clear as wind.

Dark-brow'd sophist, come not naear; All the place is holy ground; Hollow smile and frozen sneer Come not here. Holy water will I pour Into every spicy flower Of the laurel-shrubs that hedge it

around The flowers would faint at your cruel cheer.

In your eye there is death, There is frost in your breath Which would blight the plants. Where you stand you cannot hear From the groves within The wild-bird's din. In the heart of the garden the merry

bird chants. It would fall to the ground if you came

With a low melodious thunder: All day and all night it is ever drawn From the brain of the purple mountain





Which stands in the distance vonder:

It springs on a level of bowerv lawn, And the mountain draws it from Heaven above

And it sings a song of undying love; And yet, tho' its voice be so clear and

You never would hear it; your ears are so dull :

So keep where you are: you are foul with sin: It would shrink to the earth if you

came in.

THE SEA-FAIRIES.

St.ow sail'd the weary mariners and saw.

Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,

faces, rounded arms, and bosoms prest

To little harps of gold; and while they mused Whispering to each other half in fear,

Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea.

Whither away, whither away, whither away? fly no more. Whither away from the high green

field, and the happy blossoming

Day and night to the billow the fountain calls: Down shower the gambolling water-

From wandering over the lea: Out of the live-green heart of the dells They freshen the silvery-crimson

shells. And thick with white bells the cloverhill swells

High over the full-toned sea; O hither, come hither and furl your

Come hither to me and to me:

Hither, come hither and frolic and

Here it is only the mew that wails . We will sing to you all the day : Mariner, mariner, furl your sails

For here are the blissful downs and

And merrily, merrily carol the gales, And the spangle dances in bight and

And the rainbow forms and flies on

the land Over the islands free:

the sand

Hither, come hither and see; And the rainbow hangs on the poising

And sweet is the color of cove and

And sweet shall your welcome be:

O hither, come hither, and be our lotds. For merry brides are we:

We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words:

O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten With pleasure and love and jubilee : When the sharp clear twang of the

Runs up the ridged sea. Who can light on as happy a shore All the world o'er, all the world o'er? Whither away? listen and stay: mariner, mariner, fly no more.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

LIFE and Thought have gone away Side by side. Leaving door and windows wide: Careless tenants they !

All within is dark as night: In the windows is no light; And no murmur at the door. So frequent on its hinge before.





TIL

Close the door, the shutters close, Or thro' the windows we shall see The nakedness and vacancy Of the dark deserted house.

13

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

V.

Come away: for Life and Thought Here no longer dwell; But in a city glorious— A great and distant city—have bought

A mansion incorruptible. Would they could have stayed with

us!

THE DYING SWAN.

1.

THE plain was grassy, wild and bare, Wide, wild, and open to the air, Which had built up everywhere An under-roof of doleful gray. With an inner voice the river ran, Adown it floated a dying swan, And loudly did lament. It was the middle of the day. Ever the weary wind went on, And took the reed-toops as it went.

il.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose, And white against the cold-white sky, Shone out their crowning snows. One willow over the river wept, And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;

Above in the wind was the swallow, Chasing itself at its own wild will.

> And far thro' the marish green and still

The tangled water-courses slept, Shot over with purple, and green, and , yellow.

111.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the

Of that waste place with joy Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear The warble was low, and full and

clear; And floating about the under-sky, Prevailing in weakness, the coronach

Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear; But anon her awful jubilant voice, With a music strange and manifold, Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold; As when a mighty people rejoice With shawms, and with cymbals, and

With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold, • And the tumult of their acclaim is

roll'd Thro' the open gates of the city afar. To the shepherd who watcheth the

evening star.

And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,

And the willow-branches hoar and dank, And the ways swell of the soughing

reeds,

And the wave-worn horns of the

echoing bank, And the silvery marish-flowers that

throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

A DIRGE.

Now is done thy long day's work; Fold thy palms across thy breast, Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.

Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

II.

Thee nor carketh care nor slander; Nothing but the small cold worm Fretteth thine enshrouded form. Let them rave.

Let them rave.

Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

153

Thou wilt not turn upon thy bed; Chanteth not the brooding bee Sweeter tones than calumny? Let them rave. Thou wilt never raise thine head

Thou wilt never raise thine head From the green that folds thy grave. Let them rave.

ľ

Crocodiles wept tears for thee;
The woodbine and eglatere
Drip sweeter dews than traitor's tear.
Let them rave.
Rain makes music in the tree
O'er the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

**

Round thee blow, self-pleached deep, Bramble roses, faint and pale, And long purples of the dale. Let them rave. These in every shower creep Thro' the green that folds thy grave. Let them rave.

vi

The gold-eved kingcups fine,
The frail bluebell peereth over
Rare broidry of the purple clover.
Let them rave.
Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.

TT.

Wild words wander here and there: God's great gift of speech abused Makes thy memory confused: But let them rave. The balm-cricket carols clear In the green that folds thy grave. Let them rave.

LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT time the mighty moon was gathering light

Love paced the thymy plots of Para-

And all about him roll'd his lustrous eyes;

When, turning round a cassia, full in

Death, walking all alone beneath a yew, And talking to himself, first met his

sight:
'You must begone,' said Death,

'these walks are mine.'
Love wept and spread his sheeny vans

for flight; Yet ere he parted said, 'This hour is

Thou art the shadow of life, and as the tree

Stands in the sun and shadows all beneath, So in the light of great eternity Life eminent creates the shade of

death;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,

But I shall reign for ever over all.'

THE BALLAD OF ORIANA.

My heart is wasted with my woe,

There is no rest for me below,

When the long dun wolds are ribb'd with snow, And loud the Norland whirlwinds

And loud the Norland whirlwing blow, Oriana,

Alone I wander to and fro, Oriana.





Ere the light on dark was growing,

At midnight the cock was crowing, Winds were blowing, waters flowing, We heard the steeds to battle going,

Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,

Oriana. In the yew-wood black as night,

Ere I rode into the fight.

While blissful tears blinded my sight By star-shine and by moonlight,

Oriana I to thee my troth did plight.

Oriana. She stood upon the castle wall,

Oriana: She watch'd my crest among them all. Oriana

She saw me fight, she heard me call, When forth there stept a foeman tall,

Atween me and the castle wall. Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,

Oriana: The false, false arrow went aside, Oriana:

The damned arrow glanced aside, And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,

Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,

Oh! narrow, narrow was the space,

Loud, loud rung out the bugle's brays, Oriana. Oh! deathful stabs were dealt apace, The battle deepen'd in its place,

Oriana; But I was down upon my face,

They should have stabb'd me where I lay, Oriana !

How could I rise and come away, Oriana?

How could I look upon the day? They should have stabb'd me where I

lay, Oriana They should have trod me into clay, Oriana.

O breaking heart that will not break, Oriana! O pale, pale face so sweet and meek.

Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak. And then the tears run down my cheek.

Oriana: What wantest thou? whom dost thou

I cry aloud: none hear my cries. Oriana.

Thou comest atween me and the skies. I feel the tears of blood arise

Up from my heart unto my eyes, Oriana. Within thy heart my arrow lies, Oriana

O cursed hand! O cursed blow ! Oriana!

O happy thou that liest low. Oriana! All night the silence seems to flow

Beside me in my utter woe, Oriana A weary, weary way I go.

When Norland winds pipe down the

Oriana, I walk, I dare not think of thee,

Oriana Thou liest beneath the greenwood

I dare not die and come to thee, Oriana.

I hear the roaring of the sea,







CIRCUMSTANCE.

Two children in two neighbor villages Playing mad pranks along the healthy leas:

Two strangers meeting at a festival; Two lovers whispering by an orchard

wall; Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease:

Two graves grass-green beside a gray church-tower,

Wash'd with still rains and daisy blossomed;

Two children in one hamlet born and bred;
So runs the round of life from hour to

hour.

THE MERMAN.

Who would be A merman bold, Sitting alone, Singing alone Under the sea, With a crown of gold, On a throne?

11.

I would be a merman bold, I would sit and sing the whole of the day; I would fill the sea-halls with a voice

of power;
But at night I would roam abroad and

But at night I would roam abroad and play With the mermaids in and out of the

rocks, Dressing their hair with the white seaflower;

And holding them back by their flowing locks I would kiss them often under the sea,

And kiss them again till they kiss'd me

Laughingly, laughingly;
And then we would wander away,
away

To the pale-green sea-groves straight and high, Chasing each other merrily.

...

There would be neither moon nor star; But the wave would make music above us afar—

Low thunder and light in the magic night— Neither moon nor star.

We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,

Call to each other and whoop and cry All night, merrily, merrily; They would pelt me with starry span-

gles and shells, Laughing and clapping their hands

between,
All night, merrily, merrily:
But I would throw to them back in

mine
Turkis and agate and almondine:
Then leaping out upon them unseen
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd

Laughingly, laughingly.
Oh! what a happy life were mine
Under the hollow-hung ocean green!
Soft are the moss-beds under the sea;
We would live merrily, merrily.

THE MERMAID.

Who would be A mermaid fair, Singing alone, Combing her hair Under the sea, In a golden curl With a comb of pearl, On a throne?

H.

I would be a mermaid fair; I would sing to myself the whole of the day;





111.

What hope or fear or joy is thine?
Who talketh with thee, Adeline?
For sure thou art not all alone.
Do beating hearts of salient

springs Keep measure with thine own?
Hast thou heard the butterflies
What they say betwixt their
wings?

Or in stillest evenings
With what voice the violet woos
To his heart the silver dews?
Or when little airs arise,
How the merry bluebell rings
To the mosses underneath?
Hast thou look'd upon the

Of the lilies at sunrise?
Wherefore that faint smile of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?

ıv.

Some honey-converse feeds thy mind, Some spirit of a crimson rose In love with thee forgets to close His curtains, wasting odorous sighs All night long on darkness blind. What aileth thee? whom waitest thou With thy soften'd, shadow'd brow, And those dew.it eyes of thine, Thou faint smiler. Addine?

Lovest thou the doleful wind
When thou gazest at the skies?
Doth the low-tongued Orient
Wander from the side of the
morn,

Dripping with Sabæan spice On thy pillow, lowly bent With melodious airs lovelorn, Breathing Light against thy face, While his locks a-drooping twined Round thy neck in subtle ring Make a carcanet of rays.

And ye talk together still, In the language wherewith Spring Letters cowslips on the hill? Hence that look and smile of thine, Spiritual Adeline. MARGARET.

I.

O sweet pale Margaret, O rare pale Margaret, What lit your eyes with tearful power, Like moonlight on a falling shower? Who lent you, love, your mortal dower

Of pensive thought and aspect

Your melancholy sweet and frail As perfume of the cuckoo-flower? From the westward-winding flood, From the evening-lighted wood,

From all things outward you have

A tearful grace, as tho' you stood
Between the rainbow and the sun.
The very smile before you speak,
That dimples your transparent
cheek.

Encircles all the heart, and feedeth The senses with a still delight Of dainty sorrow without sound,

Like the tender amber round, Which the moon about her spreadeth, Moving thro' a fleecy night.

27

You love, remaining peacefully,
To hear the murmur of the strife,
But enter not the toil of life.
Your spirit is the calmed sea,

Laid by the tumult of the fight. You are the evening star, alway Remaining betwixt dark and bright:

Lull'd echoes of laborious day

Come to you, gleams of mellow
light

Float by you on the verge of night.

III.

What can it matter, Margaret,
What songs below the waning
stars

The lion-heart, Plantagenet, Sang looking thro' his prison bars? Fxquisite Margaret, who can

The last wild thought of Chatelet,
Just ere the falling axe did part
The burning brain from the true
heart,
Even in her sight he loved so
well?

IV.

A fairy shield your Genius made
And gave you on your natal day.
Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,

Keeps real sorrow far away.
You move not in such solitudes,

You are not less divine, But more human in your moods, Than your twin-sister, Adeline.

Your hair is darker, and your eyes Touch'd with a somewhat darker hue, And less aërially blue,

And less aerially blue,
But ever trembling thro' the dew
Of dainty-woeful sympathies.

V.

O sweet pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
Come down, come down, and hear me
speak:

Tie up the ringlets on your cheek:
The sun is just about to set,
The arching limes are tall and shady,
And faint, rainy lights are seen,

Moving in the leavy beech.
Rise from the feast of sorrow, lady,
Where all day long you s
between

Joy and woe, and whisper each. Or only look across the lawn, Look out below your bower-eaves, Look down, and let your blue eyes

dawn Upon me thro' the jasmine-leaves.

ROSALI

1.

My Rosalind, my Rosalind, My frolic falcon, with bright eyes, Whose free delight, from any height of rapid flight, Stoops at all game that wing the skies.

My Rosalind, my Rosalind, My bright-eyed, wild-eyed falcon, whither,

Careless both of wind and weather, Whither fly ye, what game spy ye, Up or down the streaming wind?

и.

The quick lark's closest-caroll'd strains.

The shadow rushing up the sea. The lighting flash atween the rains, The sunlight driving down the lea, The leaping stream, the very wind, That will not stay, upon his way. To stoop the cowslip to the plains, Is not so clear and bold and free As you, my falcon Rosalind. You care not for another's pains, Because you are the soul of joy, Bright metal all without alloy. Life shorns and glances thro' your

And flashes off a thousand ways, Thro' lips and eyes in subter rays. Your hawk-eyes are keen and bright, Keen with triumph, watching still. To pierce me thro' with pointed light. But oftentimes they fash and gitter Like sunshine on a dancing rill, And your words are seeming-bitter, Sharp and few, but seeming-bitter, From excess of swift delight.

111

Come down, come home, my Rosalind, My gay young hawk, my Rosalind: Too long you keep the upper skies; Too long you roam and wheel at will; But we must hood your random eyes, And your cheek, whose brilliant hue Is so sparkling-fresh to view. Some red heath-flower in the dew, Touch'd with surrise. We must bind And keep you fast, my Rosalind, Fast, fast, my wild-eyed Rosalind, And clip your wings, and make you love:

When we have lured you from above, And that delight of frolic flight, by day or night, From North to South, We'll bind you fast in silken cords, And kiss away the bitter words I rom off your rosy mouth.

ELEANORE.

THY dark eyes open'd not, Nor first reveal'd themselves to English air,

For there is nothing here, Which, from the outward to the Moulded thy baby thought.

Far off from human neighborhood, Thou wert born, on a summer morn.

A mile beneath the cedar-wood. Thy bounteous forehead was

With breezes from our oaken glades. But thou wert nursed in some delicious

Of lavish lights, and floating

shades: And flattering thy childish thought The oriental fairy brought. At the moment of thy birth, From old well-heads of haunted rills, And the hearts of purple hills, And shadow'd coves on a sunny

The choicest wealth of all the

Jewel or shell, or starry ore, To deck thy cradle, Eleanore.

Or the vellow-banded bees, Thro' half-open lattices Coming in the scented breeze.

Fed thee, a child, lying alone, With whitest honey in fairy gar-A glorious child, dreaming alone,

In silk-soft folds, upon yielding With the hum of swarming bees Into dreamful slumber lull'd.

Who may minister to thee? Summer herself should minister To thee, with fruitage golden-rinded

On golden salvers, or it may be, Youngest Autumn, in a bower Grape-thicken'd from the light, and blinded

With many a deep-hued bell-like

flower Of fragrant trailers, when the air Sleepeth over all the heaven, And the crag that fronts the Even,

All along the shadowing shore, Crimsons over an inland mere.

How may full-sail'd verse express, The full-flowing harmony Of thy swan-like stateliness,

The luxuriant symmetry Of thy floating gracefulness,

> Every turn and glance of thine, Every lineament divine,

And the steady sunset glow, That stays upon thee? For

Is nothing sudden, nothing single;

Like two streams of incense free From one censer in one shrine, Thought and motion mingle, Mingle ever. Motions flow They were modulated so To an unheard melody,

Which lives about thee, and a sweep Of richest pauses, evermore Drawn from each other mellow-deep; Who may express thee, Eleanore

V.

I stand before thee, Eleanore;
I see thy beauty gradually unfold,
Daily and hourly, more and more.
I muse, as in a trance, the while
Slowly, as from a cloud of gold,

Comes out thy deep ambrosial smile, I muse, as in a trance, whene'er The languors of thy love-deep

Float on to me. I would I were
So tranced, so rapt in ecstasies,
To stand apart, and to adore,
Gazing on thee for evermore,
Serene, imperial Eleanore!

VI.

Sometimes, with most intensity Gazing, I seem to see Thought folded over thought, smiling asleep, Slowly awaken'd, grow so full and deep

Slowly awaken'd, grow so full and deep In thy large eyes, that, overpower'd quite,

I cannot veil, or droop my sight, But am as nothing in its light: As tho' a star, in inmost heaven set, Ev'n while we gaze on it, Should slowly round his orb, and

slowly grow
To a full face, there like a sun re-

main

Fix'd—then as slowly fade again,

And draw itself to what it was

before:

So full, so deep, so slow, Thought seems to come and go In thy large eyes, imperial Eleanore.

VII.

As thunder-clouds that, hung on high, Roof'd the world with doubt and fear.

Floating thro' an evening atmosphere, Grow golden all about the sky; In thee all passion becomes passion-

Touch'd by thy spirit's mellowness, Losing his fire and active might In a silent meditation, Falling into a still delight,
And luxury of contemplation:

As waves that up a quiet cove Rolling slide, and lying still Shadow forth the banks at will:

Or sometimes they swell and move, Pressing up against the land, With motions of the outer sea:

And the self-same influence Controlleth all the soul and sense Of Passion gazing upon thee.

His bow-string slacken'd, languid Love,

Leaning his cheek upon his hand, Droops both his wings, regarding thee,

And so would languish evermore, Serene, imperial Eleanore.

VIII.

But when I see thee roam, with tresses unconfined.

While the amorous, odorous wind Breathes low between the sunset and

the moon;
Or, in a shadowy saloon,
On silken cushions half reclined;

I watch thy grace; and in its place My heart a charmed slumber

keeps, While I muse upon thy face;

And a languid fire creeps
Thro' my veins to all my frame,
Dissolvingly and slowly: soon

From thy rose-red lips MY name Floweth: and then, as in a swoon, With dinning sound my ears are rife,

My tremulous tongue faltereth, I lose my color, I lose my breath, I drink the cup of a costly death, Brimm'd with delirious draughts of warmest life.

I die with my delight, before I hear what I would hear from

thee;
Yet tell my name again to me
1 would be dving evermore,
So dving ever, Eleanore.

more,

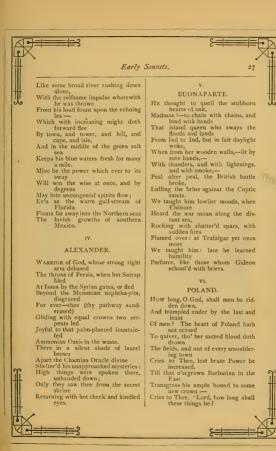
In a silent me





"MY LIFE IS FULL OF WEARY DAYS "-Page 26.





How long this icy-hearted Muscovite Oppress the region?' Us, O Just and Good, Forgive, who smiled when she was

torn in three; Us, who stand now, when we should

aid the right—
A matter to be wept with tears of blood!

VII

CARESS'D or chidden by the slender hand,

And singing airy trifles this or that, Light Hope at Beauty's call would perch and stand.

And run thro' every change of sharp and flat; And Fancy came and at her pillow sat,

When Sleep had bound her in his rosy band, And chased away the still-recurring

gnat, And woke her with a lay from fairy

land. But now they live with Beauty less

and less, For Hope is other Hope and wanders

far, Nor cares to lisp in love's delicious creeds:

And Fancy watches in the wilderness, Poor Fancy sadder than a single star, That sets at twilight in a land of reeds.

VIII.

THE form, the form alone is eloquent l A nobler yearning never broke her

Than but to dance and sing, be gayly drest,
And win all eyes with all accomplish-

And win all eyes with all accomplishment: Yet in the whirling dances as we went, My fancy made me for a moment blest

To find my heart so near the beauteous breast
That once had power to rob it of content.

A moment came the tenderness of tears, The phantom of a wish that once could move. A ghost of passion that no smiles restore—

For ah! the slight coquette, she can-

not love, And if you kiss'd her feet a thousand

She still would take the praise, and care no more.

12

WAN Sculptor, weepest thou to take the cast

Of those dead lineaments that near thee lie?

O sorrowest thou, pale Painter, for the past, In painting some dead friend from

In painting some dead friend from memory? Weep on: beyond his object Love can

last:
His object lives: more cause to weep
have 1:

My tears, no tears of love, are flowing fast,

No tears of love, but tears that Love can die.

I pledge her not in any cheerful cup,

Nor care to sit beside her where she sits—
Ah pity—hint it not in human tones,
But breathe it into earth and close it

With secret death forever, in the pits Which some green Christmas crams with weary bones.

x.

IF I were loved, as I desire to be, What is there in the great sphere of the earth,

And range of evil between death and birth,
That I should fear,—if I were loved

by thee?
All the inner, all the outer world of

Clear Love would pierce and cleave, if thou wert mine,

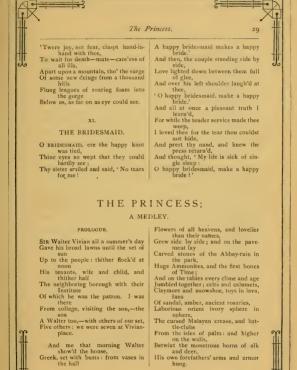
As I have heard that, somewhere in the main,

the main,
Fresh-water springs come up through
bitter brine.



"THITHER FLOCK'D AT NOON."-Page 29.





And 'this' he said 'was Hugh's at Agincourt:

And that was old Sir Ralph's at Ascalon: A good knight he I we keep a chronicle

all about him'-which he brought, and Dived in a hoard of tales that dealt

with knights. Half-legend, half-historic, counts and

Who laid about them at their wills and died; And mixt with these, a lady, one that

Her own fair head, and sallying thro'

the gate, Had beat her foes with slaughter from her walls.

'O miracle of women,' said the book, 'O noble heart who, being strait-be-

By this wild king to force her to his wish, Nor bent, nor broke, nor shunn'd a

soldier's death, But now when all was lost or seem'd as lost-

Her stature more than mortal in the burst

Of sunrise, her arm lifted, eyes on Brake with a blast of trumpets from

the gate, And, falling on them like a thunder-

bolt. trampled some beneath her She horses' heels,

And some were whelm'd with missiles of the wall.

And some were push'd with lances from the rock.

And part were drown'd within the whirling brook O miracle of noble womanhood!'

So sang the gallant glorious chronicle; And, I all rapt in this, 'Come out,' he 'To the Abbey: there is Annt Eliza-

beth

And sister Lilia with the rest.' We (I kept the book and had my finger

in it)
Down thro' the park: strange was the sight to me;

For all the sloping pasture murmur'd, sown

With happy faces and with holiday. There moved the multitude, a thou-

sand heads: The patient leaders of their Institute Taught them with facts. One rear'd

a font of stone And drew, from butts of water on the

The fountain of the moment, playing, nov

A twisted snake, and now a rain of Or steep-up spout whereon the gilded

Danced like a wisp; and somewhat lower down

A man with knobs and wires and vials fired A cannon: Echo answer'd in her

From hollow fields: and here were telescopes

For azure views; and there a group of girls In circle waited, whom the electric

shock Dislink'd with shrieks and laughter: round the lake

A little clock-work steamer paddling And shook the lilies: perch'd about

the knolls A dozen angry models jetted steam : A petty railway ran: a fire-balloon Rose gem-like up before the dusky

groves And dropt a fairy parachute and past: And there thro' twenty posts of tele-

They flash'd a saucy message to and Between the mimic stations; so that

Went hand in hand with Science: otherwhere

Pure sport: a herd of boys with clamor bowl'd And stump'd the wicket; babies roll'd about

Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men and maids

Arranged a country dance, and flew thro' light And shadow, while the twangling

violin Struck up with Soldier-laddie, and overhead

The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime

Made noise with bees and breeze from end to end.

Strange was the sight and smacking of the time; And long we gazed, but satiated at length

Came to the ruins. High-arch'd and ivy-claspt,

Of finest Gothic lighter than a fire, Thro' one wide chasm of time and frost they gave

The park, the crowd, the house; but all within The sward was trim as any garden

The sward was trim as any garder lawn: And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth.

And Lilia with the rest, and lady friends From neighbor seats: and there was

Ralph himself,

A broken statue propt against the

wall, t As gay as any. Lilia, wild with sport, Half child half woman as she was, had wound

A scarf of orange round the stony helm, And robed the shoulders in a rosy silk, That made the old warrior from his

ivied nook Glow like a sunbeam: near his tomb a feast

Shone, silver-set; about it lay the guests, And there we join'd them: then the maiden Aunt

maiden Aunt
Took this fair day for text, and from
it preach'd

An universal culture for the crowd, And all things great; but we, unworthier, told Of college; he had climb'd across the

Of college: he had climb'd across the spikes, And he had squeezed himself betwixt

the bars,
And he had breathed the Proctor's
dogs; and one

Discuss'd his tutor, rough to common men,
But honeying at the whisper of a lord;

But honeying at the whisper of a lord; And one the Master, as a rogue in grain Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory.

But while they talk'd, above their heads I saw The feudal warrior lady-clad; which

brought
My book to mind: and opening this I

read Of old Sir Ralph a page or two that

With tilt and tourney; then the tale of her
That drove her foes with slaughter

from her walls,
And much I praised her nobleness,
and 'Where.'

Ask'd Walter, patting Lilia's head (she lay Beside him) 'lives there such a woman now?'

Quick answer'd Lilia 'There are thousands now

Such women, but convention beats them down: It is but bringing up; no more than

You men have done it: how I hate
you all!

An were I something great! I wish I were Some mighty poetess, I would shame you then,

That love to keep us children! O I

That I were some great princess, I would build

Far off from men a college like a man's,





And I would teach them all that men are taught; We are twice as quick!' And here

she shook aside The hand that play'd the patron with her curls.

And one said smiling 'Pretty were

the sight If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans.

And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

I think they should not wear our rusty gowns

But move as rich as Emperor-moths, or Ralph

Who shines so in the corner; yet I fear If there were many Lilias in the brood, However deep you might embower the nest Some boy would spy it.'

At this upon the sward She tapt her tiny silken-sandal'd foot :

'That's your light way; but I would make it death

For any male thing but to peep at us.'

Petulant she spoke, and at herself she laugh'd; A rosebud set with little wilful thorns.

And sweet as English air could make her, she

But Walter hail'd a score of names upon her,

And 'petty Ogress,' and 'ungrateful Puss,' And swore he long'd at college, only

long'd. All else was well, for she-society. They boated and they cricketed; they

At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics; They lost their weeks; they vext the

souls of deans: They rode; they betted; made a hundred friends,

And caught the blossom of the flying terms

But miss'd the mignonette of Vivianplace,

The little hearth-flower, Lilia. he spoke. Part banter, part affection.

'True,' she said. 'We doubt not that. O yes, you miss'd us much.

I'll stake my ruby ring upon it you did.

She held it out: and as a parrot turns Up thro' gilt wires a crafty loving eye, And takes a lady's finger with all care,

And bites it for true heart and not for barm, So he with Lilia's. Daintily she

shriek'd And wrung it. 'Do again!' he said. 'Doubt my word

'Come, listen! here is proof that you were miss'd:

We seven stay'd at Christmas up to read:

And there we took one tutor as toread: The hard-grained Muses of the cube

and square Were out of season: never man, I think.

So moulder'd in a sinecure as he: For while our cloisters echo'd frosty feet,

And our long walks were stript as bare as brooms.

We did but talk you over, pledge you In wassail; often, like as many girls-

Sick for the hollies and the yews of As many little triffing Lilias-play'd

Charades and riddles as at Christmas here, And what's my thought and when and

where and how And often told a tale from mouth to month

As here at Christmas.

She remember'd that: A pleasant game, she thought: she liked it more

Than magic music, forfeits, all the rest. But these-what kind of tales did men tell men,

























She wonder'd, by themselves?

A half-disdain Perch'd on the pouted blossom of her lins:

And Walter nodded at me; ' He began, The rest would follow, each in turn; and so

We forged a sevenfold story. Kind? what kind? Chimeras, crotchets, Christmas sole-

cisms Seven-headed monsters only made to

Time by the fire in winter.' 'Kill him now. The tyrant! kill him in the summer

Said Lilia; 'Why not now?' the maiden Aunt.

'Why not a summer's as a winter's tale?

A tale for summer as befits the time. And something it should be to suit the place.

Heroic, for a hero lies beneath,

Grave, solemn!

Walter warp'd his mouth at this To something so mock-solenin, that I laugh'd

And Lilia woke with sudden-shrilling mirth

An echo like a ghostly woodpecker, Hid in the ruins; till the maiden Aunt

(A little sense of wrong had touch'd her face With color) turn'd to me with 'As

you will; Heroic if you will, or what you will, Or be yourself your hero if you will."

'Take Lilia, then, for heroine' 'And make her some great Princess,

Grand, epic, homicidal; and be you The Prince to win her!'

'Then follow me, the Prince,' I answer'd, 'each be hero in his turn !

Seven and yet one, like shadows in a dream.-Heroic seems our Princess as

But something made to suit with Time and place,

And Gothic ruin and a Grecian house, A talk of college and of ladies' rights, A feudal knight in silken masquerade, And, vonder, shrieks and strange experiments

For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all-

This were a medley! we should have him back Who told the "Winter's tale" to do

it for us. No matter: we will say whatever comes

And let the ladies sing us, if they will, From time to time, some ballad or a song

To give us breathing-space." So I began, And the rest follow'd: and the women

sang Between the rougher voices of the men. Like linnets in the pauses of the wind:

And here I give the story and the songs.

A prince I was, blue-eyed, and fair in Of temper amorous, as the first of

With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a For on my cradle shone the Northern

There lived an ancient legend in our house Some sorcerer, whom a far-off grandsire burnt

Because he cast no shadow, had fore-

Dying, that none of all our blood should know The shadow from the substance, and

that one Should come to fight with shadows and to fall

For so, my mother said, the story ran And, truly, waking dreams were, more or less,





An old and strange affection of the house. Myself too had weird seizures, Heaven

knows what: On a sudden in the midst of men and

day, And while I walk'd and talk'd as heretofore,

I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts,

And feel myself the shadow of a dream. Our great court-Galen poised his gilt-

head cane,
And paw'd his beard, and mutter'd
'catalepsy.'

My mother pitying made a thousand prayers;

My mother was as mild as any saint, Half-canonized by all that look'd on her.

So gracious was her tact and tenderness: But my good father thought a king a

king;
He cared not for the affection of the

house; He held his sceptre like a pedant's

wand To lash offence, and with long arms and hands

Reach'd out, and pick'd offenders from the mass

For judgment.

Now it chanced that I had been,
When life was yet in bud and blade,

betroth'd To one, a neighboring Princess: she

to me
Was proxy-wedded with a bootless
calf
At eight years old; and still from

time to time
Came murmurs of her beauty from
the South,

And of her brethren, youths of puissance; And still I wore her picture by my

And still I wore her picture by my heart, And one dark tress; and all around them both

Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their queen.

But when the days drew nigh that I should wed,
My father sent ambassadors with furs

My father sent ambassadors with turs
And jewels, gifts, to fetch her: these
brought back

A present, a great labor of the loom; And therewithal an auswer vague as wind:

Besides, they saw the king; he took the gitts; He said there was a compact; that

He said there was a compact; that was true: But then she had a will; was he to

blame?

And maiden fancies; loved to live

alone Among her women; certain, would

That morning in the presence room I stood With Cyril and with Florian, my two

With Cyril and with Florian, my two friends: The first a gentleman of broken means (His father's fault) but given to starts

(His father's fault) but given to starts and bursts Of revel; and the last, my other heart, And almost my half-self, for still we

moved
Together, twinn'd as horse's ear and
eye.

Now, while they spake, I saw my father's face Grow long and troubled like a rising

moon,
Inflamed with wrath: he started on

Tore the king's letter, snow'd it down, and rent

The wonder of the loom thro' warp

From skirt to skirt; and at the last he sware That he would send a hundred thou-

sand men, And bring her in a whirlwind: then he chew'd

The thrice-turn'd cud of wrath, and cook'd his spleen,

Communing with his captains of the







At last I spoke: 'My father, let me go.
It cannot be but some gross error lies
In this report, this answer of a king,
Whom all men rate as kind and hospit-

abie:
Or. maybe, 1 myself, my bride once seen,

Whate'er my grief to find her less than fame, May rue the bargain made.' And

Florian said:
'I have a sister at the foreign court,

Who moves about the Princess; she, you know,
Who wedded with a nobleman from

Who wedded with a nobleman fro thence: He, dying lately, left her, as I hear,

The lady of three castles in that land: Thro' her this matter might be sifted clean.'

And Cyril whisper'd: 'Take me with you too.'

Than laughing 'what, if these weird seizures come Upon you in those lands, and no one

near
To point you out the shadow from the

Take me: I'll serve you better in a strait;

I grate on rusty hinges here: but 'No!' Roar'd the rough king, 'you shall not;

we ourself Will crush her pretty maiden fancies dead

In iron gauntlets: break the council up.'

But when the council broke, I rose and past Thro' the wild woods that hung about

the town;
Found a still place, and pluck'd her likeness out;

Laid it on flowers, and watch'd it lying bathed In the green gleam of dewy-tassell'd

What were those fancies? wherefore break her troth?

Proud look'd the lips: but while I meditated

A wind arose and rush'd upon the South, And shook the songs, the whispers,

and the shricks
Of the wild woods together; and a

Voice
Went with it, 'Follow, follow, thou shalt win.'

Then, ere the silver sickle of that month Became her golden shield, I stole from

Court With Cyril and with Florian, unper-

ceived, Cat-footed thro' the town and half in

To hear my father's clamor at our backs With Ho! from some bay-window shake the night; But all was quiet: from the bastion'd

walls

Like threaded spiders, one by one, we

dropt,
And flying reach'd the frontier: then
we crost

To a livelier land; and so by tilth and grange,
And vines, and blowing bosks of

wilderness,
We gain'd the mother-city thick with
towers,

And in the imperial palace found the king.

His name was Gama; crack'd and small his voice, But bland the smile that like a wrink-

ing wind On glassy water drove his cheek in

A little dry old man, without a star, Not like a king: three days he feasted us.

And on the fourth I spake of why we came,

And my betroth'd. 'You do us, Prince,' he said, Airing a snowy hand and signet gem, 'All honor. We remember love our-

'All honor. We remember love ourselves
In our sweet youth; there did a com-

pact pass



Long summers back, a kind of cere-

I think the year in which our olives I would you had her, Prince, with all

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my heart, With my full heart; but there were

widows here, widows, Lady Psyche, Lady

They fed her theories, in and out of Maintaining that with equal hus-

The woman were an equal to the man. They harp'd on this; with this our

banquets rang; Our dances broke and buzz'd in knots of talk;

Nothing but this; my very ears were hot

To hear them: knowledge, so my daughter held, Was all in all: they had but been, she

As children; they must lose the child.

assume The woman: then, Sir, awful odes she

Too awful, sure, for what they treated But all she is and does is awful; odes

About this losing of the child; and And dismal lyrics, prophesying change

Beyond all reason: these the women sang And they that know such things-I

sought but peace No critic I-would call them master-

pieces: They master'd me. At last she begg'd a boon.

A certain summer-palace which I have Hard by your father's frontier: I said Yet being an easy man, gave it : and

All wild to found an University For maidens, on the spur she fled; and more

We know not, -only this: they see no men.

twins Her brethren, tho' they love her,

look upon her As on a kind of paragon; and I (Pardon me saying it) were much loth

to breed Dispute betwixt myself and mine:

(And I confess with right) you think me bound In some sort, I can give you letters to

her: And yet, to speak the truth, I rate your chance

Almost at naked nothing.' Thus the king; And I, tho' nettled that he seem'd to

slnr With garrulous ease and oily cour-

Our formal compact, yet, not less (all

But chafing me on fire to find my Went forth again with both my

friends. We rode Many a long league back to the North. At last

From hills, that look'd across a land of hope We dropt with evening on a rustic

town Set in a gleaming river's crescentcurve,

Close at the boundary of the liber-There, enter'd an old hostel, call'd mine host

To council, plied him with his richest wines And show'd the late-writ letters of the

He with a long low sibilation, stared As blank as death in marble; then exclaim'd Averring it was clear against all rules

For any man to go: but as his brain Began to mellow, 'If the king,' he said.

'Had given us letters, was he bound to speak?













The king would bear him out; and at the last— The summer of the vine in all his

veins—
'No doubt that we might make it

'No doubt that we might make it worth his while. She once had past that way; he heard

She once had past that way; he heard her speak; She scared him; life! he never saw

the like; She look'd as grand as doomsday and

as grave:
And he, he reverenced his liege-lady there;

He always made a point to post with mares; His daughter and his housemaid were

the boys: The land, he understood, for miles

about
Was till'd by women; all the swine
were sows,

And all the dogs'—

But while he jested thus,

A thought flash'd thro' me which I clothed in act,

Remembering how we three presented Maid Or Nymph, or Goddess, at high tide

of feast,
In masque or pageant at my father's

court.
We sent mine host to purchase female

He brought it, and himself, a sight to shake

The midriff of despair with laughter, holp To lace us up, till, each, in maiden

plumes
We rustled: him we gave a costly
bribe

To guerdon silence, mounted our good steeds, And boldly ventured on the liberties.

And boldly ventured on the liberties.

We follow'd up the river as we rode.

And rode till midnight when the college lights Began to glitter firefly-like in copse And linden alley: then we past an arch,

Began to gitter firefly-like in copse And linden alley: then we past an arch, Whereon a woman-statue rose with wings From four wing'd horses dark against the stars;

And some inscription ran along the front, But deep in shadow; further on we

But deep in shadow: further on we gain'd

A little street half garden and half

But scarce could hear each other speak for noise

Of clocks and chimes, like silver hammers falling

hammers falling On silver anvils, and the splash and

Of fountains spouted up and showering down

In meshes of the jasmine and the rose: And all about us peal'd the nightingale,

Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare.

There stood a bust of Pallas for a sign,

By two sphere lamps blazon'd like Heaven and Earth With constellation and with continent,

Above an entry: riding in, we call'd; A plump-arm'd Ostleress and a stable wench

Came running at the call, and help'd us down. Then stept a buxom hostess forth, and

sail'd, Full-blown, before us into rooms which gave

Upon a pillar'd porch, the bases lost In laurel: her we ask'd of that and this,

And who were tutors. * Lady Blanche' she said, *And Lady Psyche.' * Which was

prettiest, Best-natured?' 'Lady Psyche.' 'Hers are we,'

One voice, we cried; and I sat down and wrote, In such a hand as when a field of corn

Bows all its ears before the roaring East;

'Three ladies of the Northern empire pray



Your Highness would enroll them with your own,

As Lady Psyche's pupils. This I seal'd:

seal was Cupid bent above a And o'er his head Uranian Venus

hung, And raised the blinding bandage from

I gave the letter to be sent with dawn : And then to bed, where half in doze I

seem'd To float about a glimmering night,

A full sca glazed with muffled moonlight, swell

On some dark shore just seen that it was rich.

As thro' the land at eve we went, And pluck'd the ripen'd ears. We fell out, my wife and I.

O we fell out I know not why,

And kiss'd again with tears. And blessings on the falling out

That all the more endears, When we fall out with those we love

And kiss again with tears ! For when we came where lies the child

We lost in other years,

There above the little grave, O there above the little grave,

We kiss'd again with tears. At break of day the College Portress came

She brought us Academic silks, in hue The lilac, with a silken hood to each. And zoned with gold; and now when these were on.

And we as rich as moths from dust cocoons,

She, curtseying her obeisance, let us

The Princess Ida waited: out we I first, and following thro' the porch

All round with laurel, issued in a

court

Compact of lucid marbles, boss'd with Of classic frieze, with ample awnings

Betwixt the pillars, and with great

urns of flowers The Muses and the Graces, group'd in threes.

Enring'd a billowing fountain in the midst;

And here and there on lattice edges lay Or book or lute; but hastily we past, And up a flight of stairs into the hall.

There at a board by tome and paper

With two tame leopards couch'd beside her throne

All beauty compass'd in a female form, The Princess; liker to the inhabitant Of some clear planet close upon the

Sun, Than our man's earth; such eyes were in her head

And so much grace and power, breathing down From over her arch'd brows, with

every turn Lived thro' her to the tips of her long

hands. And to her feet. She rose her height, and said:

'We give you welcome: not without Of use and glory to yourselves ve

come. The first fruits of the stranger: after-

time, And that full voice which circles round the grave,

Will rank you nobly, mingled up with What! are the ladies of your land so

'We of the court' said Cyril. 'From the court '

answer'd, 'then ye know the Prince?' and he:

'The climax of his age! as tho' there One rose in all the world, your High-











This barren verbiage, current among Light coin, the tinsel clink of compli-

Your flight from out your bookless wilds would seem

As arguing love of knowledge and of power:

Your language proves you still the child. Indeed.

We dream not of him: when we set our hand To this great work, we purposed with

Never to wed. You likewise will do well.

Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling

The tricks, which make us toys of men, that so, Some future time, if so indeed you will,

You may with those self-styled our lords ally

Your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale with scale.'

At those high words, we conscious of ourselves, Perused the matting : then an officer

Rose up, and read the statues, such as these: Not for three years to correspond with

home: Not for three years to cross the liber-

ties: Not for three years to speak with any men;

And many more, which hastily subscribed We enter'd on the boards : and ' Now.'

she cried. 'Ye are green wood, see ye warp not. Look, our hall!

Our statues !-- not of those that men desire,

Steek Odalisques, or oracles of mode, Nor stunted squaws of West or East: but she

That taught the Sabine how to rule, and she

The foundress of the Babylonian wall, The Carian Artemisia strong in war, The Rhodope, that built the pyramid,

That fought Aurelian, and the Roman brows Of Agrippina. Dwell with these, and

Convention, since to look on noble

Makes noble thro' the sensuous

organism That which is higher. O lift your

natures up: Embrace our aims: work out your freedom. Girls,

Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd:

Drink deep, until the habits of the slave. The sins of emptiness, gossip and

spite And slander, die. Better not be at all Than not be noble. Leave us:

you may go To-day the Lady Psyche will harangue The fresh arrivals of the week before; For they press in from all the prov-

And fill the hive.' She spoke, and bowing waved Dismissal: back again we crost the

To Lady Psyche's: as we enter'd in, There sat along the forms, like morning doves

That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch. A patient range of pupils; she herself Erect behind a desk of satin-wood

A quick brunette, well-moulded, falcon And on the hither side, or so she look'd,

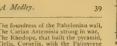
Of twenty summers. At her left, a child, In shining draperies, headed like a

star. Her maiden babe, a double April old, Aglaïa slept. We sat: the Lady

glanced: Then Florian, but no livelier than the

dame





That whisper'd 'Asses' ears,' among the sedge, ' My sister,' 'Comely, too, by all that's "O hush, hush!" and she began.

'This world was once a fluid haze

Till toward the centre set the starry

And eddied into suns, that wheeling The planets: then the monster, then

the man: Tattoo'd or woaded, winter-clad in

Raw from the prime, and crushing

down his mate As yet we find in barbarous isles, and here

Among the lowest.' Thereupon she took

A bird's-eye-view of all the ungracious past:

Glanced at the legendary Amazon As emblematic of a nobler age; Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke

of those lay at wine with Lar and

Lúcumo Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Ro-

man lines Of empire, and the woman's state in each.

How far from just; till warming with her theme She fulmined out her scorn of laws

And little-footed China, touch'd on

Mahomet With much contempt, and came to

When some respect, however slight, was paid

To woman, superstition all awry However then commenced the dawn :

Had slanted forward, falling in a land promise; fruit would follow. Deep, indeed,

Their debt of thanks to her who first

To leap the rotten pales of prejudice, Disvoke their necks from custom, and None lordlier than themselves but that

which made

Woman and man.

Here might they learn whatever men

Let them not fear: some said their

Some men's were small; not they the least of men: For often fineness compensated size:

Besides the brain was like the hand.

With using; thence the man's, if more was more :

He took advantage of his strength to be First in the field: some ages had been

But woman ripen'd earlier, and her

Was longer; and albeit their glorious

Were fewer, scatter'd stars, yet since

The highest is the measure of the And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,

Nor those horn-handed breakers of the glebe But Homer, Plato, Verulam; even so

With woman; and in arts of government Elizabeth and others; arts of war

The peasant Joan and others; arts of

And, last not least, she who had left And bow'd her state to them, that they

might grow To use and power on this Oasis, lapt In the arms of leisure, sacred from the

Of ancient influence and scorn.

She rose upon a wind of prophecy Dilating on the future; 'everywhere Two heads in council, two beside the









Two in the tangled business of the

Two in the liberal offices of life, Two plummets dropt for one to sound

Of science, and the secrets of the

Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more: And everywhere the broad and boun-

Should bear a double growth of those

rare souls, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world.'

She ended here, and beckon'd us: Parted; and, glowing full-faced wel-

come, she Began to address us, and was moving

In gratulation, till as when a boat

Tacks, and the slacken'd sail flaps, all her voice

Faltering and fluttering in her throat, 'My brother!' 'Well, my sister,' 'O,'

she said, 'What do you here? and in this dress?

and these? Why who are these? a wolf within the

A pack of wolves! the Lord be gracious to me !

A plot, a plot, a plot, to ruin all!" 'No plot, no plot,' he answer'd. Wretched boy.

How saw you not the inscription on the gate,

LET NO MAN ENTER IN ON PAIN of DEATH?'
'And if I had,' he answer'd, 'who

could think The softer Adams of your Academe O sister, Sirens tho' they be, were

As chanted on the blanching bones of men?

'But you will find it otherwise,' she said.

'You jest: ill jesting with edge-tools! my vow

Binds me to speak, and O that iron will That axelike edge unturnable, our The Princess.' Well then, Psyche,

take my life,

And nail me like a weasel on a grange For warning: bury me beside the

gate, And cut this epitaph above my bones: Here hes a brother by a sister slain,

All for the common good of womankind' 'Let me die too,' said Cyril, 'having

And heard the Lady Psyche.'

I struck in: 'Albeit so mask'd, Madam, I love the truth; Receive it; and in me behold the

Your countryman, affianced years ago To the Lady Ida: here, for here she

And thus (what other way was left) I came.

O Sir, O Prince, I have no country; none;

If any, this; but none. Whate'er I was Disrooted, what I am is grafted here.

Sir? love-whispers may Affianced. not breathe Within this vestal limit, and how

should I, Who am not mine, say, live: the thunder-bolt

Hangs silent; but prepare: I speak; it falls. 'Yet pause,' I said: 'for that inscrip-

tion there, I think no more of deadly lurks there-

in, Than in a clapper clapping in a garth, To scare the fowl from fruit: if more there be.

If more and acted on, what follows? war: Your own work marr'd: for this your

Academe, Whichever side be Victor, in the halloo

Will topple to the trumpet down, and





With all fair theories only made to gild
A stormless summer.' 'Let the Princess judge
Of that,' she said: 'farewell, Sir—and to you

to you. I shudder at the sequel, but I go.'

'Are you that Lady Psyche,' I rejoin'd,
'The fifth in line from that old Florian,
'Yet hangs his portrait in my father's

(The gaunt old Baron with his beetle brow Sun-shaded in the heat of dusty fights)

Sun-shaded in the heat of dusty fights) As he bestrode my Grandsire, when he fell And all else fled? we point to it, and

we say,
The loyal warmth of Florian is not cold,

But branches current yet in kindred veins.'
'Are you that Psyche,' Florian added;

'she
With whom I sang about the morning

flung ball, flew kite, and raced the purple fly,

And snared the squirrel of the glen?

are you
That Psyche, wont to bind my throbbing brow,

To smoothe my pillow, mix the foaming draught
Of fever, tell me pleasant tales, and

read
My sickness down to happy dreams?

are you
That brother-sister Psyche, both in
one?
You were that Psyche, but what are

'You are that Psyche,' Cyril said,
'for whom

I would be that for ever which I seem,
Woman, if I might sit beside your feet.

feet, And glean your scatter'd sapience.' Then once more, 'Are you that Lady Pysche,' I began, 'That on her bridal morn before she past From all her old companions, when

the king
Kiss'd her pale cheek, declared that
ancient ties

ancient ties
Would still be dear beyond the southern hills;
That were there any of our people

there In want or peril, there was one to hear

And help them? look! for such are these and I.'
'Are you that Psyche,' Florian ask'd, 'to whom,

In gentler days, your arrow-wounded fawn Came flying while you sat beside the

well?
The creature laid his muzzle on your lap,
And sobb'd, and you sobb'd with it,

And sond d, and you sond d with it, and the blood Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you

That was fawn's blood, not brother's, yet you wept.

O by the bright head of my little niece,
You were that Psyche, and what are

you now?'
'You are that Psyche,' Cyril said again,
'The mother of the sweetest little

maid, That ever crow'd for kisses.' 'Out upon it!'

She answer'd, 'peace! and why should
I not play
The Spartan Mother with emotion,

The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind?

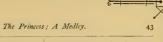
Him you call great: he for the com-

mon weal,
The fading politics of mortal Rome,
As I might slay this child if good
need were,

Slew both his sons: and I, shall I, on whom







The secular emancipation turns Of half this world, be swerved from right to save

A prince, a brother? a little will I yield. Best so, perchance, for us, and well

for you. O hard, when love and duty clash! I

My conscience will not count me

fleckless; vet-Hear my conditions: promise (otherwice

You perish) as you came, to slip away To-day, to-morrow, soon: it shall be said.

These women were too barbarous, would not learn;

They fled, who might have shamed us : promise, all.'

What could we else, we promised each: and she. Like some wild creature newly-caged,

commenced A to-and-fro, so pacing till she paused By Florian; holding out her lily arms Took both his hands, and smiling

faintly, said: 'I knew you at the first: tho' you have grown

You scarce have alter'd: I am sad and glad

To see you, Florian. I give thee to death My brother! it was duty spoke, not I. My needful seeming harshness, par-

don it. Our mother, is she well?" With that she kiss'd

His forehead, then, a moment after, clung About him, and betwixt them blos-

som'd up From out a common vein of memory Sweet household talk, and phrases of the hearth,

And far allusion, till the gracious dews

Began to glisten and to fall: and while

They stood, so rapt, we gazing, came a voice,

'I brought a message here from Lady Back started she, and turning round wesaw

The Lady Blanche's daughter where she stood.

Melissa, with her hand upon the lock, A rosy blonde, and in a college gown, That clad her like an April daffodilly (Her mother's color) with her lips

apart, And all her thoughts as fair within her eves.

As bottom agates seen to wave and float

In crystal currents of clear morning seas

So stood that same fair creature at the door.

Then Lady Psyche, 'Ah-Melissayou!

You heard us?' and Melissa, 'O pardon me I heard, I could not help it, did not

But, dearest Lady, pray you fear me

not, Nor think I bear that heart within my breast.

To give three gallant gentlemen to 'I trust you,' said the other, 'for we

two Were always friends, none closer, elm and vine

But yet your mother's jealous temperament-

not your prudence, dearest, drowse, or prove The Danaid of a leaky vase, for fear

This whole foundation ruin, and I lose My honor, these their lives.' 'Ah.

fear me not,'
Replied Melissa; 'no-I would not

tell. No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness, No, not to answer, Madam, all those

That Sheba came to ask of Solomon,' 'Be it so,' the other, 'that we still

may lead



The new light up, and culminate in peace Solomon may come to Sheba vet. Said Cyril, 'Madam, he the wisest

Feasted the woman wisest then, in halls Of Lebanonian cedar: nor should you

(Tho' Madam you should answer, we would ask)

Less welcome find among us, if you Among us, debtors for our lives to

you. Myself for something more.' He

said not what, 'Thanks,' she answer we have been too long she answer'd 'Go: Together: keep your hoods about

the face; They do so that affect abstraction here.

Speak little; mix not with the rest; and hold

Your promise: all, I trust, may yet be well.'

We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the

And held her round the knees against his waist, And blew the swoll'n check of a

trumpeter, While Psyche watch'd them, smiling, and the child

Push'd her flat hand against his face and laugh'd;

And thus our conference closed. And then we stroll'd For half the day thro' stately thea-

Bench'd crescent wise. In each we sat, we heard

The grave Professor. On the lecture

flawless demonstration: follow'd then A classic lecture, rich in sentiment, With scraps of thundrous Epic lilted

out By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies

The circle rounded under female hands

And quoted odes, and jewels fivewords-long That on the stretch'd forefinger of all

Time Sparkle for ever: then we dipt in all

That treats of whatsoever is, the state, The total chronicles of man, the mind,

The morals, something of the frame, the rock,

The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower.

Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest, And whatsoever can be taught and known;

Till like three horses that have broken tence. And glutted all night long breast-deep

in corn, We issued gorged with knowledge, and I spoke :

'Why, Sirs, they do all this as well as we,

'They hunt old trails' said Cyril 'very well;

But when did woman ever yet invent?' 'Ungracious!' answer'd Florian; 'have you learnt No more from Psyche's lecture, you

that talk'd The trash that made me sick, and almost sad?"

'O trash' he said, 'but with a kernel in it. Should I not call her wise, who made

me wise? And learnt? I learnt more from her

in a flash, Than if my brainpan were an empty hull

And every Muse tumbled a science in. A thousand hearts lie fallow in these halls. And round these halls a thousand

baby loves Fly twanging headless arrows at the

Whence follows many a vacant pang; but O With me, Sir, enter'd in the bigger

boy The Head of all the golden-shafted firm.







Was passing: what was learning unto them?

They wish'd to marry; they could rule a house; Men hated learned women: but we

Sat muffled like the Fates; and often came Melissa hitting all we saw with shafts

Melissa fitting all we saw with sharts
Of gentile satire, kin to charity,
That harm'd not: then day droopt;
the chapel bells

Call'd us: we left the walks; we mixt with those Six hundred maidens clad in purest

white, Before two streams of light from wall

to wall, While the great organ almost burst

his pipes, Groaning for power, and rolling thro' the court

A long melodions thunder to the sound
Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies.
The work of Ida, to call down from

Heaven A blessing on her labors for the world.

Ш.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,

Wind of the western sea, Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the western sea! Over the rolling waters go, Come from the dying moon, and blow, Blow him again to me;

While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon; Rest, rest, on mother's breast, Father will come to thee soon,

Father will come to his babe in the nest, Silver sails all out of the west, Under the silver moon:

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Morn in the white wake of the morning star Came furrowing all the orient into gold. We rose, and each by other drest with

Descended to the court that lay three parts

In shadow, but the Muses' heads were touch'd

Above the darkness from their native East.

There while we stood beside the fount, and watch'd
Or seem'd to watch the dancing bubble, approach'd

Melissa, tinged with wan from lack of sleep,

Or grief, and glowing round her dewy eyes The circled Iris of a night of tears;

'And fly,' she cried, 'O fly, while yet you may! My mother knows:' and when I ask'd

her 'how,'
'My fault' she wept 'my fault! and yet not mine:

Yet mine in part. O hear me, pardon me.

My mother, 'tis her wont from night to night To rail at Lady Psyche and her side. She savs the Princess should have

been the Head,
Herself and Lady Psyche the two

And so it was agreed when first they came; But Lady Psyche was the right hand

now, And she the left, or not, or seldom used; Hers more than half the students, all

the love. And so last night she fell to canvass you

Her countrywomen! she did not envy her. "Who ever saw such wild barbarians?

Girls?—more like men!" and at these words the snake, My secret, seem'd to stir within my

My secret, seem'd to stir within my breast; And oh, Sirs, could I help it, but my

And oh, Sirs, could I help it, but my cheek

† mg st.ii

8

#





I offer boldly: we will seat you highest. Wink at our advent: help my prince to gain His righttul bride, and here I promise

It is rightful bride, and here I promise you Some palace in our land, where you

shall reign The head and heart of all our fair sheworld,

And your great name flow on with broadening time For ever." Well, she balanced this a

little,
And told me she would answer us today,

day, Meantime be mute: thus much, nor more I gain'd.'

He ceasing, came a message from the Ilead.

'That afternoon the Princess rode to take The dip of certain strata to the North. Would we go with her? we should

find the land Worth seeing; and the river made a fall

Out yonder: ' then she pointed on to where

A double hill ran up his furrowy forks Beyond the thick-leaved platans of the vale.

Agreed to, this, the day fled on thro' all Its range of duties to the appointed hour.

hour.
Then summon'd to the porch we went.
She stood

Among her maidens, higher by the head, Her back against a pillar, her foot on one

Of those tame leopards. Kittenlike he roll'd And paw'd about her sandal. I drew near:

I gazed. On a sudden my strange seizure came Upon me, the weird vision of our house:

The Princess Ida seem'd a hollow show, Her gay-furr'd cats a painted fantasy, Her college and her maidens, empty masks, And I myself the shadow of a dream,

For all things were and were not. Yet
I felt
My heart beat thick with passion and

My heart beat thick with passion and with awe; Then from my breast the involuntary

sigh .
Brake, as she smote me with the light

of eyes That lent my knee desire to kneel, and shook

My pulses, till to horse we got, and so Went forth in long retinue following up The river as it narrow'd to the hills.

I rode beside her and to me she said: 'O friend, we trust that you esteem'd

us not Too harsh to your companion yester-

morn; Unwillingly we spake ' 'No—not to her,' I answer'd 'but to one of whom we

spake
Your Highness might have seem'd
the thing you say.'
'Again?' she cried, 'are you ambassa-

dresses
From him to me? we give you, being strange,
A license: speak, and let the topic die.'

I stammer'd that I knew him—could have wish'd— 'Our king expects—was there no precontract?

There is no truer-hearted—ah, you seem
All he prefigured, and he could not see

The bird of passage flying south but long'd To follow: surely, if your Highness keep

Your purport, you will shock him ev'n to death,
Or baser courses, children of despair.'





'Poor boy,' she said, 'can he not read-no books? Quoit, tennis, ball-no games? nor deals in that

Which men delight in, martial exercise? To nurse a blind ideal like a girl, Methinks he seems no better than a

As girls were once, as we ourself have been: We had our dreams: perhaps he mixt

with them: We touch on our dead self, nor shun

to do it, Being other-since we learnt our meaning here,

To lift the woman's fall'n divinity Upon an even pedestal with man.'

paused, and added with a haughtier smile 'And as to precontracts, we move,

my friend. At no man's beck, but know ourself

and thee O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summon'd out She kept her state, and left the

drunken king To brawl at Shushan underneath the the palms.'

' Alas your Highness breaths full East,' I said. 'On that which leans to you. I know

the Prince, I prize his truth; and then how vast a work

To assail this gray preëminence of man! You grant me license; might I use it?

think: Ere half be done perchance your life may fail

Then comes the feebler heiress of your plan, And takes and ruins all: and thus your pains

May only make that footprint upon Which old-recurring waves of prej-

udice Resmooth to nothing: might I dread that you,

With only Fame for spouse and your great deeds For issue, yet may live in vain, and miss.

Meanwhile, what every woman counts her due.

Love, children, happiness?"

And she exclaim'd. · Peace, , you young savage of the Northern wild!

What! tho' your Prince's love were like a God's,

Have we not made ourself the sacrifice? You are bold indeed: we are not talk'd

to thus: Yet will we say for children, would

they grew Like field-flowers everywhere I we like them well:

But children die; and let me tell you,

Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot die :

They with the sun and moon renew their light

For ever, blessing those that look on them. Children-that men may pluck them

from our hearts, Kill us with pity, break us with our-

selves-O-children-there is nothing upon earth

More miserable than she that has a son And sees him err: nor would we work

for fame : Tho' she perhaps might reap the applause of Great,

Who learns the one POU STO whence afterhands May move the world, tho' she herself

But little; wherefore up and act, nor shrink

For fear our solid aim be dissipated By frail successors. Would, indeed,

we had been, In lieu of many mortal flies, a race Of giants living, each, a thousand

years, That we might see our own work out,

and watch





The metaphysics! read and earn our

The sandy footprint harden into stone.'

I answer'd nothing, doubtful in my-If that strange Poet-princess with her

grand Imaginations might at all be won.

And she broke out interpreting my thoughts:

'No doubt we seem a kind of monster to von; We are used to that; for women, up

Cramp'd under worse than South-sea-

isle taboo. Dwarfs of the gynæceum, fail so far

In high desire, they know not, cannot guess How much their welfare is a passion

If we could give them surer, quicker proof-

Oh if our end were less achievable By slow approaches, than by single

Of immolation, any phase of death, We were as prompt to spring against

the pikes, Or down the fiery gulf as talk of it, To compass our dear sisters' liberties.'

She bow'd as if to veil a noble tear; And up we came to where the river

sloped To plunge in cataract, shattering on black blocks

A breadth of thunder. O'er it shook the woods.

And danced the color, and, below, stuck out

The bones of some vast bulk that lived and roar'd Before man was. She gazed awhile

and said, 'As these rude bones to us, are we to

That will be.' 'Dare we dream of that,' I ask'd, ' Which wrought us, as the workman

and his work, That practice betters?' 'How,' she A golden brooch : beneath an emerald

Sits Diotima, teaching him that died Of hemlock; our device; wrought to

the life; She rapt upon her subject, he on her: For there are schools for all.' 'And yet' I said

'Methinks I have not found among

them all One anatomic.' ' Nay, we thought of that,'

She answer'd, 'but it pleased us not:

We shudder but to dream our maids should ape Those monstrous males that carve the

living hound, And cram him with the fragments of

the grave, Or in the dark dissolving human heart,

And holy secrets of this microcosm, Dabbling a shameless hand with shameful jest,

Encarnalize their spirits: vet we know Knowledge is knowledge, and this matter hangs Howbeit ourself, foreseeing casualty,

Nor willing men should come among us, learnt, For many weary moons before we

This craft of healing. Were you sick, onrself

Would tend upon you. To your question now, Which touches on the workman and

his work. Let there be light and there was light: 'tis so:

For was, and is, and will be, are but is; And all creation is one act at once,

The birth of light: but we that are not all, As parts, can see but parts, now this,

now that. And live, perforce, from thought to thought, and make

One act a phantom of succession: thus





Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time; But in the shadow will we work, and mould

The woman to the fuller day.' She spake

With kindled eyes: we rode a league And, o'er a bridge of pinewood cross-

ing, came On flowery levels underneath the

Full of all beauty. 'O how sweet' I

(For I was half-oblivious of my mask) 'To linger here with one that loved us.' 'Yea.' The answer'd, 'or with fair philoso-

phies That lift the fancy; for indeed these

fields Are lovely, lovelier not the Elysian lawns,

Where paced the Demigods of old. and saw

The soft white vapor streak the crowned towers Built to the Sun: ' then, turning to her

maids, 'Pitch our pavilion here upon the sward;

Lay out the viands.' At the word, they raised

A tent of satin, elaborately wrought With fair Corinna's triumph : here she

stood, Engirt with many a florid maidencheck.

The woman-conqueror; woman-con-

The bearded Victor of ten thousand hymns, And all the men mourn'd at his side:

but we Set forth to climb; then, climbing,

Cyril kept With Psyche, with Melissa Florian, I With mine affianced. Many a little hand

Glanced like a touch of sunshine on the rocks,

Many a light foot shone like a jewel set

In the dark crag : and then we turn'd, we wound About the cliffs, the copses, out and

in. Hammering and clinking, chattering

stony names Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,

Amygdaloid and trachyte, till the Sun Grew broader toward his death and

fell, and all The rosy heights came out above the lawns.

IV.

The spleodor falls on castle walls And snowy summits old in story : The long light shakes across the lakes, And the wild cataract leaps in glory

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying. Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dving,

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear, And thinner, clearer, farther going ! O sweet and far from cliff and scar

The horns of Elfland faintly blowing ! Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:

Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dving, dving, dying.

O love, they die in you rich sky, They faint on hill or field or river: Our echoes roll from soul to soul. And grow for ever and for ever. Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes fly-

ing. And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dving.

'There sinks the nebulous star we call the Sun, If that hypothesis of theirs be sound'

Said Ida; 'Let us down and rest;' and we Down from the lean and wrinkled

precipices, By every coppice-feather'd chasm and cleft,







Dropt through the ambrosial gloom to where below No bigger than a glow-worm shone

No bigger than a glow-worm shore the tent

Lamp-lit from the inner. Once she lean'd on me,

Descending; once or twice she lent her hand, And blissful palpitations in the blood,

And blissful palpitations in the blood, Stirring a sudden transport rose and fell.

But when we planted level feet, and

Beneath the satin dome and enter'd in, There leaning deep in broider'd down we sank

Our elbows: on a tripod in the midst A fragrant flame rose, and before us glow'd

Fruit, blossom, viand, amber wine, and gold.

Then she, 'Let some one sing to us:

The minutes fledged with music:' and a maid, Of those beside her, smote her harp,

and sang.

mean, Tears from the depth of some divine de-

spair Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes. In looking on the happy Autumn-fields, And thinking of the days that are no more,

'Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail.

That brings our friends up from the underworld, Sad as the last which reddens over one

That sinks with all we love below the verge;
Sa sad so fresh the days that are no more.

So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

'Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds To dying ears, when unto dying eyes

To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering
square;

So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

'Dear as remember'd kisses after death, And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd

On lips that are for others; deep as love, Deep as first love, and wild with all regret; O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

She ended with such passion that the tear.

She sang of, shook and fell, an erring pearl

Lost in her bosom: but with some disdain Answer'd the Princess, 'If indeed

there haunt
About the moulder'd lodges of the

Past So sweet a voice and vague, fatal to

men, Well needs it we should cram our ears

with wool And so pace by: but thine are fancies hatch'd

In silken-folded idleness; nor is it Wiser to weep a true occasion lost, But trim our sails, and let old bygones be.

While down the streams that float us each and all

To the issue, goes, like glittering bergs of ice, Throne after throne, and molten on

the waste Becomes a cloud: for all things serve their time

Toward that great year of equal mights and rights, Nor would I fight with iron laws, in

the end Found golden: let the past be past;

let be Their cancell'd Babels: tho' the

rough kex break The starr'd mosaic, and the beard-

blown goat
Hang on the shaft, and the wild figtree split

Their monstrous idols, care not while we hear



A trumpet in the distance pealing

Of better, and Hope, a poising eagle, burns Above the unrisen morrow:' then to me:

'Know you no song of your own land,' she said,

'Not such as moans about the retrospect,

But deals with the other distance and the hues Of promise; not a death's-head at the

wine.

Then I remember'd one myself had

made, What time I watch'd the swallow winging south

From mine own land, part made long since, and part Now while I sang, and maidenlike asfar As I could ape their treble, did I sing.

O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,

Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves, And tell her, tell ber, what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest

That bright and fierce and fickle is the South, And dark and true and tender is the North.

'O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light

Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill, And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

'O were I thou that she might take me in,

And lay me on her bosom, and her heart Would rock the snowy cradle till I died. 'Why lingereth she to clothe her heart

with love, Delaying as the tender ash delays To clothe herself, when all the woods are

green?
'O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is

Say to her, I do but wanton in the South, But in the North long since my nest is made. O tell her, brief is life but love is long. And brief the sun of summer in the North, And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,

Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,

And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.'

I ceased, and all the ladies, each

at each, Like the Ithacensian suitors in old time,

Stared with great eyes, and laugh'd with alien lips,

And knew not what they meant; for still my voice Rang false: but smiling 'Not for

thee,' she said,

'O Bulbul, any rose of Gulistan Shall burst her veil: marsh-divers,

rather, maid, Shall croak thee sister, or the meadowcrake

Grate her harsh kindred in the grass: and this

A mere love-poem! O for such, my friend,

We hold them slight: they mind us of the time When we made bricks in Egypt.

Knaves are men,
That lute and flute fantastic tenderness.

And dress the victim to the offering up.

And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise, And play the slave to gain the tyr-

anny. Poor soul! I had a maid of honor

once; She wept her true eyes blind for such a one,

A rogue of canzonets and serenades.

I loved her. Peace be with her. She is dead.

So they blaspheme the muse! But great is song

Used to great ends: ourself have often tried

Valkyrian hymns, or into rhythm have dash'd



The passion of the prophetess; for song Is duer unto freedom, force and

Is duer unto freedom, force and growth Of spirit than to junketing and love. Love is it? Would this same mock-

Mock-Hymen were laid up like winter bats,

Till all men grew to rate us at our worth,

Not vassals to be beat, nor pretty

babes
To be dandled, no, but living wills,
and sphered

Whole in ourselves and owed to none. Enough! But now to leaven play with profit,

you,

Know you no song, the true growth of

your soil,
That gives the manners of your country-women?

She spoke and turn'd her sumptuous head with eyes

Of shining expectation fixt on mine. Then while I dragg'd my brains for such a song,

Cyril, with whom the bell-mouth'd glass had wrought, Or master'd by the sense of sport,

began To troll a careless, careless taverncatch

Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences

Unmeet for ladies. Florian nodded at him, 1 frowning; I'syche flush'd and

wann'd and shook;
The lilylike Melissa droop'd he
brows;

'Forbear,' the Princess cried; 'Forbear, Sir' I; And heated thro' and thro' with

wrath and love,
I smote him on the breast; he started
up;

up;
There rose a shriek as of a city sack'd;

Melissa clamor'd 'Flee the death;'

Said Ida; 'home! to horse!' and fled, as flies A troop of snowy doves athwart the

dusk,
When some one batters at the dovecote-doors,

Disorderly the women. Alone I

With Florian, cursing Cyril, vext at heart, In the pavilion: there like parting

hopes
I heard them passing from me: hoof

I heard them passing from me: hoof by hoof, And every hoof a knell to my desires,

And every hoot a knell to my desires, Clang'd on the bridge; and then another shriek,

'The Head, the Head, the Princess, O the Head!' For blind with rage she miss'd the

plank, and roll'd In the river. Out I sprang from

glow to gloom:
There whirl'd her white robe like a
blossom'd branch

Rapt to the horrible fall: a glance I gave,

No more; but woman vested as I was Plunged; and the flood drew; yet I caught her; then

Oaring one arm and bearing in my left The weight of all the hopes of half

the world,
Strove to buffet to land in vain. A

Was half-disrooted from his place and stoop'd To drench his dark locks in the gur-

gling wave
Mid-channel. Right on this we drove

And grasping down the boughs I gain'd the shore.

There stood her maidens glimmeringly group'd In the hollow bank. One reaching

forward drew

My burthen from mine arms; they
cried 'she lives:'

They bore her back into the tent: but





So much a kind of shame within me wrought

Not yet endured to meet her opening Nor found my friends; but push'd alone on foot

(For since her horse was lost I left her

Across the woods, and less from Indian craft Than beelike instinct hiveward, found

at length The garden portals. Two great

statues, Art And Science, Caryatids, lifted up A weight of emblem, and betwixt were

Of open-work in which the hunter rued His rash intrusion, manlike, but his

brows Had sprouted, and the branches there-

Spread out at top, and grimly spiked the gates.

A little space was left between the Thro' which I clamber'd o'er at top

with pain, Dropt on the sward, and up the linden

walks. And, tost on thoughts that changed from hue to hue.

Now poring on the glowworm, now the star,

I paced the terrace, till the Bear had Thro' a great arc his seven slow suns.

A step Of lightest echo, then a loftier form Than female, moving thro' uncertain gloom

Disturb'd me with the doubt 'if this were she,' But it was Florian, 'Hist O Hist,' he

'They seek us: out so late is out of rules

Moreover 'seize the strangers' is the How came you here?' I told him: 'I'

said he.

· Last of the train, a moral leper, I, To whom none spake, half-sick at heart, return'd.

Arriving all confused among the rest With hooded brows I crept into the

And, couch'd behind a Judith, under-

The head of Holofernes peep'd and saw

Girl after girl was call'd to trial: each Disclaim'd all knowledge of us: last

Melissa: trust me, Sir, I pitied her. She, question'd if she knew us men, at first

Was silent; closer prest, denied it not: And then, demanded if her mother

knew, Or Psyche, she affirm'd not, or denied;

From whence the Royal mind, familiar with her. Easily gather'd either guilt. She sent

For Psyche, but she was not there: she call'd For Psyche's child to cast it from the

doors; She sent for Blanche to accuse her

face to face; And I slipt out; but whither will you now?

And where are Psyche, Cyril? both are fled: What, if together? that were not so

Would rather we had never come! I

dread His wildness, and the chances of the

dark

'And yet,' I said, 'you wrong him more than I

That struck him: this is proper to the clown, Tho' smock'd, or furr'd and purpled,

still the clown,

To harm the thing that trusts him, and to shame

That which he says he loves: for Cyril, howe'er

He deal in frolic, as to-night-the song Might have been worse and sinn'd in grosser lips







Or like a spire of land that stands Cleft from the main, and wail'd about

with mews

Scarce had I ceased when from a tamarisk near

Two Proctors leapt upon us, crying,

he.

Names: He, standing still, was clutch'd: but I began

To thrid the musky-circled mazes, And double in and out the boles, and

race By all the fountains: fleet I was of

foot: me shower'd the rose in flakes; behind

I heard the puff'd pursuer; at mine

Bubbled the nightingale and heeded not, And secret laughter tickled all my

soul At last 1 hook'd my ankle in a vine. That claspt the feet of a Mnemosyne, And falling on my face was caught and known.

They haled us to the Princess where she sat

High in the hall: above her droop'd a lamp, And made the single jewel on her

brow Burn like the mystic fire on a masthead.

Prophet of storm: a handmaid on each Bow'd toward her, combing out her long black hair

Damp from the river; and close behind her stood

daughters of the plough. stronger than men, Huge women blowzed with health,

and wind, and rain. And labor. Each was like a Druid rock;

Then, as we came, the crowd dividing clove An advent to the throne: and therebe-

side. Half-naked as if caught at once from

bec And tumbled on the purple footcloth,

The lily-shining child; and on the

left, Bow'd on her palms and folded up from wrong,

Her round white shoulder shaken with her sobs. Melissa knelt; but Lady Blanche

erect Stood up and spake, an affluent orator,

'It was not thus, O Princess, in old days:

You prized my counsel, lived upon my lips: I led you then to all the Castalies;

I fed you with the milk of every Muse ; I loved you like this kneeler, and you me Your second mother: those were

gracious times. Then came your new friend: you began to change-

I saw it and grieved-to slacken and

Till taken with her seeming openness You turn'd your warmer currents all to her,

To me you froze: this was my meed for all. Yet I bore up in part from ancient

And partly that I hoped to win you back,

And partly conscions of my own deserts. And partly that you were my civil head,

And chiefly you were born for something great,

In which I might your fellow-worker be.





When time should serve; and thus a noble scheme Grew up from seed we two long since

had sown ; In us true growth, in her a Jonah's

gourd. Up in one night and due to sudden sun: We took this palace; but even from

the first You stood in your own light and

darken'd mine. What student came but that you

planed her path To Lady Psyche, younger, not so wise, A foreigner, and I your countrywoman, I your old friend and tried, she new

in all? But still her lists were swell'd and mine were lean:

Yet I bore up in hope she would be known

Then came these wolves: they knew her: they endured, Long-closeted with her the yestermorn,

To tell her what they were, and she to hear: And me none told: not less to an

eye like mine A lidless watcher of the public weal,

Last night, their mask was patent, and my foot Was to you: but I thought again: I

fear'd To meet a cold "We thank you, we shall hear of it From Lady Psyche:" you had gone

to her. She told, perforce: and winning easy grace,

No doubt, for slight delay, remain'd among us

In our young nursery still unknown, the stem Less grain than touchwood, while my

honest heat all miscounted as malignant haste

To push my rival out of place and power. But public use required she should be

known; And since my oath was ta'en for

public use.

I broke the letter of it to keep the sense. I spoke not then at first, but watch'd them well,

Saw that they kept apart, no mischief And yet this day (tho' you should hate

me for it I came to tell you; found that you had gone

Ridd'n to the hills, she likewise : now, I thought, That surely she will speak; if not,

then I: Did she? These monsters blazon'd what they were,

According to the coarseness of their kind For thus I hear; and known at last (my

work) And full of cowardice and guilty shame,

I grant in her some sense of shame, she flies: And I remain on whom to wreak your

rage, I, that have lent my life to build up

I that have wasted here health, wealth, and time, And talent, I-you know it-I will not

Dismiss me, and I prophesy your plan, Divorced from my experience, will be

chaff For every gust of chance, and men will

We did not know the real light, but The wisp that flickers where no foot can tread.'

She ceased: the Princess answer'd coldly, 'Good: Your oath is broken: we dismiss you:

go. For this lost lamb (she pointed to the

Our mind is changed: we take it to ourself.'

Thereat the Lady stretch'd a vulture throat,









And shot from crooked lips a haggard smile.

'The plan was mine. I built the nest' she said 'To hatch the cuckoo. Rise!' and

stoop'd to updrag

Melissa: she, half on her mother
propt,

Half-drooping from her, turn'd her face, and cast

face, and cast A liquid look on Ida, full of prayer, Which melted Florian's fancy as she

hung, A Niobean daughter, one arm out, Appealing to the bolts of Heaven;

and while
We gazed upon her came a little stir
About the doors, and on a sudden
rush'd

Among us, out of breath, as one pursued, A woman-post in flying raiment.

A woman-post in flying raiment. Fear Stared in her eyes, and chalk'd her face, and wing'd

Her transit to the throne, whereby she fell

Delivering seal'd dispatches which the Head Took half-amazed, and in her lion's

mood
Tore open, silent we with blind surmise

Regarding, while she read, till over brow And cheek and bosom brake the wrath-

And cheek and bosom brake the wrathful bloom As of some fire against a stormy cloud,

When the wild peasant rights himself, the rick Flames, and his anger reddens in the

heavens;
For anger most it seem'd, while now her breast,

Beaten with some great passion at her heart, Palpitated, her hand shook, and we

heard
In the dead hush the papers that she
held
Rustle: at once the lost lamb at her

Sent out a bitter bleating for its dam;

The plaintive cry jarr'd on her ire; she

The scrolls together, made a sudden turn

As if to speak, but, utterance failing her, She whirl'd them on to me, as who

should say 'Read,' and I read-two letters-one

her sire's.

'Fair daughter, when we sent the

Prince your way
We knew not your ungracious laws,
which learnt,

We, conscious of what temper you are built,

Came all in haste to hinder wrong, but fell Into his father's hands, who has this

night, You lying close upon his territory, Slipt round and in the dark invested

you, And here he keeps me hostage for his

The second was my father's running

thus:
'You have our son: touch not a hair
of his head:

Render him up unscathed: give him your hand:

Cleave to your contract: tho' indeed we hear You hold the woman is the better

man; A rampant heresy, such as if it spread Would make all women kick against

Thro' all the world, and which might well deserve

That we this night should pluck your palace down; And we will do it, unless you send us

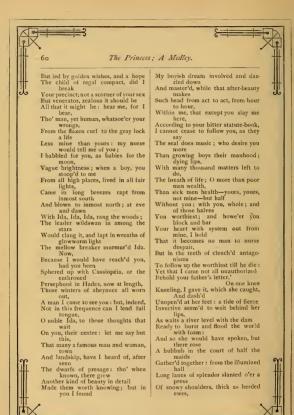
back Our son, on the instant, whole.'

So far I read; And then stood up and spoke impetuously.

'O not to pry and peer on your reserve,









And rainbow robes, and gems and gemlike eyes, And gold and golden heads; they to

and fro Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some

red, some pale, All open-mouth'd, all gazing to the

light, Some crying there was an army in the

And some that men were in the very

walls, And some they cared not; till a clamor grew As of a new-world Babel, woman-built,

And worse-confounded: high above them stood

The placid marble Muses, looking peace.

Not peace she look'd, the Head: but rising up Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so To the open window moved, remaining

there Fixt like a beacon-tower above the

waves Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling

Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the light Dash themselves dead. She stretch'd

her arms and call'd Across the tumult and the tumult fell.

'What fear ve, brawlers? am not I your Head? On me, me, me, the storm first breaks: I dare

All these male thunderbolts: what is it ye fear? Peace! there are those to avenge us

and they come: If not,-myself were like enough, O girls, To unfurl the maiden banner of our

rights, And clad in iron burst the ranks of war,

Or, falling, protomartyr of our cause, Die: yet I blame you not so much for fear;

Six thousand years of fear have made you that

From which I would redeem you : but for those That stir this hubbub-you and you

-I know Your faces there in the crowd-to-mor-

row morn We hold a great convention: then shall they

That love their voices more than duty. learn

With whom they deal, dismiss'd in shame to live No wiser than their mothers, house-

hold stuff, Live chattels, mincers of each other's

fame. Full of weak poison, turnspits for the

clown. drunkard's football, laughingstocks of Time,

Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels,

But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum. To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and

to scour, For ever slaves at home and fools abroad.

She ending, waved her hands: thereat the crowd Muttering, dissolved: then with a

smile, that look'd A stroke of cruel sunshine on the cliff, When all the glens are drown'd in

azure gloom Of thunder-shower, she floated to us and said:

'You have done well and like a gentleman, And like a prince: you have our

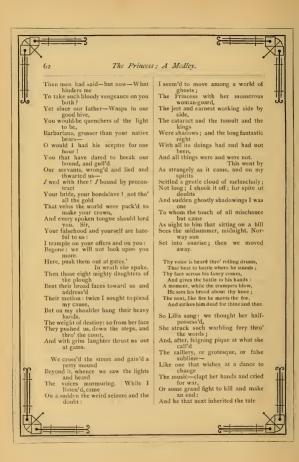
thanks for all: And you look well too in your woman's

dress . Well have you done and like a gentleman

You saved our life: we owe you bitter thanks:

Better have died and spilt our bones in the flood-







We twain, with mutual pardon ask'd and given For stroke and song, resolder'd peace,

whereon Follow'd his tale. Amazed he fled away Thro' the dark land, and later in the

night Had come on Pysche weeping: 'then we fell

Into your father's hand, and there she lies,

But will not speak, nor stir.' He show'd a tent A stone-shot off: we enter'd in, and there

Among piled arms and rough accoutrements,

Pitiful sight, wrapp'd in a soldier's cloak, Like some sweet sculpture draped

from head to foot. And push'd by rude hands from its

pedestal. All her fair length upon the ground she lay:

And at her head a follower of the camp, charr'd and wrinkled piece of

womanhood. Sat watching like a watcher by the dead.

. Then Florian knelt, and 'Come' he whisper'd to her.

'Lift up your head, sweet sister : lie not thus.

What have you done but right? you could not slay Me, nor your prince: look up: be comforted:

Sweet is it to have done the thing one ought,

When fall'n in darker ways.' And likewise I 'Be comforted: have I not lost her

In whose least act abides the nameless charm That none has else for me?' She heard, she moved,

She moan'd, a folded voice; and up she sat,

And raised the cloak from brows as pale and smooth As those that mourn half-shrouded over death

In deathless marble. 'Her,' she said, 'my friend-Parted from her-betray'd her cause

and mine-Where shall I breathe? why kept ye

not your faith? O hase and bad! what comfort? none for me!

To whom remorseful Cyril, 'Yet I

Take comfort: live, dear lady, for your child ! At which she lifted up her voice and cried.

'Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my child. My one sweet child, whom I shall see

no more! For now will cruel Ida keep her back; And either she will die for want of

care, Or sicken with ill-usage, when they say The child is hers-for every little fault, The child is hers; and they will beat

my girl Remembering her mother: O my flower Or they will take her, they will make

her hard, And she will pass me by in after-life With some cold reverence worse than were she dead.

Ill mother that I was to leave her there.

To lag behind, scared by the cry they made. The horror of the shame among them

all: But I will go and sit beside the doors, And make a wild petition night and day,

Until they hate to hear me like a wind Wailing forever, till they open to me, And lay my little blossom at my feet, My babe, my sweet Aglaia, my one child:

And I will take her up and go my way,

And satisfy my soul with kissing her:







Ah! what might that man not deserve of me Who gave me back my child?' 'Be

Said Cyril, 'you shall have it:' but ágain

She veil'd her brows, and prone she sank, and so Like tender things that being caught

feign death, Spoke not, nor stirr'd

By this a murmur ran Thro' all the camp and inward raced the scouts

With rumor of Prince Arac hard at

We left her by the woman, and without Found the gray kings at parle: and 'Look you' cried My father 'that our compact be ful-

fill'd: You have spoilt this child; she laughs

at you and man : She wrongs herself, her sex, and me, and him:

But red-faced war has rods of steel and fire;

She yields, or war.' Then Gama turn'd to me:

'We fear, indeed, you spent a stormy With our strange girl: and yet they say that still

You love her. Give us, then, your mind at large: How say you, war or not?'

' Not war, if possible, O king,' I said, 'lest from the abuse of war,

The desecrated shrine, the trampled The smouldering homestead, and the household flower

Torn from the lintel-all the common wrong A smoke go up thro' which I loom to her

times a monster: now she lightens scorn At him that mars her plan, but then

(And every voice she talk'd with ratify it,

And every face she look'd on justify it) The general foe. More soluble is this

By gentleness than war. I want her love. What were I nigher this altho' we

dash'd Your cities into shards with catapults, She would not love :-- or brought her chain'd, a slave,

The lifting of whose eyelash is my lord.

Not ever would she love: but brooding turn The book of scorn, till all my flitting

chance Were caught within the record of her wrongs,

And crush'd to death; and rather, Sire, than this I would the old God of war himself

were dead, Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills, Rotting on some wild shore with ribs of wreck.

Or like an old-world mammoth bulk'd in ice,

Not to be molten out.'

And roughly spake My father, 'Tut, you know them not, the girls. Boy, when I hear you prate I almost

That idiot legend credible. Look you, Sir!

Man is the hunter; woman is his game: The sleek and shining creatures of the chase,

We hunt them for the beauty of their skins: They love us for it, and we ride them

down. Wheedling and siding with them! Out! for shame!

Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear to them As he that does the thing they dare not do.

Breathing and sounding beauteous battle, comes With the air of the trumpet round

him, and leaps in







Nor robb'd the farmer of his bowl of cream :

But let your Prince (our royal word upon it, He comes back safe) ride with us to

our lines. And speak with Arac: Arac's word is

thrice As ours with Ida: something may be

done-I know not what -and ours shall see us friends.

You, likewise, our late guests, if so you will,

Follow us: who knows? we four may build some plan

Foursquare to opposition.' Here he reach'd White hands of farewell to my sire, who growl'd

An answer which, half-muffled in his beard.

Let so much out as gave us leave to go.

Theu rode we with the old king across the lawns Beneath huge trees, a thousand rings

of Spring In every bole, a song on every spray Of birds that piped their Valentines,

Desire in me to infuse my tale of love In the old king's ears, who promised

help, and oozed

All o'er with honey'd answer as we

And blossom-fragrant slipt the heavy dews Gather'd by night and peace, with

each light air On our mail'd heads: but other thoughts than Peace Burnt in us, when we saw the embat-

tled squares, And squadrons of the Prince, trampling the flowers

With clamor: for among them rose a CEV As if to greet the king; they made a

halt; The horses yell'd; they clash'd their arms; the drum

merrily-blowing shrill'd martial fife; And in the blast and bray of the long

horn serpent-throated bugle, undu-

The banner: anon to meet us lightly

Three captains out: nor ever had I seen

Such thews of men: the midmost and the highest

Arac: all about his motion clung The shadow of his sister, as the beam

Of the East, that play'd upon them, made them glance Like those three stars of the airy

Giant's zone. That glitter burnish'd by the frosty

dark: And as the fiery Sirius alters hue. And bickers into red and emerald,

Their morions, wash'd with morning, as they came.

And I that prated peace, when first I heard War-music, felt the blind wildbeast of

Whose home is in the sinews of a man.

Stir in me as to strike: then took the king His three broad sons; with now a

wandering hand And now a pointed finger, told them all:

A common light of smiles at our disguise

Broke from their lips, and, ere the windy jest Had labor'd down within his ample

lungs, The genial giant, Arac, roll'd himself Thrice in the saddle, then burst out in words.

'Our land invaded, 'sdeath! and he himself Your captive, yet my father wills not war:







And, 'sdeath! myself, what care I, war or no? But then this question of your troth

remains:
And there's a downright honest mean-

And there's a downright honest meaning in her; She flies too high, she flies too high!

and yet
She ask'd but space and fairplay for her scheme:

She prest and prest it on me—I myself,

What know I of these things? but, life and soul! I thought her half-right talking of her

wrongs; I say she flies too high, 'sdeath! what

of that?

I take her for the flower of woman-kind,

And so I often told her, right or wrong, And, Prince, she can be sweet to those

she loves,
And, right or wrong, I care not: this

is all,

I stand upon her side: she made me
swear it—
'Sdeath—and with solemn rites by

candle-light—
Swear by St. something—I forget her

name— Her that talk'd down the fifty wisest men;

She was a princess too; and so I swore.

Come, this is all; she will not: waive your claim:

If not, the foughten field, what else, at once Decides it, 'sdeath! against my father's will.'

I lagg'd in answer loth to render up My precontract, and loth by brainless war To cleave the rift of difference deeper

yet;
Till one of those two brothers, half

And fingering at the hair about his lip, To prick us on to combat 'Like to like! The woman's garment hid the woman's heart.'
A taunt that clench'd his purpose like a blow!
For fiery-short was Cyril's counter-

For hery-short was Cyril's counterscoff, And sharp I answer'd, touch'd upon the point

Where idle boys are cowards to their shame,

shame,
'Decide it here: why not? we are
three to three.'

Then spake the third 'But three to three? no more? No more, and in our noble sister's cause?

More, more, for honor: every captain waits
Hungry for honor, angry for his king.
More, more, some fifty on a side, that
each
May breathe himself, and quick! by

overthrow
Of these or those, the question settled
die.'

'Yea,' answer'd I, 'for this wild wreath of air, This flake of rainbow flying on the highest

Foam of men's deeds—this honor, if ye will. It needs must be for honor if at all:

Since, what decision? if we fail, we fail,
And if we win, we fail: she would not

keep
Her compact.' 'Sdeath! but we will
send to her,'
Said Arac, 'worthy reasons why she
should

Bide by this issue: let our missive thro', And you shall have her answer by the word.'

'Boys!' shriek'd the old king, but vainlier than a hen To her false daughters in the pool;

for none
Regarded; neither seem'd there more







"With two tame leopards crouch'd beside her throne"- $Page\ 38$.



Back rode we to my father's camp and found He thrice had sent a herald to the

To learn if Ida yet would cede our claim,
Or by denial flush her babbling wells

With her own people's life: three times he went:

The first he blew and blew but none

The first, he blew and blew, but none appear'd:

He batter'd at the doors; none came:

the next,
An awful voice within had warn'd him
thence:

The third, and those eight daughters of the plough

Came sallying thro' the gates, and caught his hair,

And so belabor'd him on rib and cheek They made him wild: not less one glance he caught Thro' open doors of Ida station'd

there Unshaken, clinging to her purpose,

firm
Tho' compass'd by two armies and
the noise

Of arms; and standing like a stately
Pine

Set in a cataract on an island-crag, When storm is on the heights, and right and left

right and left Suck'd from the dark heart of the long hills roll

The torrents, dash'd to the vale: and yet her will Bred will in me to overcome it or fall.

But when I told the king that I was pledged To fight in tourney for my bride, he

clash'd His iron palms together with a cry; Himself would tilt it out among the

But overborne by all his bearded lords With reasons drawn from age and state, perforce He yielded, wroth and red, with fierce

denur:
And many a bold knight started up

And sware to combat for my claim till death.

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All on this side the palace ran the field Flat to the garden-wall: and likewise

here, Above the garden's glowing blossombelts,

A column'd entry shone and marble stairs, And great bronze valves, emboss'd

with Tomyris
And what she did to Cyrus after fight,
But now fast barr'd: so here upon the

But now fast barr'd: so here upon the flat All that long morn the lists were hammer'd up,

And all that morn the heralds to and fro,

with message and defiance, went and came;
Last, Ida's answer, in a royal hand,

But shaken here and there, and rolling words

Oration-like I kiss'd it and I read

Oration-like. I kiss'd it and I read.

O brother, you have known the pangs we felt, What heats of indignation when we heard

Of those that iron-cramp'd their women's feet; Of lands in which at the altar the poor

bride
Gives her harsh groom for bridal-gift
a scourge;

Of living hearts that crack within the fire Where smoulder their dead despots;

and of those,—

Mothers,—that, all prophetic pity,

fling
Their pretty maids in the running
flood, and swoops
The vulture, beak and talon, at the

Made for all noble motion: and I saw

That equal baseness lived in sleeker times

With smoother men; the old leaven

ith smoother men; the old l leaven'd all:





That swallow common sense, the spindling king,

This Gama swamp'd in lazy tolerance. When the man wants weight, the

woman takes it up,
And topples down the scales; but
this is fixt

As are the roots of earth and base of all; Man for the field, and woman for the

Man for the field, and woman for the hearth: Man for the sword and for the needle

she:

Man with the head and woman with

the heart:
Man to command and woman to obey;
All else confusion. Look you! the
gray mare

gray mare
Is ill to live with, when her whinny

From tile to scullery, and her small goodman
Shrinks in his arm chair while the

fires of Hell

Mix with his hearth: but you—she's

yet a colt—

Take, break her: strongly groom'd

and straitly curb'd She might not rank with those de-

testable
That let the bantling scald at home,
and brawl

Their rights or wrongs like potherbs in the street. They say she's comeiy; there's the

fairer chance:

/ like her none the less for rating at

Besides, the woman wed is not as we, But suffers change of frame. A lusty

Of twins may weed her of her folly.

Boy,
The bearing and the training of a

child
Is woman's wisdom.'

Thus the hard old king:
I took my leave, for it was nearly

I pored upon her letter which 1 held, And on the little clause 'take not his life:' I mused on that wild morning in the

woods,
And on the 'Follow, follow, thou
shalt win:'
I thought on all the wrathful king had

said, And how the strange betrothment

was to end: Then I remember'd that burnt sor-

cerer's curse
That one should fight with shadows
and should fail;

And like a flash the weird affection came:

King, camp and college turn'd to hollow shows; I seem'd to move in old memorial tilts,

And doing battle with forgotten ghosts, To dream myself the shadow of a

dream: And ere I woke it was the point of

The lists were ready. Empanoplied and plumed We enter'd in, and waited, fifty there

Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet blared At the barrier like a wild horn in a land

Of echoes, and a moment, and once more The trumpet, and again: at which the storm

Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears And riders front to front, until they

And riders front to front, until they closed In conflict with the crash of shivering

points, And thunder. Yet it seem'd a dream, I dream'd

Of fighting. On his haunches rose the steed, And into fiery splinters leapt the

lance,
And out of stricken helmets sprang
the fire.

Part sat like rocks: part recl'd but kept their seats: Part roll'd on the earth and rose

Part roll'd on the earth and ros
again and drew:

Part stumbled mixt with floundering horses. Down





My dream had never died or lived again.

As in some mystic middle state I lay; Seeing I saw not, hearing not I heard: Tho', if I saw not, yet they told me all So often that I speak as having seen.

For so it seem'd, or so they said to me,

That all things grew more tragic and more strange;

That when our side was vanquish'd and my cause For ever lost, there went up a great

cry,
The Prince is slain. My father heard

and ran In on the lists, and there unlaced my

casque And grovell'd on my body, and after

him Came Psyche, sorrowing for Aglaïa.

But high upon the palace Ida stood With Psyche's babe in arm: there on the roofs

Like that great dame of Lapidoth she sang.

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: the

The little seed they laugh'd at in the dark, Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk

Of spanless girth, that lays on every side A thousand arms and rushes to the Sun.

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came; The leaves were wet with women's tears:

The leaves were wet with women's tears:
they heard
A noise of songsthey would not understand:
They mark'd it with the red cross to the

fall,
And would have strown it, and are fall'n
themselves.

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n : they came,

The woodmen with their axes: lo the tree!
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,
And shape it plank and beam for ronf and
floor.

And boats and bridges for the use of men.

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n; they struck; With their own blows they hart them

with their own blows they hurt ther selves, nor knew

There dwelt an iron nature in the grain:

The glittering axe was broken in their arms,

Their arms were shatter'd to the shoulder blade.

'Our enemies have fall'n, but this shall grow night of Summer from the heat, a

A night of Summer from the heat, a breadth Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power; and

roll'd'
With music in the growing breeze of Time,
The tops shall strike from star to star, the

fangs Shall move the stony bases of the world.

'And now, O maids, behold our sanctuary

Is violate, our laws broken: fear we not To break them more in their behoof.

whose arms Champion'd our cause and won it with a day

Blanch'd in our annals, and perpetual feast,

When dames and heroines of the golden year Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of

Spring,
To rain an April of ovation round
Their statues, borne aloft, the three:

but come, We will be liberal, since our rights are won.

Let them not lie in the tents with coarse mankind, Ill nurses; but descend, and proffer

these
The brethren of our blood and cause,
that there

Lie bruised and maim'd, the tender ministries

Of female hands and hospitality.'

She spoke, and with the babe yet in her arms, Descending, burst the great bronze valves, and led



A hundred maids in train across the Park.

Some cowl'd and some bare-headed, on they came,

Their feet in flowers, her loveliest . by them went The enamor'd air sighing, and on

their curls
From the high tree the blossom wavering fell,

And over them the tremulous isles of light

Slided, they moving under shade but Blanche
At distance follow'd: so they came:

Thro' open field into the lists they wound

Timorously; and as the leader of the herd

That holds a stately fretwork to the Sun,

And follow'd up by a hundred airy does,
Steps with a tender foot, light as on

air, The lovely, lordly creature floated on To where her wounded brethren lay;

there stay'd; Knelt on one knee,—the child on one,

—and prest Their hands, and call'd them dear deliverers,

And happy warriors, and immortal names,

And said 'You shall not lie in the tents but here, And nursed by those for whom you

fought, and served With female hands and hospitality.'

Then, whether moved by this, or was it chance, She past my way. Up started from

my side The old lion, glaring with his whelpless eye,

Silent; but when she saw me lying stark, Dishelm'd and mute, and motionlessly

pale, Cold ev'n to her, she sigh'd; and when she saw The haggard father's face and reverend beard Of grisly twine, all dabbled with the

Of gristy twine, all dabbled with the blood
Of his own son, shudder'd, a twitch of pain

Tortured her mouth, and o'er her forehead past

A shadow, and her hue changed, and she said: 'He saved my life: my brother slew him for it.'

No more; at which the king in bitter

Drew from my neck the painting and the tress,

And held them up: she saw them, and a day Rose from the distance on her mem-

ory, When the good Queen, her mother, shore the tress

With kisses, ere the days of Lady Blanche. And then once more she look'd at my pale face

Till understanding all the foolish work

Of Fancy, and the bitter close of all,

Her iron will was broken in her mind; Her noble heart was molten in her breast; She bow'd, she set the child on the

earth; she laid
A feeling finger on my brows, and
presently
'O Sire,' she said, 'he lives: he is not

dead:
O let me have him with my brethren

In our own palace: we will tend on him
Like one of these; if so, by any

means,
To lighten this great clog of thanks,
that make

Our progress falter to the woman's goal.'

She said: but at the happy word 'he lives' My father stoop'd, re-father'd o'er my wounds.





So those two foes above my fallen life, With brow to brow like night and evening mixt Their dark and gray, while Psyche

everstole
A little nearer, till the babe that by
us,

Half-lapt in glowing gauze and golden brede, Lay like a new-fall'n meteor on the

grass, Uncared for, spied its mother and began A blind and babbling laughter, and to

dance

Its body, and reach its fatling innocent arms And lazy lingering fingers. She the

appeal
Brook'd not, but clamoring out 'Mine
—mine—not yours,

It is not yours, but mine: give me the child'
Ceased all on tremble: piteous was

Ceased all on tremble: piteous was the cry: So stood the unhappy mother open-

mouth'd, And turn'd each face her way: wan was her cheek

With hollow watch, her blooming mantle torn, Red grief and mother's hunger in her

And down dead-heavy sank her curls, and half

The sacred mother's bosom, panting, burst The laces toward her babe; but she

nor cared Nor knew it, clamoring on, till Ida heard,

Look'd up, and rising slowly from me, stood

Erect and silent, striking with her glance The mother, me, the child; but he that

lay Beside us, Cyril, batter'd as he was, Trail'd himself up on one knee: then he drew

Her robe to meet his lips, and down she look'd At the arm'd man sideways, pitying as it seen.'d, Or self-involved; but when she learnt

Remembering his ill-omen'd song, arose

Once more thro' all her height, and o'er him grew

Tall as a figure lengthen'd on the sand When the tide ebbs in sunshine, and he said:

O fair and strong and terrible!
Lioness

That with your long locks play the Lion's mane! But Love and Nature, these are two more terrible

And stronger. See, your foot is on our necks,

We vanquish'd, you the Victor of your will. What would you more? give her the

child! remain
Orb'd in your isolation: he is dead,

Or all as dead: henceforth we let you be: Win you the hearts of women; and

beware

Lest, where you seek the common love of these.

The common hate with the revolving wheel

Should drag you down, and some great Nemesis Break from a darken'd future, crown'd with fire,

And tread you out for ever: but howsoe'er Fix'd in yourself, never in your own

arms
To hold your own, deny not hers to her.

Give her the child! O if, I say, you keep

One pulse that beats true woman, if you loved The breast that fed or arm that dan-

dled you, Or own one port of sense not flint to

prayer,
Give her the child! or if you scorn to lay it,





Yourself, in hands so lately claspt with yours, Or speak to her, your dearest, her one

fault
The tenderness, not yours, that could not kill.

Give me it: I will give it her.'

At first her eye with slow dilation roll'd

Dry flame, she listening: after sank and sank

And, into mournful twilight mellowing, dwelt

Full on the child; she took it:
 'Pretty bud!
Lily of the vale! half open'd bell of

the woods! Sole comfort of my dark hour, when a world

Of traitorous friend and broken system made

No purple in the distance, mystery, Pledge of a love not to be mine, farewell;

These men are hard upon us as of old,
We two must part; and yet how fain

was I
To dream thy cause embraced in mine,
to think
I might be compating to these when I

I might be something to thee, when I felt
Thy helpless warmth about my barren

breast
In the dead prime: but may thy

mother prove
As true to thee as false, false, false to
me!

And, if thon needs must bear the yoke, I wish it
Gentle as freedom'—here she kiss'd
it: then—

'All good go with thee! take it Sir,' and so Laid the soft babe in his hard-mailed

hands, Who turn'd half-round to Psyche as she sprang To meet it, with an eye that swum in

thanks; Then felt it sound and whole from head to foot,

And hugg'd and never hugg'd it close enough, And in her hunger mouth'd and

mumbled it,

And hid her bosom with it; after that
Put on more calm and added suppliantly:

'We two were friends: I go to mine own land For ever: find some other: as for me

I scarce am fit for your great plans: yet speak to me, Say one soft word and let me part

Say one soft word and let me part forgiven.'

But Ida spoke not, rapt upon the child.

Then Arac. 'Ida—'sdeath! you

blame the man;
You wrong yourselves—the woman is

Upon the woman. Come, a grace to

I am your warrior: I and mine have fought Your battle: kiss her; take her hand,

she weeps
'Sdeath! I would sooner fight thrice
o'er than see it.'

But Ida spoke not, gazing on the ground,
And reddening in the furrows of his chin,
And moved beyond his custom,
Gama said:

'I've heard that there is iron in the blood,
And I believe it. Not one word? not

Whence drew you this steel temper?

Not from your mother, now a saint with saints. She said you had a heart—I heard her say it—

"Our Ida has a heart"—just ere she
died—

"But see that some one with authority

"But see that some one with authority Be near her still" and I—1 sought for one—



All people said she had authority-The Lady Blanche: much profit! Not one word:

No! tho' your father sues: see how you stand Stiff as Lot's wife, and all the good knights maim'd,

I trust that there is no one hurt to death.

your wild whim: and was it then for this. Was it for this we gave our palace

up, Where we withdrew from summer

heats and state, And had our wine and chess beneath the planes,

And many a pleasant hour with her that's gone, Ere you were born to vex us? Is it

kind? Speak to her I say: is this not she of whom.

When first she came, all flush'd you said to me Now had you got a friend of your own

age, Now could you share your thought: now should men see

Two women faster welded in one love Than pairs of wedlock; she you walk'd with, she You talk'd with, whole nights long,

up in the tower, Of sine and arc, spheroid and azimuth,

And right ascension, Heaven knows what: and now A word, but one, one little kindly word.

Not one to spare her: out upon you, flint! You love nor her, nor me, nor any;

nay, You shame your mother's judgment too. Not one?

You will not? well-no heart have you, or such As fancies like the vermin in a nut

Have fretted all to dust and bitterness. So said the small king moved beyond

his wont.

But Ida stood nor spoke, drain'd of her force By many a varying influence and so

long. Down thro' her limbs a drooping languor wept:

Her head a little bent; and on her mouth

A doubtful smile dwelt like a clouded moon In a still water: then brake out my

Lifting his grim head from my wounds. 'O you, Woman, whom we thought woman

even now, And were half fool'd to let you tend our son,

Because he might have wish'd it-but we see The accomplice of your madness

unforgiven,
And think that you might mix his
draught with death,

When your skies change again: the rougher hand Is safer: on to the tents: take up the Prince.'

He rose, and while each ear was prick'd to attend tempest, thro' the cloud that

dimm'd her broke A genial warmth and light once more, and shone

glittering drops on her sad friend. 'Come hither. O Psyche,' she cried out, 'embrace

me, come, Quick while I melt; make reconcilement sure With one that cannot keep her mind

an hour: Come to the hollow heart they slander so!

Kiss and be friends, like children being chid! I seem no more: I want forgiveness too:

I should have had to do with none but maids,





That have no links with men. false but dear. Dear traitor, too much loved, why?-

why?-Yet see. Before these kings we embrace you vet once more

With all forgiveness, all oblivion, And trust, not love, you less.

And now, O sire, Grant me your son, to nurse, to wait upon him.

Like mine own brother. For my debt to him, This nightmare weight of gratitude. I

know it; Taunt me no more: yourself and yours

shall have Free adit; we will scatter all our maids Till happier times each to her proper

hearth: What use to keep them here-now?

grant my prayer. Help, father, brother, help; speak to the king:

Thaw this male nature to some touch of that Which kills me with myself, and drags

me down From my fixt height to mob me up

with all The soft and milky rabble of womankind.

Poor weakling ev'n as they are.' Passionate tears

Follow'd: the king replied not: Cyril

'Your brother, Lady,-Florian,-ask for him

Of your great head-for he is wounded That you may tend upon him with the

prince 'Av so,' said Ida with a bitter smile, 'Our laws are broken: let him enter

too. Then Violet, she that sang the mourn-

ful song. And had a cousin tumbled on the plain, Petition'd too for him. 'Av so,' she

'I stagger in the stream: I cannot keep My heart an eddy from the brawling hour:

We break our laws with ease, but let it be.

2

'Ay so?' said Blanche: 'Amazed am I to hear Your Highness: but your Highness

breaks with ease The law your Highness did not make:

'twas 1. I had been wedded wife, I knew man-

And block'd them out; but these men came to woo Your Highness-verily I think to win.'

So she, and turn'd askance a wintry

But Ida with a voice, that like a bell Toll'd by an earthquake in a trembling tower, Rang ruin, answer'd full of grief and

scorn.

' Fling our doors wide! all, all, not one, but all Not only he, but by my mother's soul,

Whatever man lies wounded, friend or Shall enter, if he will. Let our girls

flit. Till the storm die! but had you stood

by us The roar that breaks the Pharos from his base

Had left us rock. She fain would sting us too, But shall not. Pass, and mingle with

your likes. We brook no further insult but are gone.

She turn'd; the very nape of her white neck Was rosed with indignation: but the

Her brother came; the king her father charm'd Her wounded soul with words: nor

did mine own Refuse her proffer, lastly gave his hand.

Then us they lifted up, dead weights, and bare







Straight to the doors; to them the doors gave way Groaning, and in the Vestal entry

shriek'd The virgin marble under iron heels:

And on they moved and gain'd the hall, and there Rested: but great the crush was, and

each base. To left and right, of those tall columns drown'd

In silken fluctuation and the swarm Of female whisperers: at the further

Was Ida by the throne, the two great

Close by her, like supporters on a shield, Bow-back'd with fear: but in the

centre stood The common men with rolling eyes;

amazed They glared upon the women, and

aghast The women stared at these, all silent,

save When armor clash'd or jingled, while

the day, Descending, struck athwart the hall. and shot

A flying splendor out of brass and steel, That o'er the statues leapt from head to head,

Now fired an angry Pallas on the helm, Now set a wrathful Dian's moon on

flame, And now and then an echo started up, And shuddering fled from room to room, and died

Of fright in far apartments.

Then the voice Of Ida sounded, issuing ordinance: And me they bore up the broad stairs,

and thro' The long-laid galleries past a hundred

To one deep chamber shut from sound,

To languid limbs and sickness; left me in it; And others otherwhere they laid: and

That afternoon a sound arose of hoof And chariot, many a maiden passing

home Till happier times; but some were left of those

Held sagest, and the great lords out and in.

From those two hosts that lav beside the walls,

Walk'd at their will, and everything was changed.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea :

The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape

With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape; But O too food, when have I answer'd thee?

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more; what answer should I give ?

I love not hollow cheek or faded eye: Yet O my friend, I will not have thee die s

Ask me no more, lest I should hid thee live ; Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:

I strove against the stream and all in vain:

Let the great river take me to the main; No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield; Ask me no more.

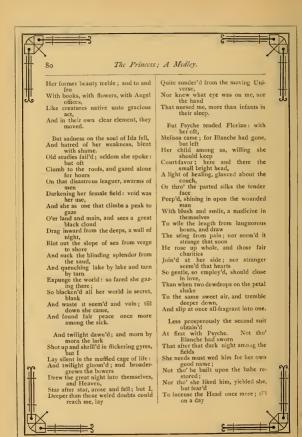
So was their sanctuary violated, So their fair college turn'd to hospital; At first with all confusion: by and by Sweet order lived again with other laws:

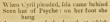
kindlier influence reign'd; and everywhere

Low voices with the ministering hand Hung round the sick: the maidens came, they talk'd,

They sang, they read: till she not fair began

To gather light, and she that was, became





A moment, and she heard, at which her face

A little flush'd, and she past on; but Assumed from thence a half-consent

involved In stillness, plighted troth, and were at peace.

Nor only these: Love in the sacred halle Held carnival at will, and flying struck

With showers of random sweet on maid and man. Nor did her father cease to press my

claim. Nor did mine own now reconciled: nor yet

Did those twin brothers, risen again and whole: Nor Arac, satiate with his victory.

But I lay still, and with me oft she sat

Then came a change; for sometimes I would catch

Her hand in wild delirium, gripe it

hard, Hing it like a viper off, and And fling ' You are not Ida; 'clasp it once again,

And call her Ida, tho' I knew her not, And call her sweet, as if in irony, And call her hard and cold which seem'd a truth:

And still she fear'd that I should lose my mind. And often she believed that I should

Till out of long frustration of her care, And pensive tendance in the all-

weary noons, And watches in the dead, the dark, when clocks

Throbb'd thunder thro' the palace floors, or call'd

On flying Time from all their silver tongues-

And out of memories of her kindlier

And sidelong glances at my father's grief. And at the happy lovers heart in

heart-And out of hauntings of my spoken

And lonely listenings to my mutter'd

And often feeling of the helpless And wordless broodings on the wasted

cheek-From all a closer interest flourish'd up. Tenderness touch by touch, and last, to these.

Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with tears By some cold morning glacier; frail

at first And feeble, all unconscious of itself, But such as gather'd color day by day.

Last I woke sane, but well-nigh close to death For weakness: it was evening: silent

Slept on the painted walls, wherein were wrought

Two grand designs; for on one side arose

The women up in wild revolt, and storm'd At the Oppian law. Titanic shapes. they cramm'd

The forum, and half-crush'd among the rest A dwarf-like Cato cower'd. On the

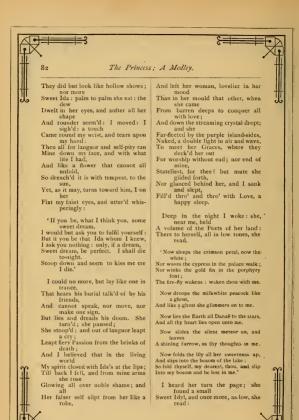
other side Hortensia spoke against the tax; behind.

A train of dames: by axe and eagle sat, With all their foreheads drawn in

Roman scowls, And half the wolf's-milk curdled in their veins, The fierce triumvirs; and before them

paused Hortensia pleading: angry was her face.

I saw the forms: I knew not where I was:



'Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:

What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd cana

In height and cold, the splendor of the hills ?

But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease

To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine, To sit a star upon the sparkling spire: And come, for Love is of the valley, come, For Love is of the valley, come thou down And find him ; by the happy threshold, he, Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize, Or red with spirted purple of the vats. Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk With Death and Moroing on the silver

Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine. Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice, That buddling slant in furrow-cloven

To roll the torrent out of dusky doors: But follow; let the torrent dance thee

down

To find him in the valley; let the wild Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill

Their thousand wreaths of dangling watersmoke

That like a broken purpose waste in air: So waste not thou; but come; for all the

Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth Arise to thee; the children call, and I Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound.

Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet; Myriads of rivulets burrying thro' the

lawn, The moan of doves in immemorial elms. And murmuring of innumerable bees.

So she low-toned; while with shut eves I lay Listening; then look'd. Pale was

the perfect face; The bosom with long sighs labor'd: and meek

Seem'd the full lips, and mild the luminous eves,

And the voice trembled and the hand She said Brokenly, that she knew it, she had fail'd

In sweet humility; had fail'd in all; That all her labor was but as a

block Left in the quarry; but she still were

loth. She still were loth to yield herself to one

That wholly scorn'd to help their equal rights Against the sons of men, and barbar-

ous laws. She pray'd me not to judge their

cause from her That wrong'd it, sought far less for truth than power

In knowledge: something wild within her breast, A greater than all knowledge, beat

her down. And she had nursed me there from

week to week: Much had she learnt in little time. In part

It was ill counsel had misled the girl To vex true hearts: yet was she but a girl-

'Ah fool, and made myself a Queen of farce! When comes another such? never, I

think. Till the Sun drop, dead, from the signs. Her voice

Choked, and her forehead sank upon her hands, And her great heart thro' all the

faultful Past Went sorrowing in a pause I dared not break;

Till notice of a change in the dark world Was lispt about the acacias, and a

That early woke to feed her little ones,

Sent from a dewy breast a cry for light:

She moved, and at her feet the volume fell.

'Blame not thyself too much,' I said, 'nor blame

Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws;

These were the rough ways of the world till now. Henceforth thou hast a helper, me.

that know
The woman's cause is man's: they

rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or

For she that out of Lethe scales with

The shining steps of Nature, shares with man His nights, his days, moves with him

to one goal, Stays all the fair young planet in her

If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,

How shall men grow? but work no more alone!

Our place is much; as far as in us lies We two will serve them both in aid-

ing her—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That soom to learn her up but does

That seem to keep her up but drag her down— Will leave her space to burgeon out

of all Within her—let her make herself her own

To give or keep, to live and learn and

All that not harms distinctive womanhood.

For woman is not undevelopt man, But diverse: could we make her as the man,

Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this, Not like to like, but like in difference.

Yet in the long years liker must they grow;

The man be more of woman, she of man; He gain in sweetness and in moral

height, Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world; She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care, Nor lose the childlike in the larger

mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;

And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time, Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all

Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,

Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be, Self-reverent each and reverencing each, Distinct in individualities.

But like each other ev'n as those who love.

Then comes the statelier Eden back

to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals,

chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.

May these things be!'
Sighing she spoke 'I fear
They will not.'

'Dear, but let us type them now In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest

Of equal; seeing either sex alone Is half itself, and in true marriage lies Nor equal, nor unequal: each fulfils Defect in each, and always thought in thought,

Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,

The single pure and perfect animal, The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke, Life.'

And again sighing she spoke: 'A dream That once was mine! what woman taught you this?'

'Alone,' I said, 'from earlier than I know, Immersed in rich foreshadowings of

the world,
I loved the woman: he, that doth not,

A drowning life, besotted in sweet self, Or pines in sad experience worse than death,





Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with crime: Yet was there one thro' whom I loved her, one

Not learned, save in gracious household ways, Not perfect, nay, but full of tender

Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants, No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt In Angel instincts, breathing Para-

dise,
Interpreter between the Gods and
men,
Who look'd all native to her place,

Who look'd all native to her place, and yet On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a

sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male

minds perforce Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved, And girdled her with music. Happy he

With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all

things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip

and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.'
But I,'
Said Ida, tremulously, 'so all unlike—

It seems you love to cheat yourself with words: This mother is your model. I have

heard
Of your strange doubts: they well
might be: I seem

A mockery to my own self. Never, Prince; You cannot love me.'

'Nay but thee' I said
'From yearlong poring on thy
pictured eyes,
Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen,

and saw
Thee woman thro' the crust of iron
moods
That mask'd thee from men's rever-

ence up, and forced Sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood: now,

hood: now, Giv'n back to life, to life indeed, thro' thee, Indeed I love: the new day comes, the light Dearer for night, as dearer thou for

Lived over: lift thine eyes; my doubts are dead,

doubts are dead, My haunting sense of hollow shows: the change,

This truthful change in thee has kill'd it. Dear, Look up, and let the nature strike on

Like yonder morning on the blind

half-world; Approach and fear not; breathe upon my brows; In that fine air I tremble, all the past

Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this Is morn to more, and all the rich to-

Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland reels

Athwart the smoke of burning weeds.

Forgive me,

I waste my heart in signs: let be.
My bride,

My wife, my life. O we will walk this world, Yoked in all exercise of noble end, And so thro' those dark gates across

the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love
thee: come,
Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine

Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one: Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;

Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.'

CONCLUSION.

So closed our tale, of which I give you all The random scheme as wildly as it rose:

The words are mostly mine; for when we ceased There came a minute's pause, and Walter said,

Walter said,
'I wish she had not yielded!' then to
me,



'What, if you drest it up poetically!' So pray'd the men, the women: I gave assent:

Yet how to bind the scatter'd scheme of seven Together in one sheaf? What style

could suit? The men required that I should give

throughout The sort of mock-heroic gigantesque, With which we banter'd little Lilia

first: The women-and perhaps they felt their power,

For something in the ballads which they sang, Or in their silent influence as they sat,

Had ever seem'd to wrestle with burlesque, And drove us, last, to quite a solemn

They hated banter, wish'd for something real,

A gallant fight, a noble princesswhy

Not make her true-heroic-truesublime? Or all, they said, as earnest as the

close? Which yet with such a framework

scarce could be. Then rose a little feud betwixt the two.

Betwixt the mockers and the realists: And I, betwixt them both, to please them both,

And yet to give the story as it rose, I moved as in a strange diagonal, And maybe neither pleased myself nor them.

But Lilia pleased me, for she took no part In our dispute: the sequel of the

Had touch'd her; and she sat, she pluck'd the grass,

She flung it from her, thinking: last, she fixt A showery glance upon her aunt, and

said.

'You-tell us what we are' who might have told,

For she was cramm'd with theories out of books. But that there rose a shout: the gates

At sunset, and the crowd were swarming now.

To take their leave, about the garden rails.

So I and some went out to these: we climb'd The slope to Vivian-place, and turning saw

The happy valleys, half in light, and Far-shadowing from the west, a land

of peace; Grav halls alone among their massive Trim hamlets: here and there a rustic

tower Half-lost in belts of hop and breadths of wheat;

The shimmering glimpses of a stream; the seas; A red sail, or a white; and far beyond,

Imagined more than seen, the skirts of France.

'Look there, a garden!' said my college friend The Tory member's elder son, 'and

there! God bless the narrow sea which keeps her off,

And keeps our Britain, whole within herself A nation vet, the rulers and the ruled-

Some sense of duty, something of a faith, Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,

Some patient force to change them when we will, Some civic manhood firm against the crowd-

But yonder, whiff! there comes a sudden heat.

The gravest citizen seems to lose his

The king is scared, the soldier will not fight,







The little boys begin to shoot and stab,
A kingdom topples over with a shriek Like an old woman, and down rolls

the world In mock heroics stranger than our

own; Revolts, republics, revolutions, most No graver than a schoolboys' barring

out;
Too comic for the solemn things they
are.

Too solemn for the comic touches in them, Like our wild Princess with as wise a

dream
As some of theirs—God bless the

narrow seas!

I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad.'

'Have patience,' I replied, 'ourselves are full Of social wrong; and maybe wildest

dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the

For me, the genial day, the happy crowd,

The sport half-science, fill me with a faith,

This fine old world of ours is but a child Yet in the go-cart, Patience! Give

it time
To learn its limbs: there is a hand
that guides.'

In such discourse we gain'd the garden rails, And there we saw Sir Walter where he stood,

Before a tower of crimson hollyoaks, Among six boys, head under head, and

look'd No little lily-handed Baronet he, A great broad-shoulder'd genial Englishman.

A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep, A raiser of huge melons and of pine, A patron of some thirty charities, A pamphleteer on guano and on grain, A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none; Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy

morn; Now shaking hands with him, now

him, of those That stood the nearest—now address'd

to speech— Who spoke few words and pithy, such

Welcome, farewell, and welcome for the year

To follow: a shout rose again, and made The long line of the approaching

From the elms, and shook the branches of the deer

branches of the deer From slope to slope thro' distant ferns, and rang

Beyond the bourn of sunset; O; a shout

More joyful than the city-roar that hails Premier or king! Why should not

these great Sirs
Give up their parks some dozen times
a year

To let the people breathe? So thrice they cried, I likewise, and in groups they stream'd

away.

But we went back to the Abbey, and sat on, So much the gathering darkness

charm'd: we sat
But spoke not, rapt in nameless
reverie,

Perchance upon the future man: the walls Blacken'd about us, bats wheel'd, and

owls whoop'd,
And gradually the powers of the night,
That range above the region of the
wind,

Deepening the courts of twilight broke them up Thro' all the silent spaces of the

Thro' all the silent spaces of the worlds,

Beyond all thought into the Heaven of Heavens. Last little Lilia, rising quietly, Disrobed the glimmering statue of Sir Ralph

From those rich silks, and home wellpleased we went.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

PUBLISHED IN 1852.

BURY the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation, Let us bury the Great Duke To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation, Mourning when their leaders fall, Warriors carry the warrior's pall,

And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore? Here, in streaming London's central roar.

Let the sound of those he wrought for,

And the feet of those he fought for, Echo round his bones for evermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow, As fits an universal woe, Let the long long procession go, And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow, And let the mournful martial music

blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last, Remembering all his greatness in the Past. No more in soldier fashion will he greet With lifted hand the gazer in the street.

O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:

Mourn for the man of long-enduring

blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute.

Whole in himself, a common good.

Mourn for the man of amplest influence,

Yet clearest of ambitious crime, Our greatest yet with least pretence, Great in council and great in war, Foremost captain of his time, Rich in saving common-sense, And, as the greatest only are, In his simplicity sublime. O good gray head which all men

knew,
O voice from which their omens all
men drew.

O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of
strength

Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew! Such was he whom we deplore. The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er. The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

v.

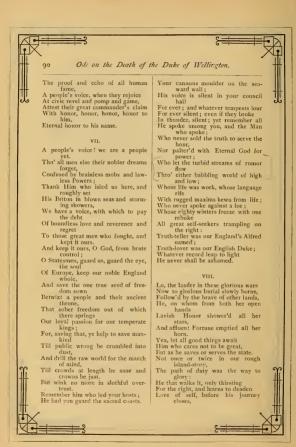
All is over and done: Render thanks to the Giver. England, for thy son Let the bell be toll'd Render thanks to the Giver, And render him to the mould Under the cross of gold That shines over city and river, There he shall rest for ever Among the wise and the bold. Let the bell be toll'd: And a reverent people behold The towering car, the sable steeds: Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds. Dark in its funeral fold Let the bell be toll'd: And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;

knoll'd;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd

Thro' the dome of the golden cross;









He, that ever following her commands. On with toil of heart and knees and

hands. Thro' the long gorge to the far light

His path upward, and prevail'd, Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled

Are close upon the shining table-lands To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

Such was he : his work is done. But while the races of mankind endure,

Let his great example stand Colossal, seen of every land, keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure:

Till in all lands and thro' all human story The path of duty be the way to glory:

And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame For many and many an age proclaim At civic revel and pomp and game,

And when the long-illumined cities flame. Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame, With honor, honor, honor to

Eternal honor to his name.

IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung By some yet unmoulded tongue Far on in summers that we shall not see

Peace, it is a day of pain For one about whose patriarchal knee Late the little children clung : O peace, it is a day of pain For one, upon whose hand and heart

Once the weight and fate of Europe

Ours the pain, be his the gain ! More than is of man's degree Must be with us, watching here At this, our great solemnity. Whom we see not we revere ; We revere, and we refrain From talk of battles loud and vain. And brawling memories all too free For such a wise humility As befits a solemn fane We revere, and while we hear The tides of Music's golden sea

Setting toward eternity, Uplifted high in heart and hope are we, Until we doubt not that for one so true

There must be other nobler work to do

Than when he fought at Waterloo, And Victor he must ever be. For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill

And break the shore, and evermore Make and break, and work their will; Tho' world on world in myriad myriads

Round us, each with different powers, And other forms of life than ours, What know we greater than the soul? On God and Godlike men we build our trust

Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears: The dark crowd moves, and there are

sobs and tears: The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust: He is gone who seem'd so great .-Gone; but nothing can bereave him Of the force he made his own Being here, and we believe him Something far advanced in State, And that he wears a truer crown Than any wreath that man can weave

him. Speak no more of his renown, Lay your earthly fancies down, And in the vast cathedral leave him, God accept him, Christ receive him.

1852.





THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY,

1852.

My Lords, we heard you speak: you told us all That England's honest censure went too far;

That our free press should cease to brawl,

Not sting the fiery Frenchman into war.

It was our ancient privilege, my Lords, To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing, into words.

We love not this French God, the child of Hell, Wild War, who breaks the converse

of the wise; But though we love kind Peace so well.

We dare not ev'n by silence sanction lies.

It might be safe our censures to withdraw;

And yet, my Lords, not well: there is a higher law.

As long as we remain, we must speak free.

Tho' all the storm of Europe on us

No little German state are we, But the one voice in Europe: we

must speak;
That if to-night our greatness were

struck dead,

There might be left some record of the things we said.

If you be fearful, then must we bold.

Our Britain cannot salve a tyrant
o'er.

Better the waste Atlantic roll'd On her and us and ours for ever-

more.
What! have we fought for Freedom from our prime,

At last to dodge and palter with a public crime?

Shall we fear him? our own we never fear'd. From our first Charles by force we

wrung our claims.

Prick'd by the Papal spur, we rear'd, We flung the burthen of the second James.

I say, we never feared! and as for these, We broke them on the land, we drove

them on the seas.

And you, my Lords, you make the

in doubt if you be of our Barons' breed—

Were those your sires who fought at Lewes? Is this the manly strain of Runny-

mede?

O fall'n nobility, that, overawed,

Would lisp in honey'd whispers of this monstrous fraud!

We feel, at least, that silence here were sin,

Not ours the fault if we have feeble

hosts—
If easy patrons of their kin
Have left the last free race with

naked coasts! They knew the precious things they

had to guard:
For us, we will not spare the tyrant one hard word.

Tho' niggard throats of Manchester may bawl, What England was, shall her true

sons forget?
We are not cotton-spinners all,
But some love England and her

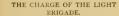
honor yet.

And these in our Thermopylæ shall

stand,
And hold against the world this honor
of the land.







.

HALF a league, half a league, Half a league onward, All in the valley of Death Rode the six hundred. Forward, the Light Brigade! Charge for the guns! he said: Into the valley of Death Rode the six hundred.

II.

Forward, the Light Brigade!? Was there a man dismay d? Not the' the soldier knew Some one had blunder'd: Their's not to make reply, Their's not to reason why, Their's but to do and die: Into the valley of Death Rode the six hundred.

111.

Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon in front of them, Volley'd and thunder'd; Storm'd at with shot and shell, Boldly they rode and well, Into the jaws of Death, Into the mouth of Hell Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare, Flash'd as they turn'd in air Sabring the gunners there, Charging an army, while

All the world wonder'd: Plunged in the battery-smoke Right thro' the line they broke; Cossack and Russian Ree!'d from the sabre-stroke Shatter'd and sunder'd Then they rode back, but not

Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon behind them Volley'd and thunder'd; Storm'd at with shot and shell, While horse and hero fell, They that had fought so well Came thro' the jaws of Death, Back from the mouth of Hell.

All that was left of them.

Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

.

UPLIFT a thousand voices full and sweet, In this wide hall with earth's invention stored,

And praise the invisible universal Lord, Who lets once more in peace the

nations meet,
Where Science, Art, and Labor
have outpour'd
Their myriad horns of plenty at our

TT.

feet.

O silent father of our Kings to be Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee, For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!

III.

The world-compelling plan was thine,—
And, lo! the long laborious miles

Of Palace; lo! the gi: nt aisles, Rich in model and design; Harvest-tool and husbandry. Loom and wheel and enginery, Secrets of the sullen mine. Steel and gold, and corn and wine, Fabric rough, or fairy-fine, Sunny tokens of the Line, Polar marveis, and a feast Of wonder, out of West and East, And shapes and hues of Art divine! All of beauty, all of use,

That one fair planet can produce, Brought from under every star. Blown from over every main,

And mixt, as life is mixt with 1 ain. The works of peace with works of

11

Is the goal so far away? Far, how far no tongue can say, Let us dream our dream to-day.

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign, growing commerce loose her

latest chain, And let the fair white-wing'd peace-

maker fly To happy havens under all the sky, And mix the seasons and the golden

hours: Till each man find his own in all men's good.

And all men work in noble brotherhood

Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers, And ruling

powers, And gathering all the fruits of earth and crown'd with all her flowers.

A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA.

MARCH 7, 1863.

SEA-KINGS' daughter from over the

Alexandra!

Saxon and Norman and Dane are But all of us Danes in our welcome of

thee. Alexandra!

Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet 1

Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!

Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet Scatter the blossom under her feet!

Break, happy land, into earlier flow-Make music, O bird, in the new-bud-

ded bowers! Blazon your mottoes of blessing and

prayer! Welcome her, welcome her, all that is

ours! Warble, O bugle, and trumpet, blare! Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers!

Flames, on the windy headland flare! Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire! Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air !

Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire! Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and

Melt into stars for the land's desire! Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,

Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the Roar as the sea when he welcomes

the land. And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,

The sea-kings' daughter as happy as Blissful bride of a blissful heir,

Bride of the heir of the kings of the O joy to the people and joy to the

throne. Come to us, love us and make us your own:

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we. Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be, We are each all Dane in our welcome

of thee.

Alexandra!





MARCH 7, 1874.

THE Son of him with whom we strove

for power-Whose will is lord thro' all his world-domain-

Who made the serf a man, and burst his chain-

Has given our Prince his own imperial Flower

Alexandrovna. And welcome, Russian flower, a peo-

ple's pride, To Britain, when her flowers begin to blow!

From love to love, from home to

home you go, From mother unto mother, stately bride,

Marie Alexandrovna!

TT.

The golden news along the steppes is blown. And at thy name the Tartar tents

are stirr'd: Elburz and all the Caucasus have

heard; And all the sultry palms of India

known, Alexandrovna. The voices of our universal sea

On capes of Afric as on cliffs of Kent, The Maoris and that Isle of Continent, And loyal pines of Canada murmur

Marie Alexandrovna!

III.

Fair empires branching, both, in lusty

Yet Harold's England fell to Norman swords:

that swing, And float or fall, in endless cbb and flow;

But who love best have best the

grace to know That Love by right divine is deathless king, Marie Alexandrovna!

And Love has led thee to the stranger land.

Where men are bold and strongly say their say ;-See, empire upon empire smiles to-

day, As thou with thy young lover hand in hand

Alexandrovna!

So now thy fuller life is in the west. Whose hand at home was gracious to thy poor:

Thy name was blest within the narrow door:

Here also, Marie, shall thy name be blest. Marie Alexandrovna!

Shall fears and jealous hatreds flame

again? Or at thy coming, Princess, everywhere. The blue heaven break, and some

diviner air Breathe thro' the world and change the hearts of men.

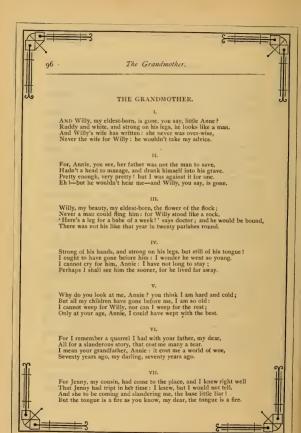
Alexandrovna? But hearts that change not, love that cannot cease.

And peace be yours, the peace of soul in soul! And howsoever this wild world may

roll. Between your peoples truth and man-

ful peace







"Melissa, with her hand upon the lock." $-Page \ 43$.





IIIX

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine: 'Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine. And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill; But marry me out of hand: we two shall be happy still.'

XIV

'Marry you, Willy!' said I, 'but I needs must speak my mind, And I fear you'll listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind.' But he turn'd and claspt me in his arms, and answer'd, 'No, love, no;' Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

XV.

So Willy and I were wedded: I wore a lilac gown; And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown. But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born, Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.





And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

XXI

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain, And happy has been my life; but I would not live it again. I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest; Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

YYYI

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower,
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour,—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next;
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vext?

XXVII

And Willy's wife has written, she never was over-wise. Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I keep my eyes. There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have past away. But stay with the old woman now: you cannot have long to stay.

NORTHERN FARMER.

OLD STYLE.

т.

WHEER 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän? Noorse? thourt nowt o' a noorse: whoy, Doctor's abeän an' agoän: Says that I moänt 'a naw moor aäle: but I beänt a fool: Git ma my aäle, fur I beänt a-gawin' to breäk my rule.

II.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, fur a says what's nawways true: Naw soort o' koind o' use to saay the things that a do. I've 'ed my point o' aale ivry noight sin' I bean'ere. An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

П.

Parson's a beän loikewoise, an' a sittin' 'ere o' my bed.
'The amoighty's a taäkin o' you' to 'issén, my friend,' a said,
An' a towd ma my sins, an's toithe were due, an' I gied it in hond;
I done moy duty boy 'um, as I' a done boy the lond.

1 ou as in hour.







XIII.

A mowt 'a taäen owd Joänes, as 'ant not a 'aäpoth o' sense, Or a mowt 'a taäen young Robins—a niver mended a fence: But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now Wi' aäf the cows to cauve an' Thurnaby hoàlms to plow!

XIV.

Looök 'aw quoloty smoiles when they seeäs ma a passin' boy, Says to thessén naw doubt 'what a man a bea sewer-loy!' Fur tot hey knaws what I bean to Squoire sin fust a coom'd to the 'All; I done moy duty bay Squoire an' I done moy duty boy hall.

Squoire's i' Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to wroite, For whoâ's to howd the lond ater meā thot muddles ma quoit; Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weānt niver give it to Joānes, Naw, nor a moānt to Robins—a niver rembles the stoāns.

XV

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is kittle o' steäm Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the Devil's oän teäm. Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife they says is sweet, But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abeär to see it.

XVII.

What atta stannin' theer fur, an' doesn bring ma the aäle? Doctor's a 'toättler, lass, an a's hallus i' the owd taäle; I weänt breäk rules fur Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy; Git ma my aäle I tell tha, an' if I mun doy I mun doy.

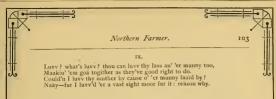
NORTHERN FARMER.

NEW STYLE.

Dosn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters awaäy? Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears 'em saäy. Proputty, proputty, proputty—Sam, thou's an ass for thy paains: Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy braains.







v

Ay an' thy muther says thou wants to marry the lass, Cooms of a gentleman burn: an' we boath on us thinks tha an ass. Woa then, proputty, witha?—an ass as near as mays nowt!— Woa then, wiltha? daugtha!—the bees is as fell as owt.²

X

Breäk me a bit o' the esh for his 'eād, lad, out o' the fence l Gentleman burn! what's gentleman burn? is it shillins an' pence? Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere, an', Sammy, I'm hlest If it isn't the saame oop yonder, fur them as 'as it's the best.

XII

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breäks into 'ouses an' steäls, Them as 'as coats to their backs an' taäkes their regular meäls. Noä, but it's them as niver knaws wheer a meäl's to be 'ad, Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.

XIII

Them or thir feythers, tha sees, mun'a beän a laäzy lot, Fur work mun a 'gone to the gittin 'whiniver munny was got. Feyther 'ad ammost nowt; leästways 'is munny was 'id. But 'e tued an moil'd' 'issén deàd, an 'e died a good un, 'e did.

XIV.

Looök thou theer wheer Wrigglesby beck cooms out by the 'ill! Feyther run oop to the farm, an' I runs oop to the mill; An' I'll run oop to the brig, an' that thou'll live to see; And if thou marries a good un I'll leave the land to thee.

XV

Thim's my noations, Sammy, wheerby I means to stick; But if thou marries a bad un, I'll leave the land to Dick.—Coom oop, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears' im saay—Proputty, proputty, canter 'an canter awaay.

1 Makes nothing.

2 The flies are as fierce as anything.





THE DAISY.

WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH.

O LOVE, what hours were thine and

mine, In lands of palm and southern pine; In lands of palm, of orange-blossom, Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

What Roman strength Turbia show'd In ruin, by the mountain road; How like a gem, beneath, the city Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd.

How richly down the rocky dell The torrent vineyard streaming fell To meet the sun and sunny waters, That only heaved with a summer wsell.

What slender campanili grew By bays, the peacock's neck in hue; Where, here and there, on sandy beaches

A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew.

How young Columbus seem'd to rove, Yet present in his natal grove, Now watching high on mountain

cornice,
And steering, now, from a purple cove,

Now pacing mute by ocean's rim; Till, in a narrow street and dim, I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto, And drank, and lovally drank to him.

Nor knew we well what pleased us most,

Most,
Not the clipt palm of which they
boast;

But distant color, happy hamlet, A moulder'd citadel on the coast,

Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen A light amid its olives green; Or olive-hoary cape in ocean; Or rosy blossom in hot ravine,

Where oleanders flush'd the bed Of silent torrents, gravel-spread; And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten Of ice, far up on a mountain head.

We loved that hall, tho' white and

Those niched shapes of noble mould,
A princely people's awful princes,

The grave, severe Genovese of old.

At Florence too what golden hours,
In those long galleries, were ours;

What drives about the fresh Cascine, Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers.

In bright vignettes, and each com-

Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet, Or palace, how the city glitter'd, Thro' cypress avenues, at our feet.

But when we crost the Lombard plain Remember what a plague of rain; Of rain at Reggio, rain at Parma; At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain.

And stern and sad (so rare the smiles Of sunlight) look'd the Lombard piles;

Porch-pillars on the lion resting, And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles.

O Milan, O the chanting quires, The giant windows' blazon'd fires, The height, the space, the gloom,

the glory! A mount of marble, a hundred spires!

I climb'd the roofs at break of day; Sun-smitten Alps before me 'lay. I stood among the silent statues, And statued pinnacles, mute as they.

How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-

Was Monte Rosa, hanging there A thousand shadowy-pencill'd valleys

And snowy dells in a golden air.

Remember how we came at last To Como; shower and storm and blast





Had blown the lake beyond his limit, And all was flooded; and how we past

From Como, when the light was gray, And in my head, for half the day, The rich Virgilian rustic measure Of Lari Maxume, all the way,

Like ballad-burthen music, kept, As on The Lariano crept To that fair port below the castle Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept;

Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake A cypress in the moonlight shake, The moonlight touching o'er a ter-

One tall Agavè above the lake.

What more? we took our last adieu, And up the snowy Splugen drew, But ere we reach'd the highest summit

I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you.

It told of England then to me, And now it tells of Italy. O love, we two shall go no longer To lands of summer across the sea;

So dear a life your arms enfold Whose crying is a cry for gold: Yet here to-night in this dark city, When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry, This nurseling of another sky Still in the little book you lent me, And where you tenderly laid it by:

And I forgot the clouded Forth, The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth, The bitter east, the misty summer

The bitter east, the misty summer And gray metropolis of the North.

Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain, Perchance, to charm a vacant brain, Perchance, to dream you still beside

My fancy fled to the South again.

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

COME, when no graver cares employ, Godfather, come and see your boy: Your presence will be sun in winter,

Making the little one leap for joy.

For, being of that honest few, Who give the Fiend himself his due, Should eighty-thousand collegecouncils

Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you;

Should all our churchmen foam in spite

At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay-hearth would give you
welcome
(Take it and some) to the Jole of

(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight;

Where, far from noise and smoke of town, I watch the twilight falling brown

All round a careless-order'd garden Close to the ridge of a noble down.

You'll have no scandal while you dine,
But honest talk and wholesome wine,

And only hear the magpie gossip Garrulous under a roof of pine:

For groves of pine on either hand, To break the blast of winter, stand; And further on, the hoary Channel Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand;

Where, if below the milky steep Some ship of battle slowly creep, And on thro' zones of light and shadow

Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin Which made a selfish war begin; Dispute the claims, arrange the chances;

Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win:







ters, Dear to the man that is dear to God:

How best to help the slender store,

How mend the dwellings, of the poor; How gain in life, as life advances, Valor and charity more and more.

Come, Maurice, come: the lawn as

Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet; But when the wreath of March has blossom'd.

Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pay one visit here, For those are few we hold as dear; Nor pay but one, but come for many.

Many and many a happy year.

January, 1854.

WILL.

O WELL for him whose will is strong! He suffers, but he will not suffer long; suffers, but he cannot suffer

wrong: For him nor moves the loud world's

random mock, Nor all Calamity's hugest waves con-

Who seems a promontory of rock, That, compass'd round with turbulent

In middle ocean meets the surging shock

Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time. Corrupts the strength of heaven-de-scended Will. Recurring and suggesting still ! He seems as one whose footsteps halt, Toiling in immeasurable sand, And o'er a weary sultry land, Far beneath a blazing vault, Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrons

hill, The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ.

ALL along the valley, stream that flashest white,

Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,

Ail along the valley, where thy waters I walk'd with one I loved two and

thirty years ago. All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day.

The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;

For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed, Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,

And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,

The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON

NIGHTINGALES warbled without. Within was weeping for thee: Shadows of three dead men Walk'd in the walks with me, Shadows of three dead men and thou wast one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods: The Master was far away: Nightingales warbled and sang Of a passion that lasts but a day;







The Flower-Requiescat-The Sailor Boy-The Islet.

Still in the house in his coffin the Prince of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known In courtesy like to thee: Two dead men have I loved With a love that ever will be: Three dead men have I loved and thou art last of the three.

THE FLOWER.

ONCE in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
Thro' my garden-bower,
And muttering discontent
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
'Splendid is the flower.'

Read my little fable:
He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.

REQUIESCAT.

FAIR is her cottage in its place,
Where you broad water sweetly
slowly glides.
It sees itself from thatch to base

1) ream in the sliding tides.

And fairer she, but an how soon to die!

Her quiet dream of life this hour
may cease.

Her peaceful being slowly passes by To some more perfect peace.

THE SAILOR BOY.

HE rose at dawn and, fired with hope, Shot o'er the seething harbor-bar, And reach'd the ship and caught the rope.

And whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled long and loud He heard a fierce mermaiden cry, 'O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,

I see the place where thou wilt lie.

'The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall
play.'

' Fool,' he answer'd, 'death is sure To those that stay and those that roam,

But I will nevermore endure To sit with empty hands at home.

'My mother clings about my neck, My sisters crying, "Stay for shame;" My father raves of death and wreck, They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

'God help me! save I take my part Of danger on the roaring sea, A devil rises in my heart, Far worse than any death to me.'

THE ISLET.

'WHITHER, O whither, love, shall we go, For a score of sweet little summers

or so?'
The sweet little wife of the singer said,





On the day that follow'd the day she was wed,
'Whither, O whither, love, shall we

'Whither, O whither, love, shall we go?'
And the singer shaking his curly head Turn'd as he sat, and struck the keys

There at his right with a sudden crash, Singing, 'And shall it be over the seas With a crew that is neither rude nor

Singing, 'And shall it be over the seas With a crew that is neither rude nor rash,

But a bevy of Eroses apple-cheek'd, In a shallop of crystal ivory-beak'd, With a satin sail of a ruby glow, To a sweet little Eden on earth that I know.

A mountain islet pointed and peak'd; Waves on a diamond shingle dash, Cataract brooks to the ocean run, Fairily-delicate palaces shine Mist with murtle and clad with vine

Mixt with myrtle and clad with vine, And overstream'd and silverystreak'd

With many a rivulet high against the Sun The facets of the glorious mountain

flash
Above the valleys of palm and pine.

'Thither, O thither, love, let us go.'

'No, no, no ! For in all that exquisite isle, my dear,

There is but one bird with a musical throat,

And his compass is but of a single

That it makes one weary to hear.'

'Mock me not! mock me not! love, let us go.'

'No, love, no.

For the bud ever breaks into bloom
on the tree,

And a storm never wakes on the lonely sea,

And a worm is there in the lonely wood, That pierces the liver and blackens

the blood;
And makes it a sorrow to be.

CHILD-SONGS.

THE CITY CHILD.

DAINTY little maiden, whither would

you wander?
Whither from this pretty home, the

'Far and far away,' said the dainty little maiden, 'All among the gardens, auriculas,

anemones,
Roses and lilies and Canterburybells.

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?

Whither from this pretty house, this city-house of ours?

'Far and far away,' said the dainty little maiden,
'All among the meadows, the clover

and the clematis,
Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-flowers.'

H.

MINNIE AND WINNIE.

MINNIE and Winnie Slept in a shell. Sleep, little ladies! And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within, Silver without; Sounds of the great sea Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies! Wake not soon! Echo on echo Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell.
'What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?'





note



The Spiteful Letter-Literary Squabbles-The Victim.

Started a green linnet Out of the croft; Wake, little ladies, The sun is aloft!

THE SPITEFUL LETTER.

HERE, it is here, the close of the year, And with it a spiteful letter. My name in song has done him much wrong,

For himself has done much better.

O little bard, is your lot so hard,
If men neglect your pages?
I think not much of yours or of mine,
I hear the roll of the ages.

Rhymes and rhymes in the range of the times! Are mine for the moment stronger? Vet hate me not, but abide your lot.

I last but a moment longer.

This faded leaf, our names are as brief;
What room is left for a hater?
Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener

For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I—is that your cry? And men will live to see it. Well—if it be so—so it is, you know; And if it be so, so be it.

Brief, brief is a ummer leaf,
But this is the time of hollies.
O hollies and ivies and evergreens,
How 1 hate the spites and the
follies 1

LITERARY SQUABBLES.

AH God! the petty fools of rhyme
That shriek and sweat in pigmy wars
Before the stony face of Time,
And look'd at by the silent stars:

Who hate each other for a song, And do their little best to bite And pinch their brethren in the throng, And scratch the very dead for spite:

And strain to make an inch of room For their sweet selves, and cannot hear

The sullen Lethe rolling doom
On them and theirs and all things
here:

When one small touch of Charity Could lift them nearer God-like state Than if the crowded Orb should cry Like those who cried Diana great:

And I too, talk, and lose the touch I talk of. Surely, after ail, The noblest answer unto such Is perfect stillness when they brawl.

THE VICTIM.

I.

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe;
So thick they died the people cried,
'The Gods are moved against the
land.'

The Priest in horror about his altar To Thor and Odin lifted a hand: "Help us from famine And plague and strife! What would you have of us? Human life? Were it our nearest, (Answer, O answer; We give you his life.'

II.

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd, And cattle died, and deer in wood, And bird in air, and fishes turn'd And whiten'd all the rolling flood; And dead men lay all over the way, Or down in a furrow scathed with

flame: And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd.











The Peak is high, and the stars are

high.

And the thought of a man is higher. A deep below the deep, And a height beyond the height!

And our seeing is not sight.

Our hearing is not hearing,

The voice and the Peak Far into heaven withdrawn, The lone glow and long roar Green-rushing from the rosy thrones of dawn

FLOWER in the crannied wall, I pluck you out of the crannies, I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,

Can prove you, tho' he make you

Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life Shoots to the fall-take this and pray that he

Who wrote it, honoring your sweet faith in him, May trust himself; and after praise

As one who feels the immeasurable

world, Attain the wise indifference of the

wise; And after Autumn past-if left to pass His autumn into seeming-leafless days-

Draw toward the long frost and longest night.

Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the Which in our winter woodland looks a flower. 1

1 The fruit of the Spindle-tree (Euonymus Europaus).

EXPERIMENTS.

BOÂDICEA.

WHILE about the shore of Mona those Neronian legionaries Burnt and broke the grove and altar of the Druid and Druidess, Far in the East Boädicéa, standing loftily charloted, Mad and maddening all that heard her in her fierce volubility, Girt by half the tribes of Britain, near the colony Cámulodúne, Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters o'er a wild confederacy.

'They that scorn the tribes and call us Britain's barbarous populaces, Did they hear me, would they listen, did they pity me supplicating? Shall I heed them in their anguish? shall I brook to be supplicated? Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant!









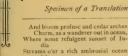
Must their ever-ravening engle's beak and talon annihilate us? Tear the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorily quivering? Bark an answer, Britain's raven! bark and blacken innumerable, Blacken round the Roman carrion, make the carcase a skeleton, Kite and kestrel, wolf and wolfkin, from the wilderness, wallow in it. Till the face of Bel be brightend', Taranis be propitiated. Lo their colony half-defended! Io their colony, Camulodáine! There the horde of Roman nobbers mock at a barbarostray. There the hive of Roman liars worship an empero-tidiot. Such is Rome, and this her deity: hear it, Spirit of Cassivelain!

'Hear it, Gods! the Gods have heard it, O Icenian, O Coritanian! Doubt not ye the Gods have answer'd, Caticachalain, Trinobant. These have told us all their anger in miraculous utterances, Thunder, a flying fire in heaven, a murnur heard aerially, Phantom sound of blows descending, moan of an enemy massacred, Phantom wail of women and children, multitudinous agonies. Bloodily flow of the Tamesa rolling phantom bothes of horses and men; Eloudily flow of the Tamesa rolling phantom bothes of horses and men; Lastly yonder yester-even, suddenly giddily tottering.—
There was one who watch'd and told me—down their statue of Victory fell. Lo their precious Rama bantling, to the colony Cámudodáne, Shall we teach it a Roman lesson? shall we care to be pitiful?

'Hear Icenian, Cateuchlahnan, hear Coritanian, Trinobant! While I rowed about the forest, long and blitterly meditating, There I heard them in the darkness, at the mystical ceremony, Loosely robed in flying raiment, samg the terrible prophetiseses, "Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery parapets! Tho' the Koman eagle shadow thee, tho' the gathering nenny narrow thee, Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be the mighty one yet! Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be celebrated, Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable, Thine the lands of lasting summer, many-blossoming Paradises, Thine the North and thine the South and thine the battle-thunder of God," So they chanted: how shall Britain light upon auguries happier? So they chanted in the darkness, and there cometh a victory now.

'Hear Icenian, Catieuechlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant! Me the wife of rich Prastitagus, me the lower of liberty, Me they seized and me they tortured, me they lash'd and humiliated, Me the sport of ribald Veterans, mine of ruffian violators! See they sit, they hide their faces, miserable in ignominy! Wherefore in me burns an anger, not by blood to be satiated. Lo the palaces and the temple, lo the colony Camulodáne! There they rufled, and thence they wasted all the flourishing territory, Thither at their will they haled the yellow-ringleted Britoness—Bloodily, bloodily fall the battle-axe, unexhausted, inexorable. Shout Icenian, Catieuchlanian, shout Coritanian, Trinobant, Till the victim hear within and yearn to hurry precipitously Like the leaf in a roaring whirlwind, like the smoke in a hurricane whirld. Lo the colony, there they rioted in the city of Combelline!





even.

Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle.

And crimson-hued the stately palmwoods Whisper in odorous heights of

Hendecasyllabics.

O you chorus of indolent reviewers, Irresponsible, indolent reviewers, Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem All composed in a metre of Catullus, All in quantity, careful of my motion.

Like the skater on ice that hardly bears him,

Lest I fall unawares before the people.

Waking laughter in indolent review-

Should I flounder awhile without a tumble Thro' this metrification of Catullus,

They should speak to me not without a welcome,

All that chorus of indolent review-Hard, hard, hard is it, only not to

tumble. So fantastical is the dainty metre. Wherefore slight me not wholly, nor

helieve me Too presumptuous, indolent review-

blatant Magazines, regard me rather-Since I blush to belaud myself a mo-

ment-As some rare little rose, a piece of inmost Horticultural art, or half coquette-

like Maiden, not to be greeted unbenign-

ly.

SPECIMEN OF A TION OF THE BLANK VERSE.

So Hector spake; the Trojans roar'd applause:

Then loosed their sweating horses from the voke. And each beside his chariot bound his

own: And oxen from the city, and goodly

sheep In haste they drove, and honey-hearted

wine And bread from out the houses hrought, and heap'd

Their firewood, and the winds from off the plain

Roll'd the rich vapor far into the heaven. And these all night upon the bridge I

of war Sat glorying; many a fire before them

As when in heaven the stars about the

Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid, And every height comes out, and jut-

ting peak And valley, and the immeasurable heavens

Break open to their highest, and all Shine, and the Shepherd gladdens in

his heart: So many a fire between the ships and stream Of Xanthus blazed before the towers

of Troy, A thousand on the plain; and close by

Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire; And eating hoary grain and pulse the steeds

Fixt by their cars, waited the golden dawn. Iliad VIII. 542-561. 1 Or, ridge.







THE WINDOW:

OR, THE SONG OF THE WRENS.

Four years ago Mr. Sullivan requested me to write a little song-cycle, German fashion, for him to exercise his art upon. He had been very successful in setting such old songs as 'Orpheus with his lute,' and I drest up for him, partly in the old style, a puppet, whose almost only merit is, perhaps, that it can daoce to Mr. Sullivan's instrument. I am sorry that my four-year-old puppet should have to dance at all in the dark shadow of these days; but the music is now completed, and I am bound by my promise. December, 1870. A TENNYSON

THE WINDOW.

ON THE HILL THE lights and shadows fly!

Yonder it brightens and darkens down on the plain. A jewel, a jewel dear to a lover's

eye! Oh is it the brook, or a pool, or her

window pane When the winds are up in the morning?

Clouds that are racing above, And winds and lights and shadows that cannot be still.

All running on one way to the home of my love. You are all running on, and I stand

on the slope of the hill, And the winds are up in the morning!

Follow, follow the chase! And my thoughts are as quick and as quick, ever on, on, on. () lights, are you flying over her sweet little face?

And my heart is there before you are come, and gone, When the winds are up in the morning!

Follow them down the slope! And I follow them down to the window-pane of my dear, And it brightens and darkens and brightens like my hope,

And it darkens and brightens and darkens like my fear, And the winds are up in the morning.

AT THE WINDOW. Vine, vine and eglantine,

Clasp her window, trail and twine! Rose, rose and clematis, Trail and twine and clasp and kiss, Kiss, kiss: and make her a bower

All of flowers, and drop me a flower,

Drop me a flower.

Vine, vine and eglantine, Cannot a flower, a flower be mine? Rose, rose and clematis, Drop me a flower, a flower, to kiss,

Kiss, kiss-and out of her bower All of flowers, a flower, a flower, Dropt, a flower.

GONE.

Gone ! Gone, till the end of the year, Gone, and the light gone with her, and left me in shadow here!

Gone-flitted away, Taken the stars from the night and the sun from the day!

Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a storm in the air !

Flown to the east or the west, flitted I know not where! Down in the south is a flash and a

groan: she is there! she is there !





WINTE

The frost is here, And fuel is dear, And woods are sear, And fires burn clear, And frost is here And has bitten the heel of the going

year.
Bite, frost, bite!

You roll up away from the light
The blue wood-louse, and the plump
dormouse,
And the bees are still'd, and the flies
are kill'd.

And you bite far into the heart of the house,

But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the
earth,
But not into mine.

SPRING.

Birds' love and birds' song
Flying here and there,
Birds' song and birds' love,
And you with gold for hair I
Birds' song and birds' love,
Passing with the weather,
Men's song and men's love,
To love, once and for ever

Men's love and bird's love,
And women's love and men's!
And you my wren with a crown of gold,

You my queen of the wrens!
You the queen of the wrens—
We'll be birds of a feather,
I'll be King of the Queen of the

wrens, And all in a nest together.

THE PETTER

Where is another sweet as my sweet, Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy? Fine little hands, fine little feet— Dewy blue eye.

Shall I write to her? shall I go?
Ask her to marry me by and by?
Somebody said that she'd say no;
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

Ay or no, if ask'd to her face?
Ay or no, from shy of the shy?
Go, little letter, apace, apace,

Fly to the light in the valley below— Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye: Somebody said that she'd say no; Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

NO ANSWER.

The mist and the rain, the mist and the rain!

Is it ay or no? is it ay or no? And never a glimpse of her window

And I may die but the grass will grow, And the grass will grow when I am

gone, And the wet west wind and the world will go on.

Ay is the song of the wedded spheres, No is trouble and cloud and storm, Ay is life for a hundred years, No will push me down to the

worm,
And when 1 am there and dead and

gone,
The wet west wind and the world
will go on.

The wind and the wet, the wind and the wet! Wet west wind how you blow, you

blow! And never a line from my lady yet!

Is it ay or no? is it ay or no?
Blow then, blow, and when I am gone,
The wet west wind and the world
may go on.









IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love, Whom we, that have not seen thy face,

By faith, and faith alone, embrace, Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade: Thou madest Life in man and

brute: Thou madest Death; and lo, thy

foot Is on the skull which thou hast made,

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust: Thou madest man, he knows not why

He thinks he was not made to die: And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine, The highest, holiest manhood, thou: Our wills are ours, we know not

how; Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day; They have their day and cease to

be They are but broken lights of thee And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know; For knowledge is of things we

And yet we trust it comes from thee.

A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to But more of reverence in us dwell; That mind and soul, according

May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight: We mock thee when we do not fear

But help thy foolish ones to bear; Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me: What seem'd my worth since I began;

For merit lives from man to man.

And not from man, O Lord, to thee,

Forgive my grief for one removed, Thy creature, whom I found so

I trust he lives in thee, and there I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries. Confusions of a wasted youth: Forgive them where they fail in

And in thy wisdom make me wise.

I HELD it truth, with him who sings To one clear harp in divers tones, That men may rise on stepping-

Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years And find in loss a gain to match? Or reach a hand thro' time to catch The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd Let darkness keep her raven

gloss: Ah, sweeter to be drunk with

loss, To dance with death, to beat the





'The stars,' she whispers, blindly run; A web is wov'n across the sky; From out waste places comes a cry,

And murmurs from the dying sun:

'And all the phantom, Nature,

stands—
With all the music in her tone,
A hollow echo of my own,—
A hollow form with empty hands.'

And shall I take a thing so blind, Embrace her as my natural good; One writes, that 'Other friends remain,'

Like dull narcotics, numbing pain

Is given in outline and no more.

enfold

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,

Like coarsest clothes against the

But that large grief which these

That 'Loss is common to the race'-And common is the common-

And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make

My own less bitter, rather more: Too common! Never morning wore

To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be, Who pledgest now thy gallant son: A shot, ere half thy draught be

done Hath still'd the life that beat from

O mother, praying God will save

Thy sailor,-while thy head is how'd. His heavy-shotted hammock-

Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought At that last hour to please him well;

Who mused on all I had to tell, And something written, something thought;

Expecting still his advent home: And ever met him on his way With wishes, thinking, 'here today.

Or 'here to-morrow will he come,'

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove. That sittest ranging golden hair;

And glad to find thyself so fair, Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows In expectation of a guest; And thinking 'this will please him best,

She takes a riband or a rose:

For he will see them on to-night: And with the thought her color

And, having left the glass, she turns

Once more to set a ringlet right;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse Had fallen, and her future Lord Was drown'd in passing thro' the

Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end? And what to me remains of good? To her, perpetual maidenhood, And unto me no second friend,

Dark house, by which once more I stand Here in the long unlovely street, Doors, where my heart was used to beat

So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more-Behold me, for I cannot sleep, And like a guilty thing I creep At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here; but far away The noise of life begins again, And ghastly thro' the drizzling

On the bald street breaks the blank day.

A happy lover who has come To look on her that loves him well Who lights and rings the gate-

way bell, And learns her gone and far from

home;

He saddens, all the magic light Dies off at once from bower and hall

And all the place is dark, and all The chambers emptied of delight:







Calm and deep peace in this wide air, These leaves that redden to the

These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves

And waves that sway themselves in rest, And dead calm in that noble

breast Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

XII

Lo, as a dove when up she springs
To bear thro' Heaven a tale of
woe,

Some dolorous message knit below

The wild pulsation of her wings;

Like her I go; I cannot stay;
I leave this mortal ark behind,
A weight of nerves without a
mind,
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
And reach the glow of southern
skies,
And see the sails at distance rise.

And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying; 'Comes he thus, my friend?

Is this the end of all my care?'

And circle moaning in the air:
'Is this the end?' Is this the end?'
And forward dart again, and play

About the prow, and back return To where the body sits, and learn That I have been an hour away.

XIII.

Tears of the widower, when he sees A late-lost form that sleep reveals, And moves his doubtful arms, and feels

Her place is empty, fall like these;

Which weep a loss forever new, A void where heart on heart re-

posed;
And, where warm hands have prest and closed,
Silence, till I be silent too.

Which weep the comrade of my

An awful thought, a life removed, The human-hearted man I loved, A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

Come Time, and teach me, many years,

I do not suffer in a dream;
For now so strange do these things seem,

Mine eyes have leisure for their tears;

My fancies time to rise on wing,

And glance about the approaching sails,

As they they brought but mer-

chants' bales,
And not the burthen that they bring.

XIV.

If one should bring me this report,
That thou hadst touch'd the land
to-day,

And I went down unto the quay, And found thee lying in the port;

And standing, muffled round with woe, Should see thy passengers in rank Come stepping lightly down the plank,

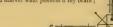
And beckoning unto those they know;

And if along with these should come The man I held as half-divine; Should strike a sudden hand in mine,

And ask a thousand things of home;

And I should tell him all my pain, And how my life had droop'd of late.

And he should sorrow o'er my state And marvel what possess'd my brain;





And I perceived no touch of change, No hint of death in all his frame, But found him all in all the same, I should not feel it to be strange.

XV

To-night the winds begin to rise And roar from yonder dropping day:

The last red leaf is whirl'd away, The rooks are blown about the skies;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd, The cattle huddled on the lea; And wildly dash'd on tower and tree

The sunbeam strikes along the world:

And but for fancies, which aver
That all thy motions gently pass
Athwart a plane of molten glass,
I scarce could brook the strain and

I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud; And but for fear it is not so, The wild unrest that lives in woe Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher, And onward drags a laboring breast,

And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

XVI.

What words are these have fall'n from me? Can calm despair and wild un-

Be tenants of a single breast, Or sorrow such a changeling be?

Or doth she only seem to take

The touch of change in calm or storm;
But knows no more of transient

form In her deep self, than some dead lake

That holds the shadow of a lark Hung in the shadow of a heaven? Or has the shock, so harshly given, Confused me like the unhappy bark

That strikes by night a craggy shelf, And staggers blindly ere she sink? And stun'd me from my power to think

And all my knowledge of myself;

And made me that delirious man
Whose fancy fuses old and new,
And flashes into false and true,
And mingles all without a plan?

YVII

Thou comest, much wept for: such a

Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer Was as the whisper of an air

Was as the whisper of an air To breathe thee over lonely seas.

For I in spirit saw thee move
Thro' circles of the bounding sky,
Week after week: the days go
by:
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st

roam, My blessing, like a line of light, Is on the waters day and night, And likea beacon guards thee home.

So may whatever tempest mars Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark:

And balmy drops in summer dark Slide from the bosom of the stars.

So kind an office hath been done, Such precious relics brought by thee;

The dust of him I shall not see Till all my widow'd race be run.

XVIII.

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand

Where he in English earth is laid, And from his ashes may be made The violet of his native land.







'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the

That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,

And come, whatever loves to weep, And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,

I, falling on his faithful heart, Would breathing thro' his lips impart

The life that almost dies in me;

That dies not, but endures with pain, And slowly forms the firmer mind, Treasuring the look it cannot

find,

The words that are not heard again.

XIX.

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no
more;
They laid him by the pleasant
shore.

And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;

The salt sea-water passes by,

And hushes half the babbling

Wye,

And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along, And hush'd my deepest grief of all, When fill'd with tears that can-

not fall, I brim with sorrow drowning song

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

The lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender
vows,
Are but as servants in a house

Where lies the master newly dead; Who speak their feeling as it is.

And weep the 'fulness from the mind: 'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find

'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find Another service such as this.'

My lighter moods are like to these, That out of words a comfort win; But there are other griefs within, And tears that at their fountain freeze;

For by the hearth the children sit Cold in that atmosphere of Death, And scarce endure to draw the breath,

Or like to noiseless phantoms flit:

But open converse is there none, So much the vital spirits sink To see the vacant chair, and think,

'How good! how kind! and he is

XXI.

I sing to him that rests below, And, since the grasses round me wave,

I take the grasses of the grave, And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then, And sometimes harshly will he speak: 'This fellow would make weak-

ness weak, And melt the waxen hearts of men.'

Another answers, 'Let him be, He loves to make parade of pain, That with his piping he may

The praise that comes to constancy.





125





In Memoriam.

A third is wroth: 'Is this an hour For private sorrow's barren song, When more and more the people throng

The chairs and thrones of civil power?

'A time to sicken and to swoon, When Science reaches forth her arms To feel from world to world, and

charms

Her secret from the latest moon?"

Behold, ye speak an idle thing: Ye never knew the sacred dust: I do but sing because I must, And pipe but as the linnets sing :

And one is glad; her note is gay, For now her little ones have ranged; And one is sad; her note is

changed, Because her brood is stol'n away.

The path by which we twain did go, Which led by tracts that pleased us well, Thro' four sweet years arose and

From flower to flower, from snow to snow .

And we with singing cheer'd the way, And, crown'd with all the season

From April on to April went, And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began To slant the fifth autumnal slope. As we descended following Hope, There sat the Shadow fear'd of man:

Who broke our fair companionship, And spread his mantle dark and And wrapt thee formless in the

And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste, And think, that somewhere in the waste

The Shadow sits and waits for me,

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut, Or breaking into song by fits, Alone, alone, to where he sits, The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds, I wander, often falling lame, And looking back to whence I came.

Or on to where the pathway leads;

And crying, How changed from where it ran Thro' lands where not a leaf was

dnmb: But all the lavish hills would hum The murmur of a happy Pan:

When each by turns was guide to And Fancy light from Fancy

caught, And Thought leapt out to wed with

Ere Thought could wed itself with

And all we met was fair and good, And all was good that Time could bring, And all the secret of the Spring

Moved in the chambers of the blood;

And many an old philosophy On Argive heights divinely sang, And round us all the thicket rang To many a flute of Arcady.

VVIV

And was the day of my delight As pure and perfect as I say? The very source and fount of Day Is dash'd with wandering isles of

night.







































If all was good and fair we met,

This earth had been the Paradise
It never look'd to human eyes
Since our first Sun arose and set.

And is it that the haze of grief
Makes former gladness loom so
__great?

The lowness of the present state, That sets the past in this relief?

Or that the past will always win A glory from its being far; And orb into the perfect star

We saw not, when we moved therein?

XXV.

I know that this was Life,—the track Whereon with equal feet we fared; And then, as now, the day pre-

pared The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-hirds in air;
I love the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or limb, When mighty Love would cleave in twain

The lading of a single pain, And part it, giving half to him.

xxvı.

Still onward winds the dreary way;
I with it; for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker
Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

And if that eye which watches guilt And goodness, and hath power to

see
Within the green the moulder'd
tree,

And towers fall'n as soon as built—

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee
Or see (in Him is no before)
In more of life true life no more
And Love the indifference to be,

Then might I find, ere yet the morn Breaks hither over Indian seas, That Shadow waiting with the keys.

To shroud me from my proper scorn.

XXVII

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest, The heart that never plighted troth

But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;

Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall; I feel it, when I sorrow most; 'Tis better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all.

XXVIII

The time draws near the birth of Christ: The moon is hid; the night is

The Christmas bells from hill to hill Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round, From far and near, on mead and moor.

Swell out and fail, as if a door Were shut between me and the sound:

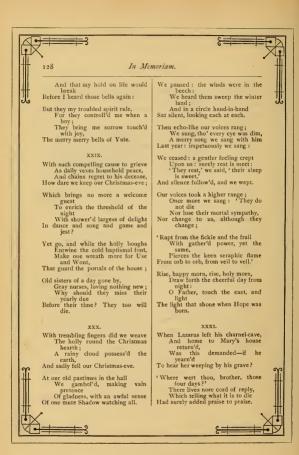
Each voice four changes on the wind, That now dilate, and now decrease, Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,

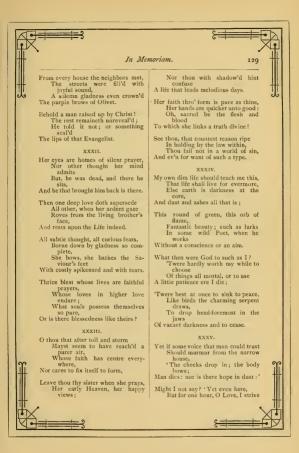
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain, I almost wish'd no more to wake,











shall fail When truth embodied in a tale Shall enter in at lowly doors.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought With human hands the creed of creeds

In loveliness of perfect deeds, More strong than all poetic thought;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf, Or builds the house, or digs the

grave, And those wild eves that watch the wave

In roarings round the coral reef.

Tho' always under alter'd skies

The purple from the distance dies, My prospect and horizon gone. No joy the blowing season gives, The herald melodies of spring, But in the songs I love to sing

A doubtful gleam of solace lives. If any care for what is here Survive in spirits render'd free. Then are these songs I sing of thee Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

Old warder of these buried bones, And answering now my random stroke



With fruitful cloud and living smoke, ark yew, that graspest at the stones

Dark yew, that graspest at the stones And dippest toward the dreamless

head,
To thee too comes the golden
hour
When flower is feeling after

But Sorrow-fixt upon the dead,

And darkening the dark graves of men,— What whisper'd from her lying

lips?
Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,
And passes into gloom again.

XL.

Could we forget the widow'd hour And look on Spirits breathed away,

As on a maiden in the day When first she wears her orangeflower!

When crown'd with blessing she doth

To take her latest leave of home, And hopes and light regrets that come

Make April of her tender eyes;

And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's
face,
As parting with a long embrace

As parting with a long embrace She enters other realms of love;

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given A life that bears immortal fruit In those great offices that suit

Ay me, the difference I discern! How often shall her old fireside Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride, How often she herself return.

And tell them all they would have told, And bring her babe, and make her hoast.

Till even those that miss'd her most

Shall count new things as dear as old:

But thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

XI.I.

Thy spirit ere our fatal loss
Did ever rise from high to higher;
As mounts the heavenward altarfire,

As flies the lighter thro' the gross.

But thou art turn'd to something strange, And I have lost the links that

Thy changes; here upon the ground,

No more partaker of thy change.

Deep folly! yet that this could be—
That I could wing my will with

might
To leap the grades of life and

And flash at once, my friend, to thee.

For the my nature rarely yields
To that vague fear implied in
death;

Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath, The howlings from forgotten fields;

Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor An innner trouble 1 behold, A spectral doubt which makes me

That I shall be thy mate no more,

The' following with an upward mind
The wonders that have come to
thee,









"I WITH MINE AFFIANCED,"-Page 52.





But clear from marge to marge

shall bloom The eternal landscape of the past:

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd: The fruitful hours of still in-

crease Days order'd in a wealthy peace, And those five years its richest field.

O Love, thy province were not large, A bounded field, nor stretching far;

Look also, Love, a brooding star, A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

XLVII.

That each, who seems a separate whole, Should move his rounds, and

fusing all The skirts of self again, should fall

Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet: Eternal form shall still divide The eternal soul from all beside: And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast. Enjoying each the other's good: What vaster dream can hit the

mood Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height, Before the spirits fade away, Some landing-place, to clasp and

say, 'Farewell! We lose ourselves in light.'

XLVIII.

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born, Were taken to be such as closed Grave doubts and answers here

Then these were such as men might scorn:

She takes, when harsher moods

What slender shade of doubt may flit,

And makes it vassal unto love:

And hence, indeed, she sports with words. But better serves a wholesome

law. And holds it sin and shame to draw

The deepest measure from the chords:

Nor dare she trust a larger lay, But rather loosens from the lip Short swallow-flights of song, that dip

Their wings in tears, and skim away,

From art, from nature, from the schools, Let random influences glance,

Like light in many a shiver'd

That breaks about the dappled pools:

The lightest wave of thought shall lisp. The fancy's tenderest eddy wreathe.

The slightest air of song shall breathe To make the sullen surface crisp.

And look thy look, and go thy way, But blame not thou the winds that make

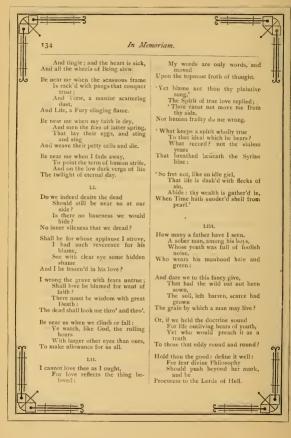
The seeming-wanton ripple break, The tender-pencil'd shadow play.

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears Ay me, the sorrow deepens down, Whose muffled motions blindly drown

The bases of my life in tears.

Be near me when my light is low, When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick





LIV.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet; That not one life shall be de-

Or cast as rubbish to the void, When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

T.V

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil
dreams?

So careful of the type she seems, So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod, And falling with my weight of

cares Upon the great world's altar-stairs That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,

And gather dust and chaff, and call To what I feel is Lord of all, And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVL

'So careful of the type?' but no. From scarped cliff and quarried stone

She cries, 'A thousand types are gone:

I care for nothing, all shall go.

'Thou makest thine appeal to me: I bring to life, I bring to death: The spirit does but mean the breath:

I know no more.' And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair, Such splendid purpose in his eyes, Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,

Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed And love Creation's final law— Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw With ravine, shriek'd against his

who loved, who suffer'd countless ills
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be biown about the desert dust,

Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their
slime,

Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and
bless!

What hope of answer, or redress? Behind the veil, behind the veil,

LVII.

Peace; come away: the song of woe Is after all an earthly song: Peace; come away: we do him wrong

To sing so wildly: let us go.





Come; let us go: your cheeks are pale; But half my life I leave behind: Methinks my friend is richly

But I shall pass; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies, One set slow bell will seem to toll The passing of the sweetest soul That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er, Eternal greetings to the dead; And 'Ave, Ave, Ave,' said, 'Adieu, adieu' for evermore.

LVIII.

In those sad words I took farewell: Like echoes in sepulchral halls, As drop by drop the water falls In vaults and catacombs, they fell;

And, falling, idly broke the peace Of hearts that beat from day to day,

Half-conscious of their dying clay, And those old crypts where they shall cease.

The high Muse answer'd: 'Wherefore grieve
Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?

Abide a little longer here, And thou shalt take a nobler leave.'

LIX.

Sorrow, wilt thou live with me No casual mistress, but a wife, My bosom-friend and half of life; As I confess it needs must be;

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood, Be sometimes lovely like a bride, And put thy harsher moods aside, If thou wilt have me wise and good.

My centred passion cannot move, Nor will it lesson from to-day But I'll have leave at times to play As with the creature of my love; And set thee forth, for thou art mine,
With so much hope for years to
conic,
That however I know thee come

That, howso'er I know thee, some Could hardly tell what name were thine.

TX

He past; a soul of nobler tone My spirit loved and loves him yet, Like some poor girl whose heart

On one whose rank exceeds her own.

He mixing with his proper sphere, She finds the baseness of her lot, Half jealous of she knows not

And envying all that meet him there.

The little village looks forlorn; She sighs amid her narrow days, Moving about the household ways, In that dark house where she was born.

The foolish neighbors come and go,
And tease her till the day draws
by:
At night she weeps, 'How vain

am I!
How should he love a thing so low?'

LXI.

If, in thy second state sublime,
Thy ransom'd reason change replies
With all the circle of the wise.

The perfect flower of human time;

And if thou cast thine eyes below,
How dinily character'd and slight,
How dwarf'd a growth of cold
and night,
How blanch'd with darkness must I

low blanch'd with darkness must : grow!

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore, Where thy first form was made a

I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor

The soul of Shakspeare love thee more.



LXII.

Tho' if an eye that's downward cast
Could make thee somewhat
blench or fail,
Then be my love an idle tale,

And fading legend of the past;

And thou, as one that once declined,

When he was little more than boy, On some unworthy heart with

joy, But lives to wed an equal mind;

But lives to wed an equal mind;

And breathes a novel world, the while His other passion wholly dies, Or in the light of deeper eyes Is matter for a flying smile.

LXIII

Yet pity for a horse o'er-driven, And love in which my hound has part, Can hang no weight upon my

heart
In its assumptions up to heaven:

in its assumptions up to neaven;

And I am so much more than these, As thou, perchance, art more than I, And yet I spare them sympathy,

And I would set their pains at ease.

So mayst thou watch me where I weep,
As, unto vaster motions bound,

The circuits of thine orbit round A higher height, a deeper deep.

LXIV.

Dost thou look back on what hath been, As some divinely gifted man, Whose life in low estate began

And on a simple village green;
Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,

And grasps the skirts of happy chance, And breasts the blows of circumstance,

And grapples with his evil star:

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden
keys,
To mould a mighty state's
decrees.

decrees, And shape the whisper of the throne :

And moving up from high to higher,

Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,

The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are
still,
A distant dearness in the hill.

A distant dearness in the inn,

The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He play'd at counsellors and
kings,

With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea And reaps the labor of his hands,

Or in the furrow musing stands; 'Does my old friend remember me?'

LX

Sweet soul, do with me as thou wilt;
I lull a fancy trouble-tost
With 'Love's too precious to be

A little grain shall not be spilt.'

And in that solace can I sing, Till out of painful phases wrought

There flutters up a happy thought,

Self-balanced on a lightsome wing:

Since we deserved the name of friends,

And thine effect so lives in me.

A part of mine may live in thee And move thee on to noble ends.





LXVI.

You thought my heart too far diseased: Von wonder when my fancies

play To find me gay among the gay,

Like one with any trifle pleased.

The shade by which my life was crost, Which makes a desert in the mind.

Has made me kindly with my kind,

And like to him whose sight is lost;

Whose feet are guided thro' the land, Whose jest among his friends is Who takes the children on his

And winds their curls about his hand:

He plays with threads, he beats his

chair For pastime, dreaming of the skv:

His inner day can never die, His night of loss is always there.

When on my bed the moonlight falls, I know that in thy place of rest By that broad water of the west. There comes a glory on the walls:

Thy marble bright in dark appears, As slowly steals a silver flame Along the letters of thy name, And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away; From off my bed the moonlight dies;

And closing eaves of wearied I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:

And then I know the mist is drawn A lucid veil from coast to coast, And in the dark church like a

ghost Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

When in the down I sink my head, Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath:

Sleep. Death's twin-brother. knows not Death,

Nor can I dream of thee as dead:

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn. When all our path was fresh with

And all the bugle breezes blew Reveillée to the breaking morn.

But what is this? I turn about, I find a trouble in thine eye, Which makes me sad I know not

why, Nor can my dream resolve the doubt:

But ere the lark hath left the lea I wake, and I discern the truth; It is the trouble of my youth That foolish sleep transfers to thee.

LXIX.

I dream'd there would be Spring no

That Nature's ancient power was lost : The streets were black with

smoke and frost. They chatter'd trifles at the door:

I wander'd from the noisy town,

I found a wood with thorny boughs:

took the thorns to bind my brows, I wore them like a civic crown:

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns From youth and babe and hoary They call'd me in the public

The fool that wears a crown of

thorns: They call'd me fool, they call'd me

child: I found an angel of the night;



The voice was low, the look was bright; He look'd upon my crown and smiled:

He reach'd the glory of a hand, That seem'd to touch it into leaf: The voice was not the voice of

The words were hard to understand.

LXX.

I cannot see the features right, When on the gloom I strive to paint

The face I know: the hues are faint And mix with hollow masks of night:

by ghostly masons Cloud-towers

wrought, A gulf that ever shuts and gapes, A hand that points, and palled

shapes shadowy thoroughfares of thought:

And crowds that stream from yawning doors,

And shoals of pucker'd faces drive:

Dark bulks that tumble half alive, And lazy lengths on boundless shores;

Till all at once beyond the will I hear a wizard music roll. And thro' a lattice on the soul Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

Sleep, kinsman thou to death and trance And madness, thou hast forged at last

A night-long Present of the Past In which we went thro' summer France.

Hadst thou such credit with the soul? Then bring an opiate trebly strong, Drug down the blindfold sense of wrong

That so my pleasure may be whole;

While now we talk as once we talk'd Of men and minds, the dust of change,

The days that grow to something strange,

In walking as of old we walk'd

Beside the river's wooded reach, The fortress, and the mountain ridge,

The cataract flashing from the bridge. The breaker breaking on the beach.

LXXII.

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again, And howlest, issuing out of night, With blasts that blow the poplar

white, And lash with storm the streaming pane?

Day, when my crowa'd estate begun To pine in that reverse of doom, Which sicken'd every living bloom.

And blurr'd the splendor of the sun:

Who usherest in the dolorous hour With thy quick tears that make the rose

Pull sideways, and the daisy close Her crimson fringes to the shower;

Who might'st have heaved a windless flame Up the deep East, or, whispering, play'd chequer-work of beam and

shade Along the hills, yet look'd the same.

As wan, as chill, as wild as now : Day, mark'd as with some hideous

thro' time. And cancell'd nature's best : but thou,

Lift as thou may'st thy burthen'd brows Thro' clouds that drench the morning star,

When the dark hand struck down



And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar.

And sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day:

Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray, And hide thy shame beneath the

LXXIII.

So many worlds, so much to do, So little done, such things to be, How know I what had need of thee,

For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw, The head hath miss'd an earthly wreath:

I curse not nature, no, nor death; For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man Is dim, or will be dim, with

weeds: What fame is left for human

deeds In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame, Fade wholly, while the soul exults, And self-infolds the large results Of force that would have forged a

name.

LXXIV.

As sometimes in a dead man's face, To those that watch it more and more. A likeness, hardly seen before,

Comes out-to some one of his race: So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,

I see thee what thou art, and know

Thy likeness to the wise below, Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see, And what I see I leave unsaid, Nor speak it, knowing Death has made

His darkness beautiful with thee.

I leave thy praises unexpress'd In verse that brings myself relief, And by the measure of my grief I leave thy greatness to be guess'd;

What practice howsoe'er expert In fitting aptest words to things, Or voice the richest-toned that

Hath power to give thee as thou wert?

I care not in these fading days To raise a cry that lasts not long, And round thee with the breeze of song
To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green, And, while we breathe beneath the sun The world which credits what is done

Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame; But somewhere, out of human view.

Whate'er thy hands are set to do Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

LXXVI.

Take wings of fancy, and ascend, And in a moment set thy face Where all the starry heavens of space

Are sharpen'd to a needle's end:

Take wings of foresight; lighten thro' The secular abyss to come, And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb Before the mouldering of a vew:

And if the matin songs, that woke The darkness of our planet, last, Thine own shall wither in the vast, Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

Ere these have clothed their branchy

With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain; And what are they when these remain

The ruin'd shells of hollow towers?

LXXVI

What hope is here for modern rhyme To him, who turns a musing eve On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie

Foreshorten'd in the tract of time?

These mortal lullabies of pain
May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's
locks;
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,

A man upon a stan may mid,
And, passing, turn the page that
tells
A grief, then changed to some-

thing else, Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darken'd ways Shall ring with music all the same; To breathe my loss is more than

To utter love more sweet than praise.

LXXVIII.

Again at Christmas did we weave The holly round the Christmas hearth; The silent snow possess'd the

earth, And calmly fell our Christmas-eve:

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost, No wing of wind the region swept, But over all things brooding slept The quiet sense of something lost. As in the winters left behind,

Again our ancient games had place,

The mimic picture's breathing grace, And dance and song and hoodman-

And dance and song and hoodmanblind.

Who show'd a token of distress?
No single tear, no mark of pain:
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die!

No-mixt with all this mystic frame.

Her deep relations are the same, But with long use her tears are dry.

LXXIX.

'More than my brothers are to me,'—
Let this not vex thee, noble
heart!
I know thee of what force thou
art

To hold the costliest love in fee.

But thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in Nature's
mint;
And hill and wood and field did

The same sweet forms in either mind.

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd Thro' all his eddying coves; the same All winds that roam the twilight

came In whispers of the beauteous world.

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows, One lesson from one book we learn'd,

Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd

To black and brown on kindred brows.

And so my wealth resembles thine,

But he was rich where I was poor,



fame.



And he supplied my want the more

As his unlikeness fitted mine.

If any vague desire should rise, That holy Death ere Arthur died Had moved me kindly from his side,

And dropt the dust on tearless eyes:

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can, The grief my loss in him had wrought, A grief as deep as life or thought,

But stay'd in peace with God and man.

I made a picture in the brain; I hear the sentence that he speaks; He bears the burthen of the weeks

But turns his burthen into gain.

His credit thus shall set me free; And, influence-rich to soothe and save.

Unused example from the grave Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

LXXXI.

Could I have said while he was here. My love shall now no further range; There cannot come a mellower

change, For now is love mature in ear.'

Love, then, had hope of richer store: What end is here to my com-

plaint? This haunting whisper makes me

faint, 'More years had made me love thee more.

But Death returns an answer sweet: 'My sudden frost was sudden

And gave all ripeness to the grain, It might have drawn from after-heat.'

I wage not any feud with Death For changes wrought on form and face;

No lower life that earth's embrace May breed with him, can fright my

Eternal process moving on, From state to state the spirit

walks; And these are but the shatter'd stalks,

Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare The use of virtue out of earth: know transplanted human worth

Will bloom to profit, otherwhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak The wrath that garners in my heart: He put our lives so far apart

We cannot hear each other speak.

LXXXIII.

Dip down upon the northern shore, O sweet new-year delaying long: Thou doest expectant nature wrong

Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons. Thy sweetness from its proper

place? Can trouble live with April days, Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis. bring the foxglove spire, The little speedwell's darling blue, Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew.

Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long, Delayest the sorrow in my blood, That longs to burst a frozen bud And flood a fresher throat with song,







































Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine: For now the day was drawing on, When thou should'st link thy life with one

On all the branches of thy blood;

Of mine own house, and boys of thine

Had babbled 'Uncle' on my knee; But that remorseless iron hour Made cypress of her orange flower

Despair of Hope, and earth of thee,

I seem to meet their least desire. To clap their cheeks, to call them I see their unborn faces shine Beside the never-lighted fire.

I see myself an honor'd guest, Thy partner in the flowery walk Of letters, genial table-talk,

Or deep dispute, and graceful jest; While now thy prosperous labor fills The lips of men with honest

praise,

And sun by sun the happy days Descend below the golden hills

With promise of a morn as fair; And all the train of bounteous hours Conduct by paths of growing powers.

To reverence and the silver hair:

Thy spirit should fail from off the

And, hovering o'er the dolorous

To the other shore, involved in thee,

Arrive at last the blessed goal, And He that died in Holy Land Would reach us out the shining hand.

And take us as a single soul.

What reed was that on which I leant? Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake The old bitterness again, and

break

The low beginnings of content.

LXXXV

This truth came borne with bier and

pall, I felt it, when I sorrow'd most, 'Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all-

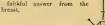
O true in word, and tried in deed, Demanding, so to bring relief To this which is our common grief,

What kind of life is that I lead:

And whether trust in things above Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd:

And whether love for him have drain'd My capabilities of love;

Your words have virtue such draws





In Memoriam.

144

Thro' light reproaches, half And loyal unto kindly laws.

My blood an even tenor kept, Till on mine ear this message That in Vienna's fatal walls

God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

The great Intelligences fair That range above our mortal state. In circle round the blessed gate,

Received and gave him welcome there: And led him thro' the blissful climes, And show'd him in the fountain

fresh All knowledge that the sons of flesh

Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim. Whose life, whose thoughts were

little worth. To wander on a darken'd earth,

Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control, O heart, with kindliest motion warm. O sacred essence, other form,

O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

Vet none could better know than I. How much of act at human hands The sense of human will demands By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline, I felt and feel, tho' left alone, His being working in mine own, The footsteps of his life in mine;

A life that all the Muses deck'd With gifts of grace, that might express All-comprehensive tenderness,

All-subtilizing intellect:

And so my passion hath not swerved To works of weakness, but I find An image comforting the mind, And in my grief a strength reserved.

Likewise the imaginative woe, That loved to handle spiritual strife Diffused the shock thro' all my

life. But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore bcat again For other friends that once I met; Nor can it suit me to forget The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime To mourn for any overmuch; I, the divided half of such A friendship as had master'd Time;

Which masters Time indeed, and is Eternal, separate from fears: The all-assuming months and vears

Can take no part away from this: But Summer on the steaming floods, And Spring that swells the narrow

brooks. And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,

That gather in the waning woods,

And every pulse of wind and wave Recalls, in change of light or gloom, My old affection of the tomb,

And my prime passion in the grave:

My old affection of the tomb, A part of stillness, yearns to speak: 'Arise, and get thee forth and

seek A friendship for the years to come.

I watch thee from the quiet shore; Thy spirit up to mine can reach; But in dear words of human speech

We two communicate no more."





And I, 'Can clouds of nature stain
The starry clearness of the free?
How is it? Canst thou feel for

Some painless sympathy with pain?

And lightly does the whisper fall;
'Tis hard for thee to fathom
this:

I triumph in conclusive bliss, And that serene result of all.'

So hold I commerce with the dead; Or so methinks the dead would say; Or so shall grief with symbols

play And pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end,
That these things pass, and I
shall prove
A meeting somewhere, love with

love, I crave your pardon, O my friend;

If not so fresh, with love as true,
I, clasping brother-hands, aver
I could not, if I would, transfer
The whole I felt for him to you

The whole I felt for him to you.

For which be they that hold apart
The promise of the golden hours?
First love, first friendship, equal

powers, That marry with the virgin heart.

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
That beats within a lonely place,
That yet remembers his embrace,
But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest Quite in the love of what is gone, But seeks to beat in time with one That warms another living breast.

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring, Knowing the primrose yet is dear, The primrose of the later year, As not unlike to that of Spring.

TYYYU

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air, That rollest from the gorgeous gloom

Of evening over brake and bloom And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood, And shadowing down the horned flood

In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy
breath

Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,

Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas On leagues of odor streaming far, To where in yonder orient star A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.'

LXXXVII.

I past beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown;
I roved at random thro' the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls:

And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs
make,

And thunder-music, rolling, shake The prophet blazon'd on the panes;

And caught once more the distant shout, The measured pulse of racing oars

Among the willows; paced the shores And many a bridge, and all about

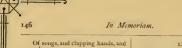
The same gray flats again, and felt The same, but not the same; and last

Up that long walk of limes I past To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door: I linger'd; all within was noise







boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor;

floor;

Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and

art,
And labor, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land;

When one would aim an arrow fair,

But send it slackly from the

string;

And one would pierce an outer

ring,

And one an inner, here and there;

And last the master-bowman, he, Would cleave the mark. A willing ear We lent him. Who, but hung to

hear The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and grace
And music in the bounds of law,

To those conclusions when we saw The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow In azure orbits heavenly-wise; And over those ethereal eyes The bar of Michael Angelo.

LXXXVIII.

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet, Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,

O tell me where the senses mix, O tell me where the passions meet,

Whence radiate: fierce extremes em-

Thy spirits in the darkening leaf, And in the midmost heart of grief Thy passion clasps a secret joy:

And I—my harp would prelude woe— I cannot all command the strings; The glory of the sum of things Will flash along the cords and go.

LXXXIX.

Witch-elms that counterchange the floor Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;

And thou, with all thy breadth and

Of foliage, towering sycamore;

How often, hither wandering down, My Arthur found your shadows

And shook to all the liberal air The dust and din and steam of town:

He brought an eye for all he saw; He mixt in all our simple sports; They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts

And dusty purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat, Immantled in ambrosial dark, To drink the cooler air, and mark The landscape winking thro' the heat:

O sound to rout the brood of cares, The sweep of scythe in morning dew.

The gust that round the garden flew,

And tumbled half the mellowing pears!

O bliss, when all in circle drawn About him, heart and ear were fed To hear him, as he lay and read The Tuscan poets on the lawn:

Or in the all-golden afternoon A guest, or happy sister, sung, Or here she brought the harp and flung

A ballad to the brightening moon:

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods, Beyond the bounding hill to stray, And break the livelong summer day

With banquet in the distant woods;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,







Nor ever drank the inviolate

Where nighest heaven, who first could fling

This bitter seed among mankind;

That could the dead, whose dving eves Were closed with wail, resume their life. They would but find in child and

An iron welcome when they rise:

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine

To pledge them with a kindly tear, To talk them o'er, to wish them here, To count their memories half divine:

But if they came who past away, Behold their brides in other hands:

But where the sunbeam broodeth Come, beauteous in thine after And like a finer light in light.

Come: not in watches of the night,

May breathe, with many roses

Upon the thousand waves of

If any vision should reveal

change

sweet

wheat. That ripple round the lonely grange;

warm

form.

Thy likeness, I might count it vain As but the canker of the brain; Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal

To chances where our lots were cast Together in the days behind,



I might but say, I hear a wind Of memory murmuring the past,

Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view A fact within the coming year; And the' the months, revolving near,

Should prove the phantom-warning true.

They might not seem thy prophecies, But spiritual presentiments, And such refraction of events As often rises ere they rise.

XCHI.

I shall not see thee. Dare I say No spirit ever brake the band That stays him from the native land

Where first he walk'd when clasht in clay?

No visual shade of some one lost. But he, the Spirit himself, may Where all the nerve of sense is

numb; Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

O, therefore from thy sightless range With gods in unconjectured bliss. O, from the distance of the abyss Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter: hear The wish too strong for words to name:

That in this blindness of the frame My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

XCIV.

How pure at heart and sound in head, With what divine affections bold Should be the man whose thought would hold

An hour's communion with the dead,

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day, Except, like them, thou too canst say,

My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast, Imaginations calm and fair, The memory like a cloudless air. The conscience as a sea at rest.

But when the heart is full of din,

And doubt beside the portal waits, They can but listen at the gates, And hear the household jar within.

XCV.

By night we linger'd on the lawn, For underfoot the herb was dry; And genial warmth; and o'er the

The silvery haze of summer drawn;

And calm that let the tapers burn Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd: The brook alone far-off was heard And on the board the fluttering urn ;

And bats went round in fragrant skies, And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes That haunt the dusk, with crmine capes

And woolly breasts and beaded eyes:

While now we sang old songs that peal'd

From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease, The white kine glimmer'd, and

Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one, Withdrew themselves from me and night,

And in the house light after light Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart; I read Of that glad year which once had

In those fall'n leaves which kept their green, The noble letters of the dead :

And strangely on the silence broke

The silent-speaking words, and strange





Was love's dumb cry defying change To test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigor, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward
back,

And keen thro' wordy snares to

Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line, The dead man touch'd me from the past,

And all at once it seem'd at last The living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd

About empyreal heights of

thought, And came on that which is, and caught

The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks
of Chance—
The blows of Death. At length

my trance
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame In matter-moulded forms of

speech, Or ev'n for intellect to reach

Or ev'n for intellect to reach Thro' memory that which I became: Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd

The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease, The white kine glimmer'd, and the

Laid their dark arms about the field:

And suck'd from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume

And gathering freshlier overhead, Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung

The heavy-folded rose, and flung The lilies to and fro, and said

'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away; And East and West, without a

Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,

To broaden into boundless day.

VCVI

You say, but with no touch of scorn, Sweet-hearted, you, whose lightblue eyes

Are tender over drowning flies, You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew In many a subtle question versed, Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,

But ever strove to make it true:

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest
doubt,

Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength, He would not make his judgment

blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own; And Power was with him in the night, Which makes the darkness and

the light,

And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud, As over Sinai's peaks of old, While Israel made their gods of gold.

Altho, the trumpet blew so loud.





XCVI.

My love has talk'd with rocks and trees; He finds on misty mountainground His own vast shadow glory-

crown'd;

He sees himself in all he sees.

Two partners of a married life— I look'd on these and thought of thee

In vastness and in mystery, And of my spirit as of a wife.

These two—they dwelt with eye on eye, Their hearts of old have beat in tune,

Their meetings made December June,

Their every parting was to die.

Their love has never past away;
The days she never can forget
Are earnest that he loves her yet,
Whate'er the faithless people say.

Her life is lone, he sits apart,
He loves her yet, she will not
weep,
Tho' rapt in matters dark and

deep He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind, He reads the secret of the star, Ile seems so near an dyet so far, He looks so college the thinks him

He looks so cold: she thinks him kind.

She keeps the gift of years before, A wither'd violet is her bliss: She knows not what his greatness is,

For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings Of early faith and plighted vows; She knows but matters of the house,

And he, he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixt and cannot move, She darkly feels him great and wise, She dwells on him with faithful

'I cannot understand: I love'

XCVIII.

You leave us: you will see the Rhine, And those fair hills I sail'd below, When I was there with him; and

By summer belts of wheat and vine

To where he breathed his latest

That City. All her splendor seems No livelier than the wisp that

On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

Let her great Danube rolling fair Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me:

I have not seen, I will not see Vienna: rather dream that there.

A treble darkness, Evil haunts The birth, the bridal; friend from friend

Is oftener parted, fathers bend Above more graves, a thousand wants

Gnarr at the heels of men, and pray
By each cold hearth, and sadness
flings

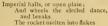
Her shadow on the blaze of kings: And yet myself have heard him say,

That not in any mother town
With statelier progress to and fro
The double tides of chariots flow
By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves; nor more content, He told mc, lives in any crowd, When all is gay with lamps, and loud

With sport and song, in booth and





Of crimson or in emerald rain.

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again, So loud with voices of the birds, So thick with lowings of the herds,

Day, when I lost the flower of men;

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red On you swoll'n brook that bubbles fast

By meadows breathing of the

And woodlands holy to the dead:

Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves A song that slights the coming care. And Autumn laying here and

there

A fiery finger on the leaves:

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath To myriads on the genial earth, Memories of bridal, or of birth, And unto myriads more, of death. O wheresoever those may be,

Betwixt the slumber of the poles, To-day they count as kindred

They know me not, but mourn with me.

I climb the hill: from end to end Of all the landscape underneath. I find no place that does not breathe

Some gracious memory of my friend;

No gray old grange, or lonely fold, Or low morass and whispering Or simple stile from mead to

mead. Or sheepwalk up the windy wold; Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw That hears the latest linnet trill, or quarry trench'd along the Nor

And haunted by the wrangling daw:

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock; Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves To left and right thro' meadowy curves,

That feed the mothers of the flock;

But each has pleased a kindred eye, And each reflects a kindlier day; And, leaving these, to pass away, I think once more he seems to die.

Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall The tender blossom flutter down,

Unloved, that beech will gather brown,

This maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair, Ray round with flames her disk of seed.

And many a rose-carnation feed With summer spice the humming air;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar, The brook shall babble down the At noon or when the lesser wain

Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove, And flood the haunts of hern and crake Or into silver arrows break

The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Till from the garden and the wild A fresh association blow, And year by year the landscape grow

Familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the laborer tills His wonted glebe, or lops the glades:





And year by year our memory fades From all the circle of the hills.

CII

We leave the well-beloved place
Where first we gazed upon the
sky;
The roofs, that heard our earliest

Will shelter one of stranger race.

We go, but ere we go from home,
As down the garden-walks I
move,
Two spirits of a diverse love
Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, 'Here thy boyhood sung Long since its matin song, and heard

The low love-language of the bird

In native hazels tassel-hung.'

The other answers, 'Yea, but here
Thy feet have stray'd in after
hours
With thy lost friend among the
bowers,
And this hath made them trebly dear.'

These two have striven half the day.

These two have striven half the day, And each prefers his separate claim, Poor rivals in a losing game,

That will not yield each other way.

I turn to go: my feet are set
To leave the pleasant fields and
farms;
They mix in one another's arms
To one pure image of regret.

III.

On that last night before we went
From out the doors where I was
bred,
I dream'd a vision of the dead.

Which left my after-morn content.

Methought I dwelt within a hall,
And maidens with me: distant
hills
From hidden summits fed with

A river sliding by the wall.

The hall with harp and carol rang.

They sang of what is wise and good

And graceful. In the centre stood

A statue veil'd, to which they sang;

And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me, The shape of him I loved, and

For ever: then flew in a dove And brought a summons from the sea:

And when they learnt that I must go They wept and wail'd, but led the way

To where a little shallop lay At anchor in the flood below;

And on by many a level mead,
And shadowing bluff that made
the banks,
We glided winding under ranks
Of iris, and the golden reed:

And still as vaster grew the shore And roll'd the floods in grander space, The maidens gather'd strength and grace And presence, lordlier than before;

And I myself, who sat apart

And watch'd them, wax'd in every limb; I felt the thews of Anakim, The pulses of a Titan's heart;

As one would sing the death of war,

And one would chant the history Of that great race, which is to be, And one the shaping of a star;

Until the forward-creeping tides Began to foam, and we to draw





From deep to deep, to where we saw A great ship lift her shining sides.

The man we loved was there on deck

But thrice as large as man he bent To greet us. Up the side I went, And fell in silence on his neck.

Whereat those maidens with one mind Bewail'd their lot; I did them wrong: 'We served thee here,' they said,

'so long,
And wilt thou leave us now behind?'

So rapt I was, they could not win An answer from my lips, but he Replying, 'Enter likewise ve And go with us:' they enter'd in.

And while the wind began to sweep A music out of sheet and shroud, We steer'd her toward a crimson cloud

That landlike slept along the deep.

CIV.

The time draws near the birt's of Christ: The moon is hid, the night is still;

A single church below the hill Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below, That wakens at this hour of rest A single murmur in the breast. That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound In lands where not a memory strawe Nor landmark breathes of other

days. But all is new unhallow'd ground.

CV.

To-night ungather'd let us leave This laurel, let this holly stand : We live within the stranger's land.

And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.

Our father's dust is left alone And silent under other snows: There in due time the woodbine

blows. The violet comes, but we are gone,

No more shall wayward grief abuse The genial hour with mask and mime:

For change of place, like growth of time,

Has broke the bond of dving use.

Let cares that petty shadows cast, By which our lives are chiefly

proved,
A little spare the night I loved, And hold it solemn to the past

But let no footstep beat the floor, Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm : For who would keep an ancient form

Thro' which the spirit breathes no more?

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast; Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown; No dance, no motion, save alone What lightens in the lucid east

Of rising worlds by yonder wood, Long sleeps the summer in the seed:

Run out your measured arcs, and lead

The closing cycle rich in good.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light: The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow:

The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.





For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and

poor,

Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause, And ancient forms of party strife; Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the
times;

Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes.

But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,

The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old,

Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,

The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be

CVII

It is the day when he was born, A bitter day that early sank Behind a purple frosty bank Of vapor, leaving night forlorn.

The time admits not flowers or leaves To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies The blast of North and East, and

ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns To you hard crescent, as she Above the wood which grides and clangs Its leafless ribs and iron horns

tes realices 1105 and 11011 north

Together, in the drifts that pass
To darken on the rolling brine
That breaks the coast. But fetch
the wine,

Arrange the board and brim the glass;

Bring in great logs and let them lie, To make a solid core of heat; Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat

Of all things ev'n as he were by;

We keep the day. With festal cheer, With books and music, surely we Will drink to him, whate'er he be, And sing the songs he loved to hear.

CVIII.

I will not shut me from my kind,
And, lest I stiffen into stone,
I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind:

What profit lies in barren faith,
And vacant yearning, tho' with
might

To scale the heaven's highest height,

Or dive below the wells of Death?

What find I in the highest place,
But mine own phantom chanting
hymns?
And on the depths of death there
swims

The reflex of a human face.

I'll rather take what fruit may be Of sorrow under human skies: 'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,

Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

CIX.

Heart-affluence in discursive talk From household fountains never dry;





The critic clearness of an eve. That saw thro' all the Muses' walk:

Seraphic intellect and force To seize and throw the doubts of

Impassion'd logic, which outran The hearer in its fiery course;

High nature amorous of the good. But touch'd with no ascetic gloom; And passion pure in snowy bloom Thro' all the years of April blood;

A love of freedom rarely felt, Of freedom in her regal seat Of England; not the schoolboy heat. The blind hysterics of the Celt :

And manhood fused with female grace In such a sort, the child would twine A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,

And find his comfort in thy face; All these have been, and thee mine

eves Have look'd on: if they look'd in vain. My shame is greater who remain.

Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

Thy converse drew us with delight, The men of rathe and riper years: The feeble soul, a haunt of fears, Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung, The proud was half disarm'd of pride, Nor cared the serpent at thy side

To flicker with his double tongue.

The stern were mild when thon wert The flippant put himself to school And heard thee, and the brazen Was soften'd, and he knew not why;

While I, thy nearest, sat apart, And felt thy triumph was as mine : And loved them more, that they were thine.

The graceful tact, the Christian art:

Nor mine the sweetness or the skill, But mine the love that will not tire, And, born of love, the vagne

desire That spurs an imitative will.

The churl in spirit, up or down Along the scale of ranks, thro' all, To him who grasps a golden ball, By blood a king, at heart a clown;

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil His want in forms for fashion's sake,

Will let his coltish nature break At seasons thro' the gilded pale:

For who can always act? but he, To whom a thousand memories

Not being less but more than all The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and Each office of the social hour To noble manners, as the flower And native growth of noble mind;

Nor ever narrowness or spite, Or villain fancy fleeting by, Drew in the expression of an eye, Where God and Nature met in light;

And thus he bore without abuse The grand old name of gentleman.

Defamed by every charlatan, And soil'd with all ignoble use.

High wisdom holds my wisdom less, That I, who gaze with temperate

On glorious insufficiencies, Set light by narrower perfectness.

But thou, that fillest all the room Of all my love, art reason why I seem to cast a careless eye On souls, the lesser lords of doom,

For what wert thou? some novel

Sprang up for ever at a touch, And hope could never hope too much.

In watching thee from hour to hour,

Large elements in order brought, And tracts of calm from tempest made.

And world-wide fluctuation swav'd In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

CXIII

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise; Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee

Which not alone had guided me, But served the seasons that may rise:

For can I doubt, who knew thee keen In intellect, with force and skill To strive, to fashion, to fulfil-I doubt not what thou wouldst have been:

A life in civic action warm. A soul on highest mission sent, A potent voice of Parliament, A pillar steadfast in the storm,

Should licensed boldness gather force, Becoming, when the time has birth,

A lever to uplift the earth And roll it in another course,

With thousand shocks that come and go, With agonies, with energies,

With overthrowings, and with

And undulations to and fro.

CYIV

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail Against her beauty? May she

With men and prosper! Who

shall fix Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire: She sets her forward countenance

And leaps into the future chance, Submitting all things to desire. Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain-She cannot fight the fear of death.

What is she, cut from love and faith. But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst All barriers in her onward race For power. Let her know her place :

She is the second, not the first. A higher hand must make her mild.

If all be not in vain; and guide Her footsteps, moving side by side

With wisdom, like the younger child: For she is earthly of the mind,

But Wisdom heavenly of the soul. O, friend, who camest to thy goal So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,

Who grewest not alone in power And knowledge, but by year and hour

In reverence and in charity.

CYV

Now fades the last long streak of Now burgeons every maze of

quick About the flowering squares, and

By ashen roots the violets blow.





The distance takes a lovelier hne. And drown'd in vonder living

blue The lark becomes a sightless song.

The flocks are whiter down the vale. And milkier every milky sail

On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or In vonder greening gleam, and

fly The happy birds, that change

To build and brood; that live their

From land to land; and in my breast Spring wakens too; and my

Becomes an April violet. And buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXVI.

Is it, then, regret for buried time That keenlier in sweet April wakes And meets the year, and gives

and takes The colors of the crescent prime?

Not all: the songs, the stirring air, The life re-orient out of dust, Cry thro' the sense to hearten

In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret: the face will shine Upon me, while I muse alone ; And that dear voice, I once have known,

Still speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me For days of happy commune

Less yearning for the friendship Than some strong bond which is to be.

O days and hours, your work is this To hold me from my proper

A little while from his embrace, For fuller gain of after bliss:

That out of distance might ensue Desire of nearness doubly sweet: And unto meeting when we meet,

Delight a hundredfold accrue. For every grain of sand that runs, And every span of shade that

steals, And every kiss of toothed wheels. And all the courses of the suns.

Contemplate all this work of Time. The giant laboring in his youth; Nor dream of human love and

As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead Are breathers of an ampler day For ever nobler ends. They say, The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began, And grew to seeming-random

The seeming prev of cyclic storms, Till at the last arose the man;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime

The herald of a higher race, And of himself in higher place, If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more; Or, crown'd with attributes of woe

Like glories, move his course, and show







But iron dug from central gloom, And heated hot with burning

And dipt in baths of hissing tears, And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly The reeling Faun, the sensual feast: Move upward, working out the

And let the ape and tiger die.

Doors, where my heart was used to heat So quickly, not as one that weeps I come once more; the city

sleeps: I smell the meadow in the street;

I hear a chirp of birds; I see Betwixt the black fronts longwithdrawn

A light-blue lane of early dawn, And think of early days and thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland, And bright the friendship of thine And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh

I take the pressure of thine hand.

I trust I have not wasted breath: think we are not wholly brain, Magnetic mockeries; not in vain, Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death:

Not only cunning casts in clay: Let Science prove we are, and What matters Science unto men,

At least to me? I would not stay.

Let him, the wiser man who springs Hereafter, up from childhood

His action like the greater ape, But I was born to other things.

CXXI.

Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun And ready, thou, to die with him, Thou watchest all things ever dim And dimmer, and a glory done .

The team is loosen'd from the wain, The boat is drawn upon the Thou listenest to the closing door,

And life is darken'd in the brain.

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night, By thee the world's great work is heard

Beginning, and the wakeful bird; Behind thee comes the greater light:

The market boat is on the stream. And voices hail it from the brink : Thou hear'st the village hammer clink. And see'st the moving of the team.

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name For what is one, the first, the last, Thou, like my present and my

Thy place is changed; thou art the same.

CXXII.

Oh, wast thou with me, dearest, then, While I rose up against my doom, And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,

To bare the eternal Heavens again.

To feel once more, in placid awe, The strong imagination roll A sphere of stars about my soul, In all her motion one with law;

If thou wert with me, and the grave Divide us not, be with me now. And enter in at breast and brow, Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

Be quicken'd with a livelier breath, And like an inconsiderate boy, As in the former flash of joy. I slip the thoughts of life and death;



And all the breeze of Fancy blows, And every dew-drop paints a bow, The wizard lightnings deeply glow, And every thought breaks out a rose.

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CXXIII.

There rolls the deep where grew the

O earth, what changes hast thou seen! There where the long street roars,

hath been

The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow From form to form, and nothing stands; They melt like mist, the solid

lands, Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,

And dream my dream, and hold

it true;

For tho' my lips may breathe
adieu,

I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIV.

That which we dare invoke to bless; Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt; He, They, One, All; within, with-

out; The Power in darkness whom we guess:

I found Him not in world or sun, Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye; Nor thro' the questions men may try,

The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep, I heard a voice 'believe no more' And heard an ever-hreaking shore That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt

The freezing reason's colder part,

And like a man in wrath the heart Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt.'

No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamor made me
wise;

Then was I as a child that cries, But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I am beheld again What is, and no man understands; And out of darkness came the hands

That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

CVVV

Whatever I have said or sung, Some hitter notes my heart would give,

Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth:

She did but look through dimmer eyes; Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,

Because he felt so fix'd in truth:

And if the song were full of care, He breathed the spirit of the song; And if the words were sweet and strong

He set his royal signet there;

Abiding with me till I sail
To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

CXXVI

Love is and was my Lord and King, And in his presence I attend To hear the tidings of my friend, Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord, And will be, tho' as yet I keep Within his court on earth, and

sleep Encompass'd by his faithful guard,





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And hear at times a sentinel Who moves about from place to

place, And whispers to the worlds of space,

In the deep night, that all is well.

CYYVII

And all is well, tho' faith and form Be sunder'd in the night of fear; Well roars the storm to those that hear

A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread, And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again The red fool-fury of the Seine Should pile her barricades with dead.

But ill for him that wears a crown, And him, the lazar, in his rags: They tremble, the sustaining

They tremble, the sustaining crags;
The spires of ice are toppled down.

And molten up, and roar in flood; The fortress crashes from on high, The brute earth lightens to the

And the great Æon sinks in blood,

And compass'd by the fires of Hell; While thou, dear spirit, happy star,

O'erlook'st the tumult from afar, And smilest, knowing all is well.

CXXVIII.

The love that rose on stronger wings, Unpalsied when he met with Death, Is comrade of the lesser faith

That sees the course of human things.

No doubt vast eddies in the flood
Of onward time shall yet be made,
And throned races may degrade;
Yet O ye mysteries of good,

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear, If all your office had to do With old results that look like new; If this were all your mission here,

It this were all your mission here,

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,

To fool the crowd with glorious
lies,

To cleave a creed in sects and

cries, To change the bearing of a word.

To shift an arbitrary power,

To cramp the student at his desk, To make old bareness picturesque And tuft with grass a feudal tower;

Why then my scorn might well descend On you and yours. I see in part That all, as in some piece of art, Is toil cooperant to an end.

CXXIX.

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire, So far, so near in woe and weal; O loved the most, when most I feel

There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown; human, divine; Sweet human hand and lips and eye; Dear heavenly friend that canst

not die, Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be; Loved deeplier, darklier under-

stood;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

CXXX.

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess; But tho' I seem in star and flower To feel thee some diffusive power, I do not therefore love thee less:





My love involves the love before; My love is vaster passion now; Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou.

I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thon art, but ever nigh; I have thee still, and I rejoice: I prosper, circled with thy voice; I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXXI

O living will that shalt endure When all that seems shall suffer shock,

Rise in the spiritual rock, Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure.

That we may lift from out of dust A voice as unto him that hears, A cry above the conquer'd years To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control, The truths that never can be proved Until we close with all we loved, And all we flow from, soul in soul.

O true and tried, so well and long, Demand not thou a marriage lay; In that it is thy marriage day Is music more than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss Since first he told me that he

A daughter of our house; nor proved

Since that dark day a day like this; Tho' I since then have number'd o'er Some thrice three years: they went and came

Remade the blood and changed the frame.

And yet is love not less, but more;

No longer caring to embalm In dying songs a dead regret,

But like a statue solid-set, And moulded in colossal calm.

Regret is dead, but love is more Than in the summers that are flown. For I myself with these have grown

To something greater than before;

Which makes appear the songs I made

As echoes out of weaker times, As half but idle brawling rhymes, The sport of random sun and shade.

But where is she, the bridal flower, That must be made a wife ere noon?

She enters, glowing like the moon Of Eden on its bridal bower:

On me she bends her blissful eyes And then on thee; they meet thy look And brighten like the star that shook

Betwixt the palms of paradise.

O when her life was yet in bud, He too foretold the perfect rose. For thee she grew, for thee she grows

For ever, and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy; full of power; As gentle; liberal-minded, great, Consistent; wearing all that weight Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out: the noon is near, And I must give away the bride; She fears not, or with thee beside And me behind her, will not fear.

For I that danced her on my knee, That watch'd her on her nurse's That shielded all her life from

harm At last must part with her to thee;

In Memoriam.

Now waiting to be made a wife, Her feet, my darling, on the dead; Their pensive tablets round her head,

And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on, The 'wilt thou' answer'd, and again

The 'wilt thou' ask'd, till out of twain Her sweet 'I will ' has made you one.

Now sign your names, which shall be read, Mute symbols of a joyful morn,

By village eyes as yet unborn; The names are sign'd, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells The joy to every wandering breeze The blind wall rocks, and on the

The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

O happy hour, and happier hours Await them. Many a merry face Salutes them-maidens of the

place, pelt us in the porch with flowers. That

O happy hour, behold the bride With him to whom her hand I gave. They leave the porch, they pass

the grave

That has to-day its sunny side.

To-day the grave is bright for me, For them the light of life in-Who staved to share the morning

fec.st, Who rests to-night beside the sea.

Let all my genial spirits advance To meet and greet a whiter sun; My drooping memory will not shun

The foaming grape of eastern France.

It circles round, and fancy plays, And hearts are warm'd and faces As drinking health to bride and groom

We wish them store of happy days.

Nor count me all to blame if I

Conjecture of a stiller guest, Perchance, perchance, among the rest.

And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go, the time draws on, And those white-favor'd horses wait;

They rise, but linger; it is late; Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

A shade falls on us like the dark From little cloudlets on the grass, But sweeps away as out we pass

To range the woods, to roam the park, Discussing how their courtship grew,

And talk of others that are wed, And how she look'd, and what he said.

And back we come at fall of dew.

Again the feast, the speech, the glee, The shade of passing thought, the wealth Of words and wit, the double

health, The crowning cup, the three-timesthree,

And last the dance :- till I retire : Dumb is that tower which spake And high in beaven the stream-

And on the downs a rising fire:

And rise, O moon, from yonder down, Till over down and over dale All night the shining vapor sail And pass the silent-lighted town,

The white-faced halls, the glancing And catch at every mountain head,







Idvills of the King.

Their sleeping silver thro' the hills;

And touch . in shade the bridal With tender gloom the roof, the wall: And breaking let the splends.

To spangle all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds, And, star and system rolling past

A soul shall draw from out the And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved thro' life of lower phase, Result in man, be born and think, And act and love, a closer link Betwixt us and the crowning race

And o'er the friths that branch Of those that, eye to eye, shall look On knowledge: under whose command Is Earth and Earth's, and in their

Is Nature like an open book;

No longer half-akin to brute, For all we thought and loved and

And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed

Of what in them is flower and fruit:

Whereof the man, that with me trod This planet, was a noble type Appearing ere the times were ripe, That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves, One God, one law, one element, And one far-off divine event, To which the whole creation moves.

IDVLLS OF THE KING.

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

'Flos Regum Arthurus,'- JOSEPH OF EXETER.

DEDICATION.

THESE to His Memory-since he held them dear. Perchance as finding there uncon-Some image of himself-I dedicate, I dedicate, I consecrate with tears-

And indeed He seems to me Scarce other than my king's ideal · Who reverenced his conscience as

his king; Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;

spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it:

Who loved one only and who clave to her-Her-over all whose realms to their

Commingled with the gloom of imminent war, The shadow of His loss drew like

eclipse, Darkening the world. We have lost him: he is gone: We k: w him now: all narrow jeal-

ousies Are silent; and we see him as he How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd,

wise. With what sublime repression of him-

And in what limits, and how tenderly; Not swaving to this faction or to

Not making his high place the lawless Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-







For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years Wearing the white flower of a blame-

less life, Before a thousand peering littlenesses, In that fierce light which beats upon a

In that fierce light which beats upon a throne, And blackens every blot: for where

is he,
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd,

than his?
Or how should England dreaming of his sons

Hope more for these than some inheritance Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine, Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,

Laborious for her people and her poor—

Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—

Far-sighted summoner of War and Waste To fruitful strifes and rivalries of

peace— Sweet nature gilded by the gracious

Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,

Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed, Beyond all titles, and a household name.

Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good.

Break not, O woman's-heart, but still endure; Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure, Remen', ering all the beauty of that

Which shone so close beside Thee that ye made One light together, but has past and

leaves
The Crown a lonely splendor.

May all love, His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow Thee,

The love of all Thy sons encompass
Thee,
The love of all Thy daughters cherish
Thee,

Thee,
The love of all Thy people comfort
Thee,
Till God's love set Thee at his side
again!

THE COMING OF ARTHUR.

LEODOGRAN, the King of Cameliard, Had one fair daughter, and none other child; And she was fairest of all flesh on earth, Guinevere, and in her his one delight.

For many a petty king ere Arthur came Ruled in this isle, and ever waging war Each upon other, wasted all the land;

And still from time to time the heathen host Swarm'd overseas, and harried what was left.

And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,

Wherein the heart was ever more and

Wherein the beast was ever more and more, But man was less and less, till Arthur came. For first Aurelius lived and fought and died, And after him King Uther fought and

died,
But either fail'd to make the kingdom one.
And after these King Arthur for a space.

And after these King Arthur for a space, And thro' the puissance of his Table Round, Drew all their petty princedoms under

him,
Their king and head, and made a realm, and reign'd.

And thus the land of Cameliard was waste, Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein.

more,

F

And none or few to scare or chase the So that wild dog, and wolf and boar

and bear Came night and day, and rooted in

And wallow'd in the gardens of the King.

And ever and anon the wolf would steal The children and devour, but now and then

Her own brood lost or dead, lent her fierce teat To human sucklings; and the chil-

dren, housed In her foul den, there at their meat

would growl, And mock their foster-mother on four

Till, straighten'd, they grew up to wolflike men,

Worse than the wolves. And King Leodogran Groan'd for the Roman legions here

And Cæsar's eagle: then his brother king, Urien, assail'd him: last a heathen

horde, Reddening the sun with smoke and

And on the spike that split the mother's heart

Spitting the child, brake on him, till, amazed. He knew not whither he should turn

But-for he heard of Arthur newly crown'd.

Tho' not without an uproar made by those Who cried, 'He is not Uther's son 'the King

Sent to him, saying, 'Arise, and help us thou! For here between the man and beast we die.

And Arthur yet had done no deed of arms, But heard the call, and came: and

Stood by the castle walls to watch But since he neither wore on helm or

The golden symbol of his kinglihood,

But rode a simple knight among his knights. And many of these in richer arms than

he. She saw him not, or mark'd not, if

she saw, One among many, tho' his face was bare.

But Arthur, looking downward as he Felt the light of her eyes into his life

Smite on the sudden, yet rode on, and pitch'd His tents beside the forest. Then he drave

The heathen; after, slew the beast, and fell'd

The forest, letting in the sun, and made the knight And so return'd

For while he linger'd there, A doubt that ever smoulder'd in the hearts Of those great Lords and Barons of

Flash'd forth and into war: for most of these,

Colleaguing with a score of petty kings, Made head against him, crying, 'Who That he should rule us? who hath

proven him King Uther's son? for lo! we look at And find nor face nor bearing, limbs

Are like to those of Uther whom we knew

This is the son of Gorloïs, not the King; This is the son of Anton, not the King.'

And Arthur, passing thence to battle, felt Travail, and throes and agonies of the



That there between the man and beast they die. Shall I not lift her from this land of

beasts
Up to my throne, and side by side

with me? What happiness to reign a lonely king, Vext—O ye stars that shudder over

me, O earth that soundest hollow under me, Vext with waste dreams? for saving I

be join'd
To her that is the fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,

I seem as nothing in the mighty world, And cannot will my will, nor work my work Wholly, nor make myself in mine

own realm Victor and lord. But were I join'd with her,

Then might we live together as one life,

And reigning with one will in every-

thing
Have power on this dark land to

lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live.'

Thereafter—as he speaks who tells the tale— When Arthur reach'd a field-of-battle bright With pitch'd pavilions of his foe, the

Was all so clear about him, that he saw

The smallest rock far on the faintest hill,
And even in high day the morning star.

So when the King had set his banner broad,

At once from either side, with trumpet-blast, And shouts, and clarions shrilling unto blood.

The long-lanced battle let their horses run. And now the Barons and the kings prevail'd, And now the King, as here and there

that war Went swaying; but the Powers who walk the world

Made lightnings and great thunders over him,

And dazed all eyes, till Arthur by main might, And mightier of his hands with every

blow, And leading all his knighthood threw

the kings Carádos, Urien, Cradlemont of Wales,

Claudias, and Clariance of Northumberland,

The King Brandagoras of Latangor, With Anguisant of Erin, Morganore, And Lot of Orkney. Then, before a

And Lot of Orkney. Then, before a voice
As dreadful as the short of one who

To one who sins, and deems himself alone And all the world asleep, they swerved.

And all the world asleep, they swerved, and brake Flying, and Arthur call'd to stay the

brands
That hack'd among the flyers, "Ho!"
they yield!

So like a painted battle the war stood Silenced, the living quiet as the dead, And in the heart of Arthur joy was lord.

He laugh'd upon his warrior whom he loved And honor'd most. 'Thou dost not

doubt me King, So well thine arm hath wrought for me to-day.'

'Sir and my liege,' he cried, 'the fire of God Descends upon thee in the battlefield:

I know thee for my King!' Whereat the two, For each had warded either in the

fight, Sware on the field of death a death-

less love.

£

And Arthur said, 'Man's word is God in man Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death.'

Then quickly from the foughten field he sent Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere, new-made knights, to King

Leodogran, Saying, 'If I in anght have served thee well. Give me thy daughter Guinevere to

Whom when he heard, Leodogran in heart Debating-' How should I that am a king,

However much he holp nie at my need, Give my one daughter saving to a king, And a king's son?'-lifted his voice,

A hoary man, his chamberlain, to whom He trusted all things, and of him

His counsel: 'Knowest thou aught of Arthur's birth?'

Then spake the hoary chamberlain and said. 'Sir King, there be but two old men that know:

And each is twice as old as I: and Merlin, the wise man that ever

King Uther thro' his magic art; and

Is Merlin's master (so they call him) Who taught him magic; but the

scholar ran Before the master, and so far, that

Bleys, Laid magic by, and sat him down,

All things and whatsoever Merlin did In one great annal-book, where after vears

Will learn the secret of our Arthur's birth.'

To whom the King Leodogran 'O friend, had I been holpen half as

well By this King Arthur as by thee to-

Then beast and man had had their share of me : But summon here before us vet once

more Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere.'

Then, when they came before him, the King said,

'I have seen the cuckoo chased by lesser fowl. And reason in the chase: but wherefore now

Do these your lords stir up the heat of war, Some calling Arthur born of Gorloïs,

Others of Anton? Tell me, ye your-Hold ve this Arthur for King Uther's

And Ulfius and Brastias answer'd, · Av. Then Bedivere, the first of all his

knights Knighted by Arthur at his crowning, spaké-For bold in heart and act and word

was he, Whenever slander breathed against the King-

'Sir, there be many rumors on this head: For there be those who hate him in

their hearts. Call him baseborn, and since his ways are sweet, And theirs are bestial, hold him less

than man: And there be those who deem him more than man.

And dream he dropt from heaven: but my belief In all this matter-so ye care to

learn-Sir, for ye know that in King Uther's time





The prince and warrior Gorlois, he that held

Tintagil castle by the Cornish sea, Was wedded with a winsome wife, Ygerne:

And daughters had she borne him, one whereof, Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney,

Bellicent,
Hath ever like a loyal sister cleaved
To Arthur.—but a son she had not

And Uther cast upon her eyes of love: But she, a stainless wife to Gorloïs, So loathed the bright dishonor of his

That Gorloïs and King Uther went to war:

And overthrown was Gorloïs and slain.

Then Uther in his wrath and heat besieged Ygerne within Tintagil, where her

men, Seeing the mighty swarm about their

walls, Left her and fled, and Uther enter'd

in, And there was none to call to but

himself.
So, compass'd by the power of the
King,

Enforced she was to wed him in her tears,

And with a shameful swiftness: afterward,

ward, Not many moons, King Uther died

Moaning and wailing for an heir to rule After him, lest the realm should go to

wrack.

And that same night, the night of the

new year,

By reason of the bitterness and grief
That vext his mother, all before his
time

Was Arthur born, and all as soon as

Deliver'd at a secret postern-gate To Merlin, to be holden far apart Until his hour should come; because Of that fierce day were as the lords of this, Wild beasts, and surely would have torn the child

Piecemeal among them, had they known; for each

But sought to rule for his own self and hand,

And many hated Uther for the sake Of Gorloïs. Wherefore Merlin took

the child,
And gave him to Sir Anton, an old
knight

And ancient friend of Uther; and his wife Nursed the young prince, and rear'd

him with her own; And no man knew. And ever since

the lords Have foughten like wild beasts among

themselves, So that the realm has gone to wrack:

but now,
This year, when Merlin (for his hour had come)

Brought Arthur forth, and set him in the hall,

Proclaiming, "Here is Uther's heir, your king," A hundred voices cried, "Away with

him!
No kings of ours! a son of Gorloïs

he, Or else the child of Anton, and no king,

Or else baseborn." Yet Merlin thro'

his craft, And while the people clamor'd for a

Had Arthur crown'd; but after, the great lords Banded, and so brake out in open war.

Banded, and so brake out in open wan.

Then while the King debated with

himself
If Arthur were the child of shamefulness,

Or born the son of Gorloïs, after death,

Or Uther's son, and born before his time,

Or whether there were truth in an: thing Said by these three, there came to Cameliard, With Gawain and young Modred, her

two sons,
Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney,
Bellicent;
Whom as he could not as he would

Whom as he could, not as he would, the King Made feast for, saying, as they sat at

meat,

'A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas.

Ye come from Arthur's court. Victor
his men
Report him! Yea, but ye—think ye
this king—

So many those that hate him, and so strong,
So few his knights, however brave

they be—
Hath body enow to hold his foemen down?

'O King,' she cried, 'and I will tell thee: few, Few, but all brave, all of one mind

with him;
For I was near him when the savage yells

yells Of Uther's peerage died, and Arthur sat

Crown'd on the daïs, and his warriors cried,
"Be thou the king, and we will work

thy will Who love thee." Then the King in low deep tones,

And simple words of great authority, Bound them by so strait vows to his own self, That when they rose, knighted from

kneeling, some Were pale as at the passing of a ghost, Some flush'd, and others dazed, as one who wakes

Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

'But when he spake and cheer'd his Table Round With large, divine, and comfortable

words,
Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I

From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash A momentary likeness of the King:

A momentary likeness of the King: And ere it left their faces, thro' the cross

And those around it and the Crucified, Down from the casement over Arthur, smote

Flame-color, vert and azure, in three rays, One falling upon each of three fair

queens,
Who stood in silence near his throne,
the friends

Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright Sweet faces, who will help him at his need.

'And there I saw mage Merlin, whose vast wit And hundred winters are but as the hands Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.

'And near him stood the Lady of the Lake, Who knows a subtler magic than his

own— Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.

She gave the King his huge crosshilted sword, Whereby to drive the heathen out: a mist

Of incense curl'd about her, and her face Wellnigh was hidden in the minster

gloom; But there was heard among the holy

A voice as of the waters, for she dwells

Down in a deep; calm, whatsoever s'orms.

May si. k the world, and when the

Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord.

'There likewise I beheld Excalibur Before him at his crowning borne, the sword



That rose from out the bosom of the lake, And Arthur row'd across and took

With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt, Bewildering heart and eye-the blade

That men are blinded by it-on one Graven in the oldest tongue of all this

world,
"Take me," but turn the blade and ye

shall see. And written in the speech ve speak yourself, "Cast me away!" And sad was

Arthur's face Taking it, but old Merlin counsell'd

him, "Take thou and strike! the time to cast away Is yet far-off."

So this great brand the king Took, and by this will beat his foemen down.

Thereat Leodogran rejoiced, but thought To sift his doubtings to the last, and

ask'd. Fixing full eyes of question on her

face. 'The swallow and the swift are near akin.

But thou art closer to this noble prince. Being his own dear sister;' and she

'Daughter of Gorloïs and Ygerne am 'And therefore Arthur's sister?' ask'd

the King She answer'd, 'These be secret things,'

and sign'd To those two sons to pass, and let them be. And Gawain went, and breaking into

Sprang out, and follow'd by his flying Ran like a colt, and leapt at all he

saw: But Modred laid his ear beside the doors,

And there half-heard; the same that afterward Struck for the throne, and striking found his doom,

And then the Queen made answer, 'What know 1?

For dark my mother was in eyes and hair, And dark in hair and eyes am I; and

dark Was Gorloïs, yea and dark was Uther

too. Wellnigh to blackness; but this King Beyond the race of Britons and of

men. Moreover, always in my mind I hear A cry from out the dawning of my

life, A mother weeping, and I hear her say,

"O that we had some brother, pretty To guard thee on the rough ways of

the world." 'Ay,' said the King, 'and hear ye

such a cry? But when did Arthur chance upon thee first?'

'O King!' she cried, 'and I will tell thee true: He found me first when yet a little

maid: Beaten I had been for a little fault Whereof I was not guilty; and out I

ran And flung myself down on a bank of heath,

And hated this fair world and all therein, And wept, and wish'd that I were

dead; and he-I know not whether of himself he

came, Or brought by Merlin, who, they say, can walk

Unseen at pleasure-he was at my

And spake sweet words, and comforted my heart,

And dried my tears, being a child with me And many a time he came, and evermore As I grew greater grew with me; and

At times he seem'd, and sad with him was I,

Stern too at times, and then I loved him not, But sweet again, and then I loved

him we And now of late I see him less and less. But those first days had golden hours for me.

For then I surely thought he would be king-' But let me tell thee now another

For Blevs, our Merlin's master, as Died but of late, and sent his cry to

me. To hear him speak before he left his

Shrunk like a fairy changeling lay the mage; And when I enter'd told me that him-

And Merlin ever served about the

King, Uther, before he died; and on the night

When Uther in Tintagil past away Moaning and wailing for an heir, the

Left the still King, and passing forth to breathe.

Then from the castle gateway by the Descending thro' the dismal night-a

night In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost-Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps

It seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof A dragon wing'd, and all from stem

to stern Bright with a shining people on the decks,

And gone as soon as seen. And then the two Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the

great sea fall Wave after wave, each mightier than

the last, Till last, a ninth one, gathering half

the deep And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged

Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame : And down the wave and in the flame

was borne A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's

Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried "The King! Here is an heir for Uther!" And the

Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand.

Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the word. And all at once all round him rose in

fire. So that the child and he were clothed in fire

And presently thereafter follow'd calm, Free sky and stars: " And this same child," he said.

"Is he who reigns; nor could I part

Till this were told," And saving this Went thro' the strait and dreadful pass

Not ever to be question'd any more Save on the further side; but when I

Merlin, and ask'd him if these things were truth-

The shining dragon and the naked Descending in the glory of the seas-

He laugh'd as is his wont, and answer'd me In riddling triplets of old time, and

said:

"Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!

A young man will be wiser by and by;







An old man's wit may wander ere he die

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow on the lea! And truth is this to me, and that to

thee: And truth or clothed or naked let it be. Rain, sun, and rain! and the free blossom blows:

Sun, rain, and sun! and where is he who knows?

From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

'So Merlin riddling anger'd me; but thou Fear not to give this King thine only child,

Guinevere: so great bards of him will sing Hereafter; and dark sayings from of

Ranging and ringing thro' the minds

And echo'd by old folk beside their fires For comfort after their wage-work is done.

Speak of the King; and Merlin in our time Hath spoken also, not in jest, and

sworn Tho' men may wound him that he will not die.

But pass, again to come; and then or now Utterly smite the heathen underfoot,

Till these and all men hail him for their king.'

She spake and King Leodogran rejoiced. But musing 'Shall I answer yea or

nay? Doubted, and drowsed, nodded and slept, and saw, Dreaming, a slope of land that ever

grew, Field after field, up to a height, the

peak Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom king,

Now looming, and now lost; and on the slope

The sword rose, the hind fell, the Fire glimpsed; and all the land from

roof and rick, In drifts of smoke before a rolling

Stream'd to the peak, and mingled with the baze

And made it thicker; while the phantom king Sent out at times a voice: and here

Stood one who pointed toward the

voice, the rest Slew on and burnt, crying, 'No king of ours,

No son of Uther, and no king of ours;' Till with a wink his dream was changed, the haze Descended, and the solid earth became

As nothing, but the King stood out in Crown'd. And Leodogran awoke, and

sent Ulfius, and Brastias and Bedivere. Back to the court of Arthur answering

Then Arthur charged his warrior whom he loved

And honor'd most, Sir Lancelot, to ride forth And bring the Queen ;-and watch'd

him from the gates: And Lancelot past away among the

flowers. (For then was latter April) and return'd

Among the flowers, in May, with Guinevere To whom arrived, by Dubric the high

saint. Chief of the church in Britain, and

The stateliest of her altar-shrines, the King

That morn was married, while in stainless white,

The fair beginners of a nobler time, And glorying in their vows and him, his knights Stood round him, and rejoicing in his









"They push'd us, down the steps, and thro' the court."- Page 62.



Far shone the fields of May thro' open door, The sacred altar blossom'd white with

May, The Sun of May descended on their King, They gazed on all earth's beauty in

They gazed on all earth's beauty in their Queen, Roll'd incense, and there past along

Roll'd incense, and there past along the hymns A voice as of the waters, while the two

Sware at the shrine of Christ a deathless love: And Arthur said, 'Behold, thy doom is

And Arthur said, ' benold, thy doom is mine.

Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!'

the death!'
To whom the Queen replied with

drooping eyes,
'King and my lord, I love thee to the death!'

And holy Dubric spread his hands and spake,

' Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world Other, and may thy Queen be one with

thee, And all this Order of thy Table Round Fulfil the boundless purpose of their King!

So Dubric said; but when they left the shrine Great Lords from Rome before the

Great Lords from Rome before the portal stood, In scornful stillness gazing as they past;

Then while they paced a city all on fire
With sun and cloth of gold, the trum-

pets blew, And Arthur's knighthood sang before the King:—

'Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May; Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away!

Blow thro' the living world—" Let the King reign."

'Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm? Flash brand and lance, fall battleaxe upon heim, Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign.

'Strike for the King and live! his knights have heard That God hath told the King a secret

word.
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign.

'Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the dust.

Blow trumpet! live the strength and die the lust! Clang battleaxe, and clash brand!

Clang battleaxe, and trass.
Let the King reign.

'Strike for the King and die! and if thou diest, The King is King, and ever wills the highest.

Clang battleaxe, and clash brand! Let the King reign.

'Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May! Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by

day!
Clang battleaxe, and clash brand!
Let the King reign.

'The King will follow Christ, and we the King In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.

Fall battleaxe, and flash brand! Let the King reign.'

So sang the knighthood, moving to their hall,

There at the banquet those great Lords from Rome, The slowly-fading mistress of the

world,
Strode in, and claim'd their tribute as
of yore.

But Arthur spake, 'Behold, for these have sworn

To wage my wars, and worship me their King;





place to new; And we that fight for our fair father

Christ. Seeing that ye be grown too weak and

To drive the heathen from your Roman wall.

great lords
Drew back in wrath, and Arthur strove with Rome.

No tribute will we pay:' so those

a space Were all one will, and thro' that

strength the King Drew in the petty princedoms under

him, Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame

The heathen hordes and made a realm and reign'd.

THE ROUND TABLE.

GARETH AND LYNETTS. THE MARRIAGE OF GERAINT. GERAINT AND ENID. BALIN AND BALAN MERLIN AND VIVIEN

LANCELOT AND BLAINE. THE HOLY GRAIL PELLEAS AND ETTARRE THE LAST TOURNAMENT.

GARETH AND LYNETTE

THE last tall son of Lot and Bellicent. And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful

spring at the spate. A slender-Stared

shafted Pine Lost footing, fell, and so was whirl'd

away.

'How he went down,' said Gareth, Or evil king before my lance if lance

Were mine to use-O senseless cata-Bearing all down in thy precipitancy-

And yet thou art but swollen with cold snows And mine is living blood: thou dost

His will. The Maker's, and not knowest, and I

that know, Have strength and wit, in my good

mother's hall Linger with vacillating obedience, Prison'd, and kept and coax'd and

whistled to-Since the good mother holds me still

Good mother is bad mother unto me! A worse were better; yet no worse Heaven yield her for it, but in me put

To weary her ears with one continuons prayer,

Until she lef me fly discaged to sweep In ever-highering eagle-circles up To the great Sun of Glory, and thence SWOOD

Down upon all things base, and dash them dead. A knight of Arthur, working out his

will. To cleanse the world. Why, Gawain,

when he came With Modred hither in the summertime, Ask'd me to tilt with him, the proven

Modred for want of worthier was the

Then I so shook him in the saddle, he said,
"Thou hast half prevail'd against

me," said so-he Tho' Modred biting his thin lips was

mute, For he is alway sullen: what care I?'

And Gareth went, and hovering round her chair

Ask'd, 'Mother, tho' ye count me still the child,







Sweet mother, do ye love the child?'
She laugh'd,
'Thou art but a wild-goose to gues-

'Thou art but a wild-goose to question it.'

'Then, mother, an ye love the child,'
he said,
'Being a goose and rather tame than

wild,
Hear the child's story.' 'Yea, my

well-beloved,
An 'twere but of the goose and golden eggs.'

And Gareth answer'd her with kindling eyes,
'Nay, nay, good mother, but this egg

of mine
Was finer gold than any goose can
lay;

For this an Eagle, a royal Eagle, laid Almost beyond eye-reach, on such a palm

As glitters gilded in thy Book of Hours. And there was ever haunting round

the palm

A lusty youth, but poor, who often

saw
The splendor sparkling from aloft,
and thought

"An I could climb and lay my hand upon it,

Then were I wealthier than a leash of kings." But ever when he reach'd a hand to

climb, One, that had loved him from his

childhood, caught
And stay'd him, "Climb not lest
thou break thy neck,
I charge thee by my love," and so the

boy, Sweet mother, neither clomb, nor brake his neck.

But brake his very heart in pining for it,

And past away.'

To whom the mother said,
'True love, sweet son, had risk'd himself and climb'd,
And handed down the golden treasure And Gareth answer'd her with kindling eyes, 'Gold? said I gold?—ay then, why

'Gold? said I gold?—ay then, why he, or she, . Or whosoe'er it was, or half the world Had ventured—had the thing I spake

of been
Mere gold—but this was all of that

true steel,
Whereof they forged the brand
Excalibur.

And lightnings play'd about it in the storm, And all the little fowl were flurried at it,

And there were cries and clashings in the nest, That sent him from his senses: let me go.'

Then Bellicent bemoan'd herself and said, 'Hast thou no pity upon my loneli-

Lo, where thy father Lot beside the

Lies like a log, and all but smoulder'd

For ever since when traitor to the King He fought against him in the Barons'

And Arthur gave him back his territory, His age hath slowly droopt, and now

lies there
A yet-warm corpse, and yet unburiable,

No more; nor sees, nor hears, nor speaks, nor knows. And both thy brethren are in Arthur's

Albeit neither loved with that full love I feel for thee, nor worthy such a love: Stay therefore thou; red berries

Stay therefore thou; red berries charm the bird, And thee, mine innocent, the jousts,

the wars,
Who never knewest finger-ache, nor
pang
Of wrench'd or broken limb—an often

chance
In those brain-stunning shocks, and
tourney-falls,







Some comfortable bride and fair, to grace Thy climbing life, and cherish my prone year,
Till falling into Lot's forgetfulness I know not thee, myself, nor anything. Stay, my best son! ye are yet more boy than man.'

the deer

burns:

thee out

Then Gareth, 'An ye hold me yet for child, Hear yet once more the story of the

child. For, mother, there was once a King, like ours. The prince his heir, when tall and

marriageable, Ask'd for a bride; and thereupon the King

Set two before him. One was fair, strong, arm'd-But to be won by force-and many

men Desired her; one, good lack, no man

And these were the conditions of the King:

That save he won the first by force, he needs Must wed that other, whom no man

desired. A red-faced bride who knew herself so vile. That evermore she long'd to hide her-

Nor fronted man or woman, eye to eve-

Yea-some she cleaved to, but they died of her.

And one—they call'd her Fame; and one,—O Mother, How can ye keep me tether'd to you-Shame.

Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.

'Sweet son, for there be many who deem him not. Or will not deem him, wholly proven King-Albeit in mine own heart I knew him

King, When I was frequent with him in my youth, And heard him Kingly speak, and

doubted him No more than he, himself : but felt

him mine, Of closest kin to me: yet-wilt thou leave Thine easeful biding here, and risk

thine all, Life, limbs, for one that is not proven King? Stay, till the cloud that settles round

his birth Hath lifted but a little. Stay, sweet son.

And Gareth answer'd quickly, ' Not an hour. So that ye yield me-I will walk thro'

Mother, to gain it-your full leave to Not proven, who swept the dust of ruin'd Rome From off the threshold of the realm,

and crush'd The Idolaters, and made the people Who should be King save him who

makes us free?

So when the Oueen, who long had sought in vain To break him from the intent to which he grew,

Found her son's will unwaveringly one. She answer'd craftily, 'Will ve walk

thro' fire?



Who walks thro' fire will hardly heed the smoke. Ay, go then, an ye must: only one

proof,
Before thou ask the King to make
thee knight,
Of thine obedience and thy love to

me,
Thy mother.—I demand.

And Gareth cried,
'A hard one, or a hundred, so I go.
Nay—quick! the proof to prove me to
the quick!'

But slowly spake the mother looking at him,

'Prince, thou shalt go disguised to Arthur's hall, And hire thyself to serve for meats

and drinks
Among the scullions and the kitchen-

And those that hand the dish across the bar.

Nor shalt thou tell thy name to anyone.

And thou shalt serve a twelvemonth

and a day.'

For so the Queen believed that

when her son
Beheld his only way to glory lead
Low down thro' villain kitchenvassalage,

Her own true Gareth was too princelyproud To pass thereby; so should he rest

with her,
Closed in her castle from the sound
of arms.

Silent awhile was Gareth, then replied,
'The thrall in person may be free in soul

And I shall see the jousts. Thy son am I, And since thou art my mother, must

obey.

I therefore yield me freely to thy will;

For have will I disquised and him

I therefore yield me freely to thy will; For hence will I, disguised, and hire myself To serve with scullions and with kitchen-knaves; Nor tell my name to any—no, not the

Nor tell my name to any—no, not the King.'

Gareth awhile linger'd. The mother's eye

Full of the wistful fear that he would go, And turning toward him wheresoe'er he turn'd,

Perplext his outward purpose, till an hour, When waken'd by the wind which

with full voice Swept bellowing thro' the darkness on

to dawn,
He rose, and out of slumber calling

That still had tended on him from his birth,

Before the wakeful mother heard him.

Before the wakeful mother heard him went.

The three were clad like tillers of the soil. Southward they set their faces. The birds made

Melody on branch, and melody in mid air. The damp hill-slopes were quicken'd

And the live green had kindled into flowers, For it was past the time of Easterday.

So, when their feet were planted on the plain That broaden'd toward the base of

Camelot,
Far off they saw the silver-misty morn
Rolling her smoke about the Royal
mount,

That rose between the forest and the field.

At times the summit of the high city

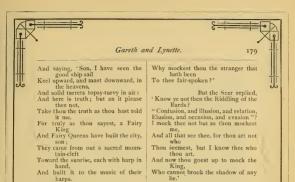
flash'd; At times the spires and turrets halfway down

way down
Prick'd thro' the mist; at times the
great gate shone

Only, that open'd on the field below: Anon, the whole fair city had disappear'd.

the field below:





For there is nothing in it as it seems Saving the King; tho' some there be that hold Turn'd to the right, and past along the plain; Whom Gareth looking after said, 'My The King a shadow, and the city real: Yet take thou heed of him, for, so thou

Our one white lie sits like a little ghost Beneath this archway, then wilt thou Here on the threshold of our enterprise. become A thrall to his enchantments, for the Let love be blamed for it, not she,

nor I King Will bind thee by such vows, as is a Well, we will make amends.' shame A man should not be bound by, yet the

With all good cheer He spake and laugh'd, then enter'd No man can keep: but, so thou dread with his twain Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces Pass not beneath this gateway, but And stately, rich in emblem and the Of ancient kings who did their days in Without, among the cattle of the field. stone: They are building still, seeing the city Which Merlin's hand, the Mage at

Unmockingly the mocker ending

Arthur's court Knowing all arts, had touch'd, and everywhere At Arthur's ordinance, tipt with lessen-

ing peak And pinnacle, and had made it spire to heaven. And ever and anon a knight would

pass Outward, or inward to the hall: his arms

Gareth spake

Anger'd, 'Old Master, reverence thine own beard

That looks as white as utter truth, and seems Wellnigh as long as thou art statured

For an ve heard a music, like enow

To music, therefore never built at all,

And therefore built for ever.'

And, as thou sayest, it is enchanted,

son,

which

to swear,

is built





Clash'd: and the sound was good to Gareth's ear. And out of bower and casement shyly

glanced Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars of love;

And all about a healthful people stept As in the presence of a gracious king,

Then into hall Gareth ascending heard A voice, the voice of Arthur, and be-

Far over heads in that long-vaulted

The splendor of the presence of the

Throned, and delivering doom-and look'd no more-But felt his young heart hammering in

his ears And thought, 'For this half-shadow of a lie

The truthful King will doom me when I speak.

Yet pressing on, tho' all in fear to find Sir Gawain or Sir Modred, saw nor

Nor other, but in all the listening eyes Of those tall knights, that ranged about the throne,

Clear honor shining like the dewy Of dawn, and faith in their great

King, with pure Affection, and the light of victory. And glory gain'd, and evermore to

Then came a widow crying to the King, A boon, Sir King! Thy father, Uther, reft

From my dead lord a field with vio-For howsoe'er at first he proffer'd

Yet, for the field was pleasant in our We yielded not; and then he reft us of it

Perforce, and left us neither gold nor field.'

Said Arthur, 'Whether would ye? gold or field? To whom the woman weeping, Nay my lord.

The field was pleasant in my husband's

And Arthur, 'Have thy pleasant And thrice the gold for Uther's use

thereof. According to the years. No boon is here,

But justice, so thy say be proven true. Accursed, who from the wrongs his father did Would shape himself a right!'

And while she past. Came yet another widow crying to him,

'A boon, Sir King ! Thine enemy, King, am I. With thine own hand thou slewest my

dear lord. A knight of Uther in the Barons' war,

When Lot and many another rose and fought Against thee, saving thou wert basely

born. I held with these, and loathe to ask thee aught.

Yet lo! my husband's brother had my son Thrall'd in his castle, and hath starved him dead;

And standeth seized of that inheritance Which thou that slewest the sire hast

left the son. So tho' I scarce can ask it thee for hate, Grant me some knight to do the battle for me.

Kill the foul thief, and wreak me for my son. Then strode a good knight forward,

crying to him, 'A boon, Sir King! I am her kinsman,

Give me to right her wrong, and slay the man.'





Then came Sir Kay, the seneschal, and cried, 'A boon, Sir King! ev'n that thou

grant her none,
This railer, that hath mock'd thee in
full hall—
None; or the wholesome boon of gyve

and gag.'

But Arthur, 'We sit King, to help

the wrong'd
Thro' all our realm. The woman loves her lord.
Peace to thee, woman, with thy loves

and hates!
The kings of old had doom'd thee to the flames.

Aurelius Emrys would have scourged thee dead,

And Uther slit thy tongue: but get thee hence— Lest that rough humor of the kings

of old
Return upon me! Thou that art her

Go likewise; lay him low and slay him not,

But bring him here, that I may judge the right, According to the justice of the King:

Then, be he guilty, by that deathless
King
Who lived and died for men, the man
shall die.'

Then came in hall the messenger of Mark,

A name of evil savor in the land, The Cornish king. In either hand he bore What dazzled all, and shone far-off as

shines
A field of charlock in the sudden

Between two showers, a cloth of palest gold, Which down he laid before the throne,

and knelt, Delivering, that his lord, the vassal

king, Was ev'n upon his way to Camelot; For having heard that Arthur of his grace Had made his goodly cousin, Tristram, knight,

And, for himself was of the greater state, Being a king, he trusted his liege-lord Would yield him this large honor all

the more;
So pray'd him well to accept this cloth

of gold, In token of true heart and fealty.

Then Arthur cried to rend the cloth, to rend In pieces, and so cast it on the hearth. An oak-tree smoulder'd there. 'The

goodly knight! What! shall the shield of Mark stand among these?'

For, midway down the side of that long hall A stately pile,—whereof along the

front,
Some blazon'd, some but carven, and

some blank,
There ran a treble range of stony

Rose, and high-arching overbrow'd the hearth.

And under every shield a knight was named: For this was Arthur's custom in his

hall; When some good knight had done one noble deed,

His arms were carven only; but if twain

His arms were blazon'd also; but if

none, The shield was blank and bare without a sign

Saving the name beneath; and Gareth saw The shield of Gawain blazon'd rich

and bright,
And Modred's blank as death; and
Arthur cried

To rend the cloth and cast it on the hearth.

'More like are we to reave him of his crown Than make him knight because men call him king.





Root-bitten by white lichen,

'Lo ye now! This fellow hath broken from some Abbey, where, God wot, he had not beef and brewis enow However that might chance! but an

he work, Like any pigeon will I cram his crop, And sleeker shall he shine than any hog.

Then Lancelot standing near, 'Sir Seneschal, Slenth-hound thou knowest, and gray,

and all the hounds; A horse thou knowest, a man thou dost not know:

Broad brows and fair, a fluent hair and fine,

High nose, a nostril large and fine, and hands Large, fair and fine !—Some young lad's mystery—

But, or from sheepcot or king's hall, the boy Is noble-natured. Treat him with all

grace, Lest he should come to shame thy judging of him.

Then Kay, 'What murmurest thou of mystery? Think ve this fellow will poison the

King's dish? he spake too fool-like: Nay, for

mystery! Tut, an the lad were noble, he had ask'd For horse and armor: fair and fine, forsooth!

The kings we found, ye know we stay'd their hands From war among themselves, but left

them kings; Of whom were any bounteous, merci-

ful, Truth-speaking, brave, good livers, them we enroll'd

Among us, and they sit within our hall. But Mark hath tarnish'd the great

name of king, As Mark would sully the low state of churl:

And, seeing he hath sent us cloth of Return, and meet, and hold him from

our eves Lest we should lap him up in cloth of lead,

Silenced for ever-craven-a man of plots,

Craft, poisonous counsels, wayside ambushings-No fault of thine: let Kay the seneschal

Look to thy wants, and send thee satisfied-Accursed, who strikes nor lets the

hand be seen!'

And many another suppliant crying With noise of ravage wrought by beast and man,

And evermore a knight would ride away.

Last, Gareth leaning both hands Down on the shoulders of the twain, his men.

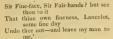
Approach'd between them toward the King, and ask'd,

'A boon, Sir King (his voice was all ashamed), For see ye not how weak and hungerworn

I seem-leaning on these? grant me to serve meat and drink among thy kitchen-knaves

A twelvemonth and a day, nor seek my name. Hereafter I will fight.'





So Gareth all for glory underwent The sooty yoke of kitchen-vassalage;

Ate with young lads his portion by the

And couch'd at night with grimy kitchen-knaves.

And Lancelot ever spake him pleasantly, But Kay the seneschal, who loved him

would hustle and harry him, and

Beyond his comrade of the hearth, and set To turn the broach, draw water, or

hew wood, Or grosser tasks; and Gareth bow'd himself

With all obedience to the King, and wrought All kind of service with a noble ease

All kind of service with a noble ease That graced the lowliest act in doing it. And when the thralls had talk among

themselves,
And one would praise the love that
linkt the King

And Lancelot—how the King had saved his life In battle twice, and Lancelot once the

King's—
For Lancelot was the first in Tournament,
But Arthur mightiest on the battle-

field—
Gareth was glad. Or if some other told,
Ilow once the wandering forester at

dawn,
Far over the blue tarns and hazy seas,
On Caer-Eryri's highest found the
King,
A neked habe of whom the Prophet

A naked babe, of whom the Prophet spake,

· He passes to the Isle Avilion,

He passes and is heal'd and cannot die'—
Gareth was glad. But if their talk were foul,
Then would be whiche rapid as any

Then would he whistle rapid as any lark,

Or carol some old roundelay, and so

Or carol some old roundelay, and so loud

That first they mock'd, but, after,

reverenced him.

Or Gareth telling some prodigious tale

Of knights, who sliced a red lifebubbling way

Thro' twenty folds of twisted dragon,

held
All in a gap-mouth'd circle his good

mates
Lying or sitting round him, idle hands,
Charm'd; till Sir Kay, the seneschal,

would come Blustering upon them, like a sudden

wind Among dead leaves, and drive them all apart.

Or when the thralls had sport among themselves,

So there were any trial of mastery.

He, by two yards in casting bar or stone

Was counted best; and if there chanced a joust, So that Sir Kay nodded him leave to

Would hurry thither, and when he saw the knights

Clash like the coming and retiring wave, And the spear spring, and good horse

reel, the boy Was half beyond himself for ecstasy.

So for a month he wrought among the thralls; But in the weeks that follow'd, the good Queen,

Repentant of the word she made him swear, And saddening in her childless cas-

tle, sent,
Between the in-crescent and decrescent moon,

Arms for her son, and loosed him from his vow.

This, Gareth hearing from a squire of Lot With whom he used to play at tourney once, When both were children, and in lonely haunts

Would scratch a ragged oval on the

And each at either dash from either end-Shame never made girl redder than

Gareth joy He laugh'd; he sprang. 'Out of the smoke, at once

I leap from Satan's foot to Peter's knee-These news be mine, none other's-

nay, the King's-Descend into the city:' whereon he sought

The King alone, and found, and told him all.

'I have stagger'd thy strong Gawain in a tilt For pastime; yea, he said it: ioust Make me thy knight-in secret! let my name

Be hidd'n, and give me the first quest, I spring Like flame from ashes.'

Here the King's calm eye Fell on, and check'd, and made him flush, and bow Lowly, to kiss his hand, who answer'd him,

Son, the good mother let me know thee here,

And sent her wish that I would vield thee thine.

Make thee my knight? my knights are sworn to vows Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness, And, loving, utter faithfulness in love, And attermost obedience to the King.

Then Gareth, lightly springing from his knees.

'My King, for hardihood I can prom-

For uttermost obedience make demand

Of whom ye gave me to, the Seneschal. No mellow master of the meats and drinks!

And as for love, God wot, I love not vet. But love I shall, God willing.'

And the King-'Make thee my knight in secret? yea, but he. Our noblest brother, and our truest man

And one with me in all, he needs must know. 'Let Lancelot know, my King, let Lancelot know. Thy noblest and thy truest!'

And the King-But wherefore would ye men should wonder at you? Nav, rather for the sake of me, their

King, And the deed's sake my knighthood do the deed. Than to be noised of.'

Merrily Gareth ask'd. 'Have I not earn'd my cake in baking of it? Let be my name until I make my name!

My deeds will speak: it is but for a day. So with a kindly hand on Gareth's

arm Smiled the great King, and half-unwill-

Loving his lusty youthhood yielded to Then, after summoning Lancelot

privily, 'I have given him the first quest: he

Look therefore when he calls for this in hal Thou get to horse and follow him far

away. Cover the lions on thy shield, and

Far as thou mayest, he be nor ta'en



Then that same day there past into the hall

A damsel of high lineage, and a brow May-blossom, and a cheek of appleblossom, Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slen-

der nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower;

Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower; She into hall past with her page and cried,

'O King, for thou hast driven the foe without, See to the foe within! bridge, ford, beset

By bandits, everyone that owns a tower The Lord for half a league. Why sit ye there?

Rest would I not, Sir King, an I were king, Till ev'n the lonest hold were all as

free From cursed bloodshed, as thine altar-

From that best blood it is a sin to spill.'

'Comfort thyself,' said Arthur, 'I

Rest: so my knighthood keep the vows they swore, The wastest moorland of our realm

The wastest moorland of our realm shall be Safe, damsel, as the centre of this hall. What is thy name? thy need?

'My name?' she said— 'Lynette my name; noble; my need, a knight

To combat for my sister, Lyonors, A lady of high lineage, of great lands, And comely, yea, and comelier than

She lives in Castle Perilous: a river Runs in three loops about her livingplace;

And o'er it are three passings, and three knights Defend the passings, brethren, and a

fourth And of that four the mightiest, holds

her stay'd In her own castle, and so besieges her To break her will, and make her wed with him: And but delays his purport till thou

send
To do the battle with him, thy chief

man
Sir Lancelot whom he trusts to overthrow.

Then wed, with glory: but she will not wed.

Save whom she loveth, or a holy life. Now therefore have I come for Lancelot.'

Then Arthur mindful of Sir Gareth ask'd, 'Damsel, ye know this Order lives to

All wrongers of the Realm. But say, these four,

Who be they? What the fashion of the men?'

'They be of foolish fashion, O Sir King,

The fashion of that old knighterrantry
Who ride abroad, and do but what

they will;
Courteous or bestial from the moment,

As have nor law nor king; and three of these Proud in their fantasy call themselves

the Day, Morning-Star, and Noon-Sun, and

Evening Star, Being strong fools; and never a whit more wise

The fourth, who alway rideth arm'd in black, A huge man-beast of boundless sav-

agery. He names himself the Night and oftener Death,

And wears a helmet mounted with a skull,

And bears a skeleton figured on his arms,

To show that who may slay or scape

the three, Slain by himself, shall enter endless



And all these four be fools, but mighty men, And therefore am I come for Lancelot.'

Hereat Sir Gareth call'd from where he rose, A head with kindling eyes above the

throng,
'A boon, Sir King—this quest!' then
—for he mark'd
Kay near him groaning like a wounded

bull—
'Yea, King, thou knowest thy kitchen-

knave am I, And mighty thro' thy meats and drinks am I,

And I can topple over a hundred such. Thy promise, King,' and Arthur

glancing at him,
Brought down a momentary brow.

'Rough, sudden,
And pardonable, worthy to be

knight—
Go therefore,' and all hearers were amazed.

But on the damsel's forehead shame, pride, wrath Slew the May-white: she lifted either

'Fie on thee, King! I ask'd for thy chief knight, And thou hast given me but a kitchen-

arm.

And thou hast given me but a kitchenknave.'

Then ere a man in hall could stay her,

turn'd,
Fled down the lane of access to the
King,

Took horse, descended the slope street, and past

The weird white gate, and paused without, beside
The field of tourney, murmuring 'kitchen-knave.'

Now two great entries open'd from the hall, At one end one, that gave upon a range

Of level pavement where the King would pace

At sunrise, gazing over plain and wood; And down from this a lordly stairway sloped

Till lost in blowing trees and tops of towers;

And out by this main doorway past the King.

But one was counter to the hearth, and rose High that the highest-crested helm

could ride
Therethro' nor graze: and by this

entry fled
The damsel in her wrath, and on to this

Sir Gareth strode, and saw without the door King Arthur's gift, the worth of half a

A warhorse of the best, and near it

The two that out of north had follow'd him: This bare a maiden shield, a casque:

that held The horse, the spear; whereat Sir Gareth loosed

A cloak that dropt from collar-bone to heel, A cloth of roughest web, and cast it

down,
And from it like a fuel-smother'd fire,
That lookt half-dead, brake bright,
and flash'd as those

Dull-coated things, that making slide apart Their dusk wing-cases, all beneath

there burns A jewell'd harness, ere they pass and

So Gareth ere he parted flash'd in

Then as he donn'd the helm, and took the shield And mounted horse and graspt a

spear, of grain Storm-strengthen'd on a windy site, and tipt

and tipt
With trenchant steel, around him slowly prest

slowly prest The people, while from out of kitchen came



The thralls in throng, and seeing who had work'd Lustier than any, and whom they could but love.

Mounted in arms, threw up their caps and cried. 'God bless the King, and all his fellowship!'

And on thro' lancs of shouting Gareth rode

Down the slope street, and past without the gate.

So Gareth past with joy; but as the Pluckt from the cur he fights with, ere his cause

Be cool'd by fighting, follows, being named. His owner, but remembers all, and growls

Remembering, so Sir Kay beside the door Mutter'd in scorn of Gareth whom he

used To harry and hustle.

'Bound upon a quest With horse and arms-the King hath past his time-

My scullion knave! Thralls to your work again, For an your fire be low ye kindle mine!

Will there be dawn in West and eve in East? Begone !-my knave !-belike and like

enow Some old head-blow not heeded in his vouth

So shook his wits they wander in his prime-Crazed! How the villain lifted up

Nor shamed to bawl himself a kitchenknave. Tut: he was tame and meek enow with

Till peacock'd up with Lancelot's noticing Well-I will after my loud knave, and

Whether he know me for his master yet.

Out of the smoke he came, and so my Hold, by God's grace, he shall into the Thence, if the King awaken from his Into the smoke again.'

But Lancelot said, 'Kay, wherefore wilt thou go against the King,

For that did never he whereon ye rail, But ever meekly served the King in thee? Abide: take counsel; for this lad is

great And lusty, and knowing both of lance and sword

'Tut, tell not me,' said Kay, 've are overfine To mar stout knaves with foolish

courtesies: Then mounted, on thro' silent faces

Down the slope city, and out beyond the gate.

But by the field of tourney lingering Mutter'd the damsel, 'Wherefore did

the King Scorn me? for, were Sir Lancelot lackt, at least He might have yielded to me one of

Who tilt for lady's love and glory here, Rather than-O sweet heaven! O fie upon him-His kitchen-knave.'

To whom Sir Gareth drew (And there were none but few goodlier than he) Shining in arms, 'Damsel, the quest is

Lead, and I follow,' She thereat, as one That smells a foul-flesh'd agaric in the

holt. And deems it carrion of some woodland thing,

Or shrew, or weasel, nipt her slender nose



With petulant thumb and finger, shrilling, 'Hence! Avoid, thou smellest all of kitchen-

And look who comes behind,' for there was Kay.

'Knowest thou not me? thy master? I am Kay. We lack thee by the hearth.'

And Gareth to him, 'Master no more! too well I know thee, av-The most ungentle knight in Arthur's

hall. 'Have at thee then,' said Kay: they shock'd, and Kay

Fell shoulder-slipt, and Gareth cried again, 'Lead, and I follow,' and fast away she

fled.

But after sod and shingle ceased to Behind her, and the heart of her good

horse Was nigh to burst with violence of the

beat, Perforce she stav'd, and overtaken spoke.

'What doest thou, scullion, in my fellowship ? Deem'st thou that I accept thee aught

the more Or love thee better, that by some de-

Full cowardly, or by mere unhappiness, Thou hast overthrown and slain thy

master-thou !-Dish-washer and broach-turner, loon! -to me

Thou smellest all of kitchen as before.'

' Damsel,' Sir Gareth answer'd gently, 'say

Whate'erye will, but whatsoe'er ye say, I leave not till I finish this fair quest, Or die therefore.'

' Ay, wilt thou finish it? Sweet lord, how like a noble knight he talks!

The listening rogue hath caught the manner of it.

But, knave, anon thou shalt be met with, knave, And then by such a one that thou for

all The kitchen brewis that was ever supt Shalt not once dare to look him in the

face.'

'I shall assay,' said Gareth with a smile

That madden'd her, and away she flash'd again Down the long avenues of a boundless

wood. And Gareth, following was again beknaved.

'Sir Kitchen-knave, I have miss'd the only way

Where Arthur's men are set along the wood:

The wood is nigh as full of thieves as leaves: If both be slain, I am rid of thee : but

yet, Sir Scullion, canst thou use that spit of thine?

Fight, an thou canst. I have miss'd the only way.

So till the dusk that follow'd evensons

Rode on the two, reviler and reviled; Then after one long slope was

mounted, saw, Bowl-shaped, thro' tops of many thousand pines
A gloomy-gladed hollow slowly sink

To westward-in the deeps whereof a mere.

Round as the red eye of an Eagle-owl, Under the half-dead sunset glared; and shouts

Ascended, and there brake a serving-

Flying from out of the black wood, and crying,
'They have bound my lord to cast him

in the mere.

Then Gareth, Bound am I to right the wrong'd.



But straitlier bound am I to bide with thee And when the damsel spake contempt-

uously,
'Lead, and I follow,' Gareth cried again,

'Follow, I lead!' so down among the pines He plunged; and there, blackshadow'd

nigh the mere, And mid-thigh-deep in bulrushes and reed.

Saw six tall men haling a seventh along, A stone about his neck to drown him in it

Three with good blows he quieted. but three

Fled thro' the pines; and Gareth loosed the stone From off his neck, then in the mere beside

Tumbled it; oilily bubbled up the Last, Gareth loosed his bonds and on

free feet Set him, a stalwart Baron, Arthur's friend.

'Well that ye came, or else these caitiff rogues Had wreak'd themselves on me; good

cause is theirs To hate me, for my wont hath ever been To catch my thief, and then like ver-

min here Drown him, and with a stone about his neck:

And under this wan water many of them Lie rotting, but at night let go the stone.

And rise, and flickering in a grimly light Dance on the mere. Good now, ye have saved a life

Worth somewhat as the cleanser of this wood. And fain would I reward thee wor-

shipfully. What guerdon will ye?'

Gareth sharply spake, 'None! for the deed's sake have I done the deed.

In uttermost obedience to the King. But wilt thou yield this damsel harborage?

Whereat the Baron saving, 'I well believe You be of Arthur's Table,' a light

laugh Broke from Lynette, 'Ay, truly of a truth.

And in a sort, being Arthur's kitchenknave !-But deem not I accept thee aught the

more. Scullion, for running sharply with thy spit

Down on a rout of craven foresters. A thresher with his flail had scatter'd them Nav-for thou smellest of the kitchen

But an this lord will yield us harborage, Well.

So she spake. A league beyond the wood.

All in a full-fair manor and a rich. His towers where that day a feast had been

Held in high hall, and many a viand left, And many a costly cate, received the

three. And there they placed a peacock in his pride

Before the damsel, and the Baron set Gareth beside her, but at once she rose.

'Meseems, that here is much dis-Setting this knave, Lord Baron, at my side.

Hear me-this morn I stood in Arthur's hall. And pray'd the King would grant me Lancelot To fight the brotherhood of Day and Night-





The last a monster unsubduable
Of any save of him for whom I call'd—
Suddenly bawls this frontless kitchen-

knave,
"The quest is mine; thy kitchen-

knave am I, And mighty thro' thy meats and

drinks am I."
Then Arthur all at once gone mad replies.

"Go therefore," and so gives the quest to him—

Him—here—a villain fitter to stick swine Than ride abroad redressing women's

wrong, Or sit beside a noble gentlewoman.'

Then half-ashamed and part amazed, the lord

Now look'd at one and now at other, left
The damsel by the peacock in his

pride,
And, seating Gareth at another board.

And, seating Gareth at another board, Sat down beside him, ate and then began.

'Friend, whether thou be kitchenknave, or not, Or whether it be the maiden's fantasy, And whether she be mad, or else the

King, Or both or neither, or thyself be mad, I ask not: but thou strikest a strong

stroke,
For strong thou art and goodly therewithal.

And saver of my life; and therefore now,

For here be mighty men to joust with, weigh

Whether thou wilt not with thy damsel back To crave again Sir Lancelot of the

King.
Thy pardon; I but speak for thine avail,

The saver of my life.'

And Gareth said,

Full pardon, but I follow up the quest,

Despite of Day and Night and Death and Hell.'

So when, next morn, the lord whose life he saved

Had, some brief space, convey'd them on their way And left them with God-speed, Sir

Gareth spake,
'Lead, and I follow.' Haughtily she
replied,

'I fly no more: I allow thee for an hour. Lion and stoat have isled together,

knave,
In time of flood. Nay, furthermore,

methinks
Some ruth is mine for thee. Back
wilt thou, fool?
For hard by here is one will overthrow

And slay thee: then will I to court again, And shame the King for only yielding

And shame the King for only yielding me My champion from the ashes of his

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd

hearth.

courteously,

Say thou thy say, and I will do my

deed.
Allow me for mine hour, and thou wilt find

My fortunes all as fair as hers who lay Among the ashes and wedded the King's son.'

Then to the shore of one of those long loops Wherethro' the serpent river coil'd,

they came.
Rough-thicketed were the banks and steep; the stream

Full, narrow; this a bridge of single arc

Took at a leap; and on the further side Arose a silk pavilion, gay with gold

In streaks and rays, and all Lent-lily in hue, Save that the dome was purple, and above,





Crimson, a slender banneret fluttering. And therebefore the lawless warrior paced Unarm'd, and calling, 'Damsel, is this

he, The champion thou hast brought

from Arthur's hall? For whom we let thee pass.' 'Nay, nay,' she said,

Sir. Morning-Star. The King in utter scorn

Of thee and thy much folly hath sent thee here His kitchen-knave: and look thou to

thyself See that he fall not on thee suddenly, And slay thee unarm'd: he is not

knight but knave.' Then at his call, 'O daughters of the Dawn,

And servants of the Morning-Star, approach, Arm me, from out the silken curtain-

folds Bare-footed and bare-headed three

fair girls
In gilt and rosy raiment came: their

In dewy grasses glisten'd; and the hair

All over glanced with dewdrop or with gem Like sparkles in the stone Avanturine. These arm'd him in blue arms, and

gave a shield Blue also, and thereon the morning

star. And Gareth silent gazed upon the

knight, Who stood a moment, ere his horse was brought,

Glorying; and in the stream beneath

him, shone Immingled with Heaven's waveringly,

The gay pavilion and the naked feet, His arms, the rosy raiment, and the star.

Then she that watch'd him, 'Wherefore stare ve so? Thou shakest in thy fear: there yet is Flee down the valley before he get to Who will cry shame? Thou art not knight but knave.'

Said Gareth, 'Damsel, whether knave or knight,

Far liefer had I fight a score of times Than hear thee so missay me and revile.

Fair words were best for him who fights for thee: But truly foul are better, for they send

That strength of anger thro' mine arms, I know That I shall overthrow him.'

And he that bore The star, when mounted, cried from o'er the bridge,

'A kitchen-knave, and sent in scorn of me!

Such fight not I, but answer scorn with scorn. For this were shame to do him further

wrong Than set him on his feet, and take his horse

And arms, and so return him to the King Come, therefore, leave thy lady lightly,

knave Avoid: for it beseemeth not a knave To ride with such a lady.'

'Dog, thou liest. I spring from loftier lineage than thine own. He spake; and all at fiery speed the

Shock'd on the central bridge, and either spear

Bent but not brake, and either knight at once,

Hurl'd as a stone from out of a catapult Beyond his horse's crupper and the Fell, as if dead; but quickly rose and

And Gareth lash'd so fiercely with his

brand He drave his enemy backward down the bridge.

time:

The damsel crying, 'Well-stricken, kitchen-knave!' Till Gareth's shield was cloven; but one stroke

Laid him that clove it grovelling on the ground.

Then cried the fall'n, 'Take not my life: I yield.' And Gareth, 'So this damsel ask it of

me Good—I accord it easily as a grace.' She reddening, 'Insolent scullion · I of thee?

I bound to thee for any favor ask'd!'
'Then shall he die.' And Gareth
there unlaced

His helmet as to slay him, but she shriek'd, 'Be not so hardy, scullion, as to slay

One nobler that thyself.' Damsel,

Is an abounding pleasure to me.

Knight,
Thy life is thine at her command.

Arise And quickly pass to Arthur's hall, and say

His kitchen-knave hath sent thee. See thou crave His pardon for thy breaking of his laws.

Myself, when I return, will plead for thee. Thy shield is mine—farewell; and, damsel, thou,

Lead, and I follow.

And fast away she fled. Then when he came upon her, spake, 'Methought,

Knave, when I watch'd thee striking on the bridge The savor of thy kitchen came upon me

A little faintlier: but the wind hath changed: I scent it twenty-fold.' And then she

"O morning star" (not that tall felon there

Whom thou by sorcery or unhappiness Or some device, hast foully overthrown),

"O morning star that smilest in the blue.

O star, my morning dream hath proven true,

Smile sweetly, thou! my love hath smiled on me."

'But thou begone, take counsel, and away, For hard by here is one that guards a

ford—
The second brother in their fool's parable—
Will pay thee all thy wages, and to

boot.

Care not for shame: thou art not knight but knave.'

To whom Sir Gareth answer'd, laughingly, 'Parables? Hear a parable of the knave. When I was kitchen-knave among the rest Fierce was the hearth, and one of my co-mates

Own'd a rough dog, to whom he cast his coat, "Guard it," and there was none to

meddle with it.

And such a coat art thou, and thee the
King
Gave me to guard, and such a dog am

I,
To worry, and not to flee—and—
knight or knave—
The knave that doth thee service as

full knight
Is all as good, meseems, as any knight
Toward thy sister's freeing.'

'Ay, Sir Knave!

Ay, knave, because thou strikest as a knight,

Being but knave, I hate thee all the more.'

'Fair damsel, you should worship me the more,

me the more,
That, being but knave, I throw thine
enemics.'

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'Ay, ay,' she said, 'but thou shalt meet thy match.'

So when they touch'd the second riverloop, Huge on a huge red horse, and all in

Burnish'd to blinding, shone the Noonday Sun Beyond a raging shallow. As if the

flower,
That blows a globe of after arrowlets,
Ten thousand-fold had grown, flash'd
the ferre shield

the fierce shield, All sun; and Gareth's eyes had flying blots Before them when he turn'd from

watching him.

He from beyond the roaring shallow roar'd.

'What doest thou, brother, in my marches here?' And she athwart the shallow shrill'd

again,
'Here is a kitchen-knave from Arthur's

Hath overthrown thy brother, and hath his arms.'
'Ugh!' cried the Sun, and visoring

up a red
And cipher face of rounded foolishness,

Push'd horse across the foamings of the ford, Whom Gareth met midstream: no

room was there
For lance or tourney-skill: four
strokes they struck

With sword, and these were mighty; the new knight Had fear he might be shamed; but as

Had fear he might be shamed; but as the Sun Heaved up a ponderous arm to strike the fifth,

The hoof of his horse slipt in the stream, the stream Descended, and the Sun was wash'd away.

Then Gareth laid his lance athwart the ford; So drew him home; but he that fought no more, As being all bone-batter'd on the rock, Yielded; and Gareth sent him to the King. 'Myself when I return will plead for

'Lead, and I follow.' Quietly she led.
'Hath not the good wind, damsel,

thee.

'Hath not the good wind, damsel, changed again?'
'Nay, not a point: nor art thou victor

here.
There lies a ridge of slate across the ford;

His horse thereon stumbled—ay, for I saw it.

"O Sun" (not this strong fool whom thou, Sir Knave, Hast overthrown thro' mere unhappi-

"O Sun, that wakenest all to bliss or pain,

O moon, that layest all to sleep again, Shine sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me.'

'What knowest thou of lovesong or of love? Nay, nay, God wot, so thou wert

nobly born,
Thou hast a pleasant presence. Yea,
perchance,—

"O dewy flowers that open to the sun, O dewy flowers that close when day is done, Blow sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me."

'What knowest thou of flowers, except, belike, To garnish meats with? hath not our

good King
Who lent me thee, the flower of
kitchendom,
A foolish love for flowers? what stick
ye round

The pasty? wherewithal deck the boar's head?

Flowers? nay, the boar hath rose-

Flowers? nay, the boar hath rosemaries and bay.





"" O birds, that warble to the morning sky.

O birds that warble as the day goes by, Sing sweetly: twice my love hath smiled on me."

'What knowest thou of birds, lark, mavis, merle, Linnet? what dream ye when they utter forth May-music growing with the growing

light. Their sweet sun-worship? these be for the snare

(So runs thy fancy) these be for the spit.

Larding and basting. See thou have not now Larded thy last, except thou turn and

fly. There stands the third fool of their allegory.'

For there beyond a bridge of treble bow. All in a rose-red from the west, and all Naked it seem'd, and glowing in the Deep-dimpled current underneath, the

knight, That named himself the Star of Evening, stood.

And Gareth, 'Wherefore waits the madman there Naked in open dayshine?' 'Nay,' she cried.

'Not naked, only wrapt in harden'd skins That fit him like his own; and so ye cleave

His armor off him, these will turn the blade.'

Then the third brother shouted o'er the bridge, O brother-star, why shine ye here so low?

The damsel's champion?' and the

'No star of thine, but shot from Arthur's heaven With all disaster unto thine and

thee! For both thy younger brethren have gone down

Before this youth; and so wilt thou, Sir Star: Art thou not old?'

'Old, damsel, old and hard, Old, with the might and breath of twenty boys Said Gareth, 'Old, and over-bold in

brag 1 But that same strength which threw the Morning Star Can throw the Evening.'

Then that other blew A hard and deadly note upon the horn. 'Approach and arm me!' With slow

steps from out An old storm-beaten, russet, manystain'd

Pavilion, forth a grizzled damsel came, And arm'd him in old arms, and brought a helm With but a drying evergreen for

crest, And gave a shield whereon the Star of Even Half-tarnish'd and half-bright, his em-

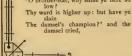
blem, shone. But when it glitter'd o'er the saddlebow, They madly hurl'd together on the bridge;

And Gareth overthrew him, lighted, drew There met him drawn, and overthrew him again, But up like fire he started: and as

oft As Gareth brought him grovelling on his knees,

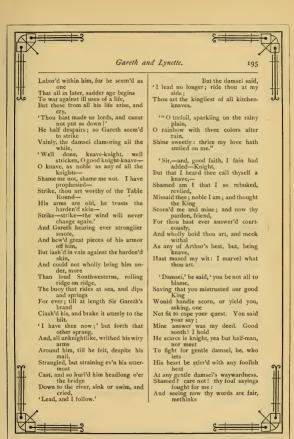
So many a time he vaulted up again; Till Gareth panted hard, and his great heart, Foredooming all his trouble was in

vain,









When the lone hern forgets his melan-

Lets down his other leg, and stretching, dreams

Of goodly supper in the distant pool, Then turn'd the noble damsel smiling at him.

And told him of a cavern hard at hand. Where bread and baken meats and

good red wine Of Southland, which the Lady Lyonors Had sent her coming champion, waited

Anon they past a narrow comb

wherein Were slabs of rock with figures,

knights on horse Sculptured, and deckt in slowly-waning hues.

'Sir Knave, my knight, a hermit once was here.

Whose holy hand hath fashion'd on the rock

The war of Time against the soul of man. And you four fools have suck'd their

allegory From these damp walls, and taken but the form.

Know ye not these?' and Gareth lookt and read-

In letters like to those the vexillary Hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt-

'PHOSPHORUS,' then 'MERIDIES'-'HESPERUS' 'Nox'-' Mors,' beneath five figures,

arnied men, Slab after slab, their faces forward

And running down the Soul, a Shape that fled With broken wings, torn raiment and

loose hair For help and shelter to the hermit's cave.

For one-delay'd at first Thro' helping back the dislocated Kay To Camelot, then by what thereafter chanced.

The damsel's headlong error thro' the wood-

Sir Lancelot, having swum the river-

His blue shield-lions cover'd-softly drew

Behind the twain, and when he saw the star Gleam, on Sir Gareth's turning to him.

'Stay, felon knight, I avenge me for my friend.

And Gareth crying prick'd against the But when they closed-in a moment-

at one touch Of that skill'd spear, the wonder of

the world-Went sliding down so easily, and fell, That when he found the grass within his hands

He laugh'd; the laughter jarr'd upon Lynette: Harshly she ask'd him, 'Shamed and

overthrown, And tumbled back into the kitchenknave, Why laugh ye? that ye blew your boast

in vain? 'Nay, noble damsel, but that I, the

Of old King Lot and good Queen Bellicent, And victor of the bridges and the ford.

And knight of Arthur, here lie thrown by whom I know not, all thro' mere unhappi-

ness-Device and sorcery and unhappiness-Out, sword; we are thrown!' And Lancelot answer'd, 'Prince,

O Gareth-thro' the mere unhappiness Of one who came to help thee, not to harm,











Said Gareth laughing, 'An he fight for this, Belike he wins it as the better man; Thus—and not else!'

But Lancelot on him urged All the devisings of their chivalry When one might meet a mightier than himself:

than himself;
How best to manage horse, lance,
sword and shield,

And so fill up the gap where force

With skill and fineness. Instant were his words.

Then Gareth, 'Here be rules. I know but one—
To dash against mine enemy and to

win. Yet have I watch'd thee victor in the joust,

And seen thy way.' 'Heaven help thee,' sigh'd Lynette.

Then for a space, and under cloud that grew To thunder-gloom palling all stars,

they rode
In converse till she made her palfrey
halt,

halt, Lifted an arm, and softly whisper'd 'There.' And all the three were silent seeing,

pitch'd Beside .he Castle Perilous on flat field,

A huge pavilion like a mountain peak

Sunder the glooming crimson on the marge, Black, with black banner, and a long

black horn
Beside it hanging; which Sir Gareth
graspt,

And so, before the two could hinder him, Sent all his heart and breath thro' all the horn.

Echo'd the walls; a light twinkled; anon Came lights and lights, and once again he blew: Whereon were hollow tramplings up and down And muffled voices heard, and shad-

ows past;
Till high above him, circled with her

maids,
The Lady Lyonors at a window stood,

Beautiful among lights, and waving to him White hands, and courtesy; but when

the Prince
Three times had blown—after long

hush—at last—
The huge pavilion slowly yielded up,
Thro' those black foldings, that which

housed therein.

High on a nightblack horse, in nightblack arms,

With white breast-bone, and barren ribs of Death, And crown'd with fleshless laughter

—some ten steps—
In the half-light—thro' the dim dawn

-advanced
The monster, and then paused, and
spake no word.

But Gareth spake and all indignantly,

'Fool, for thou hast, men say, the strength of ten,

Canst thou not trust the limbs thy
God hath given,
But must, to make the terror of thee
more.

Trick thyself out in ghastly imageries
Of that which Life hath done with,
and the clod.

Less dull than thou, will hide with mantling flowers As if for pity?' But he spake no word;

Which set the horror higher: a maiden swoon'd;

The Lady Lyonors wrung her hands and wept, As doom'd to be the bride of Night

and Death;
Sir Gareth's head prickled beneath
his helm;

And ev'n Sir Lancelot thro' his warm blood felt

Ice strike, and all that mark'd him were aghast.





At once Sir Lancelot's charger fiercely neigh'd And Death's dark war-horse bounded

forward with him. Then those that did not blink the terror, saw

That Death was cast to ground, and slowly rose.

But with one stroke Sir Gareth split the skull. Half fell to right and half to left and

lay. Then with a stronger buffet he clove

the helm As throughly as the skull; and out

from this Issued the bright face of a blooming boy

Fresh as a flower new-born, and crying, 'Knight, Slay me not: my three brethren bad

me do it. To make a horror all about the house, And stay the world from Lady Lyon-

210 They never dream'd the passes would be past.

Answer'd Sir Gareth gracionsly to

Not many a moon his younger, 'My

What madness made thee challenge the chief kuight Of Arthur's hall?' 'Fair Sir, they

bad me do it. They hate the King, and Lancelot, the

King's friend, They hoped to slay him somewhere on the stream.

They never dream'd the passes could be past.'

Then sprang the happier day from underground; Lady Lyonors and her house, with dance

And revel and song, made merry over

As being after all their foolish fears And horrors only proven a blooming box

So large mirth lived and Gareth won the quest.

And he that told the tale in older times Says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors. But he, that told it later, says Lynette,

THE MARRIAGE OF GERAINT.

THE brave Geraint, a knight of Arthur's court, A tributary prince of Devon, one Of that great Order of the Table

Had married Enid, Yniol's only child, And loved her, as he loved the light

of Heaven. And as the light of Heaven varies, now

At sunrise, now at sunset, now by

With moon and trembling stars, so loved Geraint To make her beauty vary day by day,

In crimsons and in purples and in gems. And Enid, but to please her husband's

Who first had found and loved her in

a state Of broken fortunes, daily fronted him In some fresh splendor; and the Oueen herself.

Grateful to Prince Geraint for service done, Loved her, and often with her own

white hands Array'd and deck'd her, as the loveli-

Next after her own self, in all the And Enid loved the Oneen, and with

true heart Adored her, as the stateliest and the

And loveliest of all women upon And seeing them so tender and so

Long in their common love rejoiced Geraint.

But when a rumor rose about the Queen,







Touching her guilty love for Lancelot, Tho' yet there lived no proof, nor yet was heard

The world's loud whisper breaking into storm, Not less Geraint believed it; and

there fell
A horror on him, lest his gentle wife,
Thro' that great tenderness for Guinevere.

evere, Had suffer'd, or should suffer any taint

In nature: wherefore going to the King, He made this pretext, that his prince-

dom lay

Close on the borders of a territory,

Wherein were bandit earls, and caitiff knights, Assassins, and all flyers from the hand

Of Justice, and whatever loathes a law:
And therefore, till the King himself

should please
To cleanse this common sewer of all
his realm.

He craved a fair permission to depart, And there defend his marches; and the King

the King
Mused for a little on his plea, but,
last,
Allowing it, the Prince and Enid

rode,
And fifty knights rode with them, to
the shores

Of Severn, and they past to their own land;
Where, thinking, that if ever yet was

wife
True to her lord, mine shall be so to
me,
He compass'd her with sweet observ-

And worship, never leaving her, and

Forgetful of his promise to the King, Forgetful of the falcon and the hunt, Forgetful of the tilt and tournament, Forgetful of his glory and his name, Forgetful of his princedom and its cares.

And this forgetfulness was hateful to her.

And by and by the people, when they
met
In twos and threes, or fuller com-

panies,
Began to scoff and jeer and babble of

Began to scoff and jeer and babble of him As of a prince whose manhood was

all gone,
And molten down in mere uxoriousness.

And this she gather'd from the people's eyes: This too the women who attired her

head, To please her, dwelling on his boundless love,

Told Enid, and they sadden'd her the more: And day by day she thought to tell

Geraint,

But could not out of bashful delicacy;
While he that watch'd her sadden,
was the more

Suspicious that her nature had a taint.

At last, it chanced that on a summer morn (They sleeping each by either) the

new sun
Beat thro' the blindless casement of
the room,
And heated the strong warrior in his

dreams; Who, moving, cast the coverlet aside, And bared the knotted column of

And bared the knotted column of his throat, The massive square of his heroic breast,

And arms on which the standing muscle sloped, As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,

Running too vehemently to break upon it. And Enid woke and sat beside the

And Enid woke and sat beside the couch,
Admiring him, and thought within

herself,
Was ever man so grandly made as he?
Then, like a shadow, past the people's

And accusation of uxoriousness

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Across her mind, and bowing over him, Low to her own heart piteously she said:

'O noble breast and all-puissant arms, Am I the cause, I the poor cause that men

Reproach you, saying all your force is gone?

I am the cause, because I dare not speak

speak
And tell him what I think and what
they say.
And yet I hate that he should linger

And yet I hate that he should linger here;
I cannot love my lord and not his name.

Far liefer had I gird his harness on him, And ride with him to battle and stand

And ride with him to battle and stand by, And watch his mightful hand striking

great blows
At caitiffs and at wrongers of the world.

Far better were I laid in the dark earth, Not hearing any more his noble voice,

Not hearing any more his noble voice, Not to be folded more in these dear arms, And darken'd from the high light in

his eyes,
Than that my lord thro' me should suffer shame.

Am I so bold, and could I so stand by, And see my dear lord wounded in the

strife,
Or maybe pierced to death before

mine eyes,
And yet not dare to tell him what I
think,

And how men slur him, saying all his force
Is melted into mere effeminacy?
O me, I fear that I am no true wife.

Half inwardly, half audibly she spoke,

And the strong passion in her made her weep True tears upon his broad and naked breast, And these awoke him, and by great mischance

He heard but fragments of her later words,

And that she fear'd she was not a true wife. And then he thought, 'In spite of all

nny care,

For all my pains, poor man, for all my

pains,
She is not faithful to me, and I see
her

Weeping for some gay knight in Arthur's hall.' Then tho' he loved and reverenced

her too much To dream she could be guilty of foul

Right thro' his manful breast darted

That makes a man, in the sweet face of her Whom he loves most, lonely and

miserable.
At this he hurl'd his huge limbs out of

bed,
And shook his drowsy squire awake and cried,

'My charger and her palfrey;' then to her, 'I will ride forth into the wilderness;

For the it seems my spurs are yet to win,

I have not fall'n so low as some

would wish.

And thou, put on thy worst and meanest dress

meanest dress
And ride with me.' And Enid ask'd,
amazed,

'If Enid errs, let Enid learn her fault.' But he, 'I charge thee, ask not, but

obey.'
Then she bethought her of a faded silk,

A faded mantle and a faded veil, And moving toward a cedarn cabinet, Wherein she kept them folded reverently

With sprigs of summer laid between the folds,





She took them, and array'd herself therein. Remembering when first he came on

Drest in that dress, and how he loved her in it,

And all her foolish fears about the dress.

And all his journey to her, as himself Had told her, and their coming to the conrt

For Arthur on the Whitsuntide hefore

Held court at old Caerleon upon Usk. There on a day, he sitting high in hall, Before him came a forester of Dean. Wet from the woods, with notice of a

Taller than all his fellows, milkywhite. First seen that day: these things he

told the King. Then the good King gave order to

let blow His horns for hunting on the morrow-

morn. And when the Queen petition'd for

his leave To see the hunt, allow'd it easily. So with the morning all the court

were gone. But Guinevere lay late into the morn, Lost in sweet dreams, and dreaming of her love

For Lancelot, and forgetful of the hunt:

But rose at last, a single maiden with her,

Took horse, and forded Usk, and gain'd the wood; There, on a little knoll beside it, stay'd

Waiting to hear the hounds; but heard instead A sudden sound of hoofs, for Prince

Geraint. Late also, wearing neither huntingdress

Nor weapon, save a golden-hilted

Came quickly flashing thro' the shallow ford

Behind them, and so gallop'd up the knoll. A purple scarf, at either end whereof

There swung an apple of the purest Sway'd ro round about him, as he

gallop'd up To join them, glancing like a dragon-

fly In summer suit and silks of holiday. Low bow'd the tributary Prince, and

she, Sweetly and statelily, and with all grace

womanhood and queenhood, answer'd him

'Late, late, Sir Prince,' she said, 'later than we!' 'Yea, noble Queen,' he answer'd,

That I but come like you to see the hunt,

Not join it.' 'Therefore wait with me,' she said;

'For on this little knoll, if anywhere, There is good chance that we shall hear the hounds: Here often they break covert at our

feet.' And while they listen'd for the distant hunt,

And chiefly for the baying of Cavall, Arthur's hound of deepest King mouth, there rode

Full slowly by a knight, lady, and dwarf; Whereof the dwarf lagg'd latest, and

the knight Had visor up, and show'd a youthful face,

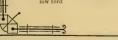
Imperious, and of haughtiest lineaments. And Guinevere, not mindful of his face

In the King's hall, desired his name, and sent

Her maiden to demand it of the dwarf: Who being vicious, old and irritable, And doubling all his master's vice of

pride, Made answer sharply that she should not know.







'Then will I ask it of himself,' she said.
'Nay by my faith, thou shalt not.'

'Nay, by my faith, thou shalt not,' cried the dwarf;

'Thou art not worthy ev'n to speak of him;' And when she put her horse toward

the knight,
Struck at her with his whip, and she
Indignant to the Queen; whereat
Geraint
Exclaiming, 'Surely I will learn the
name,'

name,'
Made sharply to the dwarf, and ask'd
it of him,
Who answer'd as before: and when

Who answer'd as before; and when the Prince Had put his horse in motion toward the knight,

Struck at him with his whip, and cut his cheek. The Prince's blood spirted upon the

scarf,
Dyeing it; and his quick, instinctive

hand
Caught at the hilt, as to abolish
him:
But he, from his exceeding manfulness

And pure nobility of temperament, Wroth to be wroth at such a worm, refrain'd

From ev'n a word, and so returning said:

'I will avenge this insult, noble Queen, Done in your maiden's person to yourself:

And I will track this vermin to their earths: For the' I ride unarm'd, I do not

doubt
To find, at some place I shall come at,
arms

On loan, or else for pledge; and, being found, Then will I fight him, and will break his pride, And on the third day will again be

here, So that I be not fall'n in fight. Farewell.' 'Farewell, fair Prince,' answer'd the stately Queen.
'Be prosperous in this journey, as in

all; And may you light on all things that you love,

And live to wed with her whom first you love: But ere you wed with any, bring your

bride,
And I, were she the daughter of a

king,
Yea, tho' she were a beggar from the
hedge,
Will elebe her for her hyddel. like

Will clothe her for her bridals like the sun.'

And Prince Geraint, now thinking that he heard The noble hart at bay, now the far horn.

A little vext at losing of the hunt, A little at the vile occasion, rode, By ups and downs, thro' many a

grassy glade
And valley, with fixt eye following the three.

At last they issued from the world of wood,

And climb'd upon a fair and even ridge, And show'd themselves against the

sky, and sank.

And thither came Geraint, and under-

Beheld the long street of a little town In a long valley, on one side whereof, White from the mason's hand, a

fortress rose;
And on one side a castle in decay,
Beyond a bridge that spann'd a dry
rayine:

And out of town and valley came a noise

As of a broad brook o'er a shingly bed Brawling, or like a clamor of the

Brawling, or like a clamor of the rooks
At distance, ere they settle for the night.

And onward to the fortress rode the





And enter'd, and were lost behind the 'So,' thought Geraint, 'I have track'd

him to his earth.' And down the long street riding

wearily, Found every hostel full, and everywhere

Was hammer laid to hoof, and the

And bustling whistle of the youth who scour'd His master's armor; and of such a

He ask'd, 'What means the tumult in the town?

Who told him, scouring still, 'The sparrow-hawk! Then riding close behind an ancient

churl, Who, smitten by the dusty sloping beam,

Went sweating underneath a sack of corn, Ask'd yet once more what meant the

hubbub here? Who answer'd gruffly, 'Ugh! the

sparrow-hawk. Then riding further past an armorer's,

Who, with back turn'd, and bow'd above his work. Sat riveting a helmet on his knee, He put the self-same query, but the

man Not turning round, nor looking at him, said: ' Friend, he that labors for the

sparrow-hawk Has little time for idle questioners.' Whereat Geraint flash'd into sudden

spleen: 'A thousand pips eat up your sparrowhawk!

Tits, wrens, and all wing'd nothings peck him dead! Ye think the rustic cackle of your

bourg The murmur of the world! What is it to me? O wretched set of sparrows, one and

all.

Who pipe of nothing but of sparrowhawks l

Speak, if we be not like the rest, hawk-

Where can 1 get me harborage for the night? And arms, arms, arms to fight my enemy? Speak!'

Whereat the armorer turning all

And seeing one so gay in purple silks, Came forward with the helmet vet in

And answer'd, ' Pardon me, O stranger

knight; We hold a tourney here to-morrow

And there is scantly time for half the work.

Arms? truth! I know not: all are wanted here.

Harborage? truth, good truth, know not, save It may be, at Earl Yniol's, o'er the

Yonder.' He spoke and fell to work again.

Then rode Geraint, a little spleenful yet,

Across the bridge that spann'd the dry ravine There musing sat the hoary-headed Earl,

(His dress a suit of fray'd magnifi-Once fit for feasts of ceremony) and

said: 'Whither, fair son?' to whom Geraint

'O friend, I seek a harborage for the night. Then Yniol, 'Enter therefore and

partake The slender entertainment of a house Once rich, now poor, but ever open-

'Thanks, venerable friend,' replied

'So that ye do not serve me sparrowhawks

For supper, I will enter, I will eat With all the passion of a twelve hours' fast.



Then sigh'd and smiled the hoaryheaded Earl,

And answer'd, 'Graver cause than yours is mine To curse this hedgerow thief, the

sparrow-hawk:
But in, go in; for save yourself desire
it,

it,
We will not touch upon him ev'n in
jest.'

Then rode Geraint into the castle court, His charger trampling many a prickly star

Of sprouted thistle on the broken stones. He look'd and saw that all was ruinous.

Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed with fern; And here had fall'n a great part of atower,

Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff, And like a crag was gay with wilding

And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers:

And high above a piece of turret stair,

Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivystems

Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,
And suck'd the joining of the stones,
and look'd

and look'd

A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a
grove.

And while he waited in the castle court, The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang Clear thro' the open casement of the

hall, Singing; and as the sweet voice of a bird,

Heard by the lander in a lonely isle, Moves him to think what kind of bird it is That sings so delicately clear, and

That sings so delicately clear, and make

Conjecture of the plumage and the form;

So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint; And made him like a man abroad at

morn
When first the liquid note beloved of

men Comes flying over many a windy wave

To Britain, and in April suddenly Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with green and red,

And he suspends his converse with a friend,
Or it may be the labor of his hands,
To think or say, 'There is the night-

ingale;'
So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,

and said,
'Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me.'

It chanced the song that Enid sang was one Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid sang:

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud; Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine,

storm, and cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

'Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown; With that wild wheel we go not up or

down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

'Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands; Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands; For man is man and master of his

fate.

'Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in

the cloud;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.'

£###





Am much too gentle, have not used my power: Nor know I whether I be very base

Or very manful, whether very wise Or very foolish; only this I know, That whatsoever evil happen to me, I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb.

But can endure it all most patiently.'

'Well said, true heart,' replied Geraint, 'but arms, the sparrow-hawk, this nephew, fight

In next day's tourney I may break his pride.'

And Yniol answer'd, 'Arms, indeed, but old

And rusty, old and rusty, Prince Geraint. Are mine, and therefore at thine ask-

ing, thine. But in this tournament can no man

tilt. Except the lady he loves best be there.

Two forks are fixt into the meadow ground,

And over these is placed a silver wand. And over that a golden sparrow-hawk,

The prize of beauty for the fairest there. And this, what knight soever be in

field Lays claim to for the lady at his side, And tilts with my good nephew

thereupon, Who being apt at arms and big of

bone Has ever won it for the lady with him,

And toppling over all antagonism Has earn'd himself the name of sparrow-hawk

But thou, that hast no lady, canst not fight.' To whom Geraint with eves all

bright, replied, Leaning a little toward him, 'Thy Let me lay lance in rest, O noble host. For this dear child, because I never saw.

Tho' having seen all beauties of our time. Nor can see elsewhere, anything so

fair. And if I fall her name will yet remain

Untarnish'd as before; but if I live, So aid me Heaven when at mine uttermost,

As I will make her truly my true wife.'

Then, howsoever patient, Yniol's heart Danced in his bosom, seeing better

days. And looking round he saw not Enid there

(Who hearing her own name had stol'n away) But that old dame, to whom full ten-

derly And fondling all her hand in his

'Mother, a maiden is a tender thing, And best by her that bore her under-Go thou to rest, but ere thou go to

Tell her, and prove her heart toward the Prince.'

So spake the kindly-hearted Earl, and she With frequent smile and nod departing found. Half disarray'd as to her rest, the

Whom first she kiss'd on either cheek, and then On either shining shoulder laid a hand,

And kept her off and gazed upon her face. And told her all their converse in the hall, Proving her heart: but never light and

Coursed one another more on open

ground





Beneath a troubled heaven, than red and pale Across the face of Enid hearing her;

Across the face of Enid hearing her; While slowly falling as a scale that falls, When weight is added only grain by

grain, Sank her sweet head upon her gentle breast;

Nor did she lift an eye nor speak a word, Rapt in the fear and in the wonder of

it; So moving without answer to her

rest She found no rest, and ever fail'd to

The quiet night into her blood, but lay Contemplating her own unworthiness; And when the pale and bloodless east began

To quicken to the sun, arose, and raised

Her mother too, and hand in hand they moved

Down to the meadow where the jousts were held, And waited there for Vniol and

Geraint.

And thither came the twain, and when Geraint Beheld her first in field, awaiting him, He felt, were she the prize of bodily

force,
Himself beyond the rest pushing could
move

The chair of Idris. Yniol's rusted arms Were on his princely person, but thro' these

Princelike his bearing shone; and errant knights And ladies came, and by and by the

And ladies came, and by and by the town Flow'd in, and settling circled all the

And there they fixt the forks into the ground, And over these they placed the silver

And over that the golden sparrowhawk. Then Yniol's nephew, after trumpet blown, Spake to the lady with him and proclaim'd.

'Advance and take, as fairest of the fair, What I these two years past have won

What I these two years past have won for thee,
The prize of beauty.' Londly spake

the Prince,
'Forbear: there is a worthier,' and the

With some surprise and thrice as much disdain

Turn'd, and beheld the four, and all his face Glow'd like the heart of a great fire at

Yule, So burnt he was with passion, crying

Out,
'Do battle for it then,' no more; and
thrice

They clash'd together, and thrice they brake their spears. Then each, dishorsed and drawing,

lash'd at each
So often and with such blows, that all

the crowd Wonder'd, and now and then from distant walls

There came a clapping as of phantom hands. So twice they fought, and twice they

breathed, and still
The dew of their great labor, and the

Of their strong bodies, flowing, drain'd their force. But either's force was match'd till

'Remember that great insult done the Queen,' Increased Geraint's, who heaved his

blade aloft,
And crack'd the helmet thro', and bit
the bone.

the bone,
And fell'd him, and set foot upon his
breast,
And said, 'Thy name?' To whom

the fallen man Made answer, groaning, 'Edyrn, son of Nudd!

of Nudd! Ashamed am I that I should tell it thee.







He would not leave her, till her prom-

My pride is broken: men have seen my fall. 'Then, Edyrn, son of Nudd,' replied

Geraint, 'These two things shalt thou do, or

else thou diest. First, thou thyself, with damsel and with dwarf.

Shalt ride to Arthur's court, and coming there, Crave pardon for that insult done the

Dueen, And shalt abide her judgment on it;

next, Thou shalt give back their earldom to

thy kin. These two things shalt thou do, or thou shalt die.

And Edyrn answer'd, 'These things will I do. For I have never yet been overthrown,

And thou hast overthrown me, and my pride

Is broken down, for Enid sees my And rising up, he rode to Arthur's

court, And there the Queen forgave him

easily. And being young, he changed and came to loathe His crime of traitor, slowly drew him-

Bright from his old dark life, and fell at last

self

In the great battle fighting for the King.

But when the third day from the hunting-morn Made a low splendor in the world, and wings

Moved in her ivy, Enid, for she lay With her fair head in the dim-vellow light,

Among the dancing shadows of the birds, Woke and bethought her of her prom-

ise given No later than last eve to Prince Geraint-

So bent he seem'd on going the third day,

ise given-To ride with him this morning to the

court, And there be made known to the

stately Queen, And there be wedded with all ceremony.

At this she cast her eyes upon her dress,

And thought it never yet had look'd so mean.

For as a leaf in mid-November is To what it was in mid-October, seem'd The dress that now she look'd on to the dress

She look'd on ere the coming of Geraint. And still she look'd, and still the ter-

ror grew Of that strange bright and dreadful thing, a court,

All staring at her in her faded silk: And softly to her own sweet heart she said :

'This noble prince who won our earldom back,

So splendid in his acts and his attire, Sweet heaven, how much I shall discredit him! Would he could tarry with us here

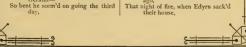
awhile, But being so beholden to the Prince, It were but little grace in any of us, Bent as he seem'd on going this third

day, To seek a second favor at his hands. Yet if he could but tarry a day or two.

Myself would work eye dim, and finger lame Far liefer than so much discredit him.'

And Enid fell in longing for a dress All branch'd and flower'd with gold, a costly gift

Of her good mother, given her on the Before her birthday, three sad years



And scatter'd all they had to all the winds: For while the mother show'd it, and the two

Were turning and admiring it, the

To both appear'd so costly, rose a cry That Edyrn's men were on them, and they fled

With little save the jewels they had on, Which being sold and sold had bought

Which being sold and sold had bought them bread: And Edyrn's men had caught them in

their flight, And placed them in this ruin; and she wish'd

The Prince had found her in her ancient home; Then let her fancy flit across the past.

Then let her fancy flit across the past, And roam the goodly places that she knew;

And last bethought her how she used to watch,

Near that old home, a pool of golden carp; And one was patch'd and blurr'd and

lustreless Among his burnish'd brethren of the pool;

And half asleep she made comparison Of that and these to her own faded

And the gay court, and fell asleep again; And dreamt berself was such a faded

And dreamt herself was such a faded form Among her burnish'd sisters of the

pool; But this was in the garden of a king; And tho' she lay dark in the pool, she

That all was bright; that all about were birds Of sunny plume in gilded trellis-work; That all the turf was rich in plots that

look'd Each like a garnet or a turkis in it; And lords and ladies of the high

court went
In silver tissue talking things of state;
And children of the King in cloth of

Glanced at the doors or gambol'd down the walks; And while she thought 'They will not see me.' came

A stately queen whose name was Guinevere,

And all the children in their cloth of gold

Ran to her, crying, 'If we have fish at all Let them be gold; and charge the

gardeners now
To pick the faded creature from the
pool,

pool,
And cast it on the mixen that it
die.'
And therewithal one came and seized

on her,
And Enid started waking, with her

heart
All overshadow'd by the foolish

dream, And lo! it was her mother grasping her

To get her well awake; and in her hand A suit of bright apparel, which she

laid

Flat on the couch, and spoke exultingly:

'See here, my child, how fresh the colors look, How fast they hold like colors of a

shell
That keeps the wear and polish of the
wave.
Why not? It never yet was worn, I

Look on it, child, and tell me if ye know it.'

And Enid look'd, but all confused at first, Could scarce divide it from her foolish dream:

Then suddenly she knew it and rejoiced, And answer'd, 'Yea, I know it; your

And answer'd, 'Yea, I know it; your good gift,
So sadly lost on that unhappy night;
Your own good gift!' 'Yea, surely,' said the dame.







"HE THRICE HAD SENT A HERALD TO THE GATES."-Page 69.





Flur, for whose love the Roman Cæsar first Invaded Britain, 'But we beat him back.

As this great Prince invaded us, and

Not beat him back, but welcomed him with joy. And I can scarcely ride with you to

court, For old am I, and rough the ways and

wild: But Yniol goes, and I full oft shall dream

I see my princess as I see her now, Clothed with my gift, and gay among the gay.'

But while the women thus rejoiced, Geraint

Woke where he slept in the high hall, and call'd For Enid, and when Vniol made

Of that good mother making Enid gay In such apparel as might well beseem His princess, or indeed the stately

Queen, He answer'd: 'Earl, entreat her by

my love, Albeit I give no reason but my wish, That she ride with me in her faded

Yniol with that hard message went;

Like flaws in summer laying lusty corn: For Enid, all abash'd she knew not

why, Dared not to glance at her good mother's face,

But silently, in all obedience, Her mother silent too, nor helping her, Laid from her limbs the costly-

broider'd gift, And robed them in her ancient suit again,

And so descended. Never man rejoiced More than Geraint to greet her thus attired;

And glancing all at once as keenly at her

As careful robins eye the delver's Made her cheek burn and either eve-

lid fall. But rested with her sweet face satisfied:

Then seeing cloud upon the mother's brow.

Her by both hands he caught, and sweetly said,

'O my new mother, be not wroth or grieved At thy new son, for my petition to her.

When late I left Caerleon, our great In words whose echo lasts, they were

so sweet. Made promise, that whatever bride I brought,

Herself would clothe her like the sun in Heaven.

Thereafter, when I reach'd this ruin'd hall, Beholding one so bright in dark

estate. I vow'd that could I gain her, our fair Queen, No hand but hers, should make your

Enid burst Sunlike from cloud-and likewise

thought perhaps, That service done so graciously would

The two together; fain I would the two Should love each other: how can

Enid find A nobler friend? Another thought was mine: I came among you here so suddenly,

That tho' her gentle presence at the lists Might well have served for proof that I was loved,

I doubted whether daughter's tender-

Or easy nature, might not let itself Be moulded by your wishes for her weal:

Or whether some false sense in her own self







Of my contrasting brightness, over-Her fancy dwelling in this dusky hall; And such a sense might make her long for court And all its perilous glories: and I

thought, That could I someway prove such force in her

Link'd with such love for me, that at a word (No reason given her) she could cast

aside A splendor dear to women, new to

And therefore dearer; or if not so new. Vet therefore tenfold dearer by the

power Of intermitted usage; then I felt That I could rest, a rock in ebbs and

flows. Fixt on her faith. Now, therefore, I do rest.

A prophet certain of my prophecy, That never shadow of mistrust can cross

Between us. Grant me pardon for my thoughts: And for my strange petition I will

Amends hereafter by some gaudy-day, When your fair child shall wear your costly gift

Beside your own warm hearth, with, on her knees, Who knows? another gift of the high

God, Which, maybe, shall have learn'd to lisp you thanks.

He spoke: the mother smiled, but half in tears, Then brought a mantle down and wrapt her in it, And claspt and kiss'd her, and they rode away.

Now thrice that morning Guinevere had climb'd The giant tower, from whose high crest, they say

Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset,

And white sails flying on the yellow sea; But not to goodly hill or yellow sea Look'd the fair Queen, but up the vale of Usk

By the flat meadow, till she saw them come:

And then descending met them at the Embraced her with all welcome as a

And did her honor as the Prince's

bride. And clothed her for her bridals like the sun: And all that week was old Caerleon

gay, For by the hands of Dubric, the high saint,

They twain were wedded with all ceremony.

And this was on the last year's Whitsuntide. But Enid ever kept the faded silk.

Remembering how first he came on her,

Drest in that dress, and how he loved her in it. And all her foolish fears about the

And all his journey toward her, as himself Had told her, and their coming to the court.

And now this morning when he said to her, 'Put on your worst and meanest dress,' she found And took it, and array'd herself there-

in.

true;

GERAINT AND ENID.

O PURBLIND race of miserable men, How many among us at this very hour

Do forge a life-long trouble for our-By taking true for false, or false for







Chafing his shoulder: then he cried

'To the wilds!' and Enid leading

Thro' which he bad her lead him on, they past The marches, and by bandit-haunted

Gray swamps and pools, waste places

And wildernesses, perilous paths, they

down the tracks

holds,

rode:

of the hern,

But when the fourth part of the day was gone, Then Enid was aware of three tall knights On horseback, wholly arm'd, behind a

In shadow, waiting for them, caitiffs all;
And heard one crying to his fellows,

'Look, Here comes a laggard hanging down his head, Who seems no bolder than a beaten hound; Come we will slav him and will have

Come, we will slay him and will have his horse And armor, and his damsel shall be ours.

Then Enid ponder'd in her heart, and said:

'I will go back a little to my lord, And I will tell him all their caitiff talk:

For, be he wroth even to slaying me, Far liefer by his dear hand had I die,

Than that my lord should suffer loss or shame.'

Then she went back some paces of return,

Met his full frown timidly firm, and said;

'My lord, I saw three bandits by the rock Waiting to fall on you, and heard

them boast That they would slay you, and possess your horse

And armor, and your damsel should be theirs.'

He made a wrathful answer: 'Did I wish Your warning or your silence? one

I laid npon you, not to speak to me, And thus ye keep it! Well then, look-for now,

look—tor now,

Whether ye wish me victory or defeat,

Long for my life, or hunger for my

death, Yourself shall see my vigor is not lost.'

Then Enid waited pale and sorrow-

And down upon him bare the bandit three.

And at the midmost charging, Prince Geraint

Drave the long spear a cubit thro' his breast

And out beyond; and then against his brace

Of comrades, each of whom had broken on him

A lance that splinter'd like an icicle, Swung from his brand a windy buffet out

Once, twice, to right, to left, and stunn'd the twain Or slew them, and dismounting like

a man
That skins the wild beast after slay-

ing him, Stript from the three dead wolves of woman born

The three gay suits of armor which they wore,

And let the bodies lie, but bound the suits

Of armor on their horses, each on each, And tied the bridle-reins of all the three Together, and said to her, 'drive them

on Before you;' and she drove them thro' the waste.

He follow'd nearer: ruth began to work

Against his anger in him, while he watch'd

The being he loved best in all the

world,
With difficulty in mild obedience

Driving them on: he fain had spoken to her, And loosed in words of sudden fire

the wrath
And smoulder'd wrong that burnt him
all within;

But evermore it seem'd an easier thing At once without remorse to strike

her dead, Than to cry 'Halt,' and to her own

bright face
Accuse her of the least immodesty:
And thus tongue-tied, it made him

wroth the more That she could speak whom his own

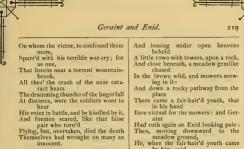
ear had heard Call herself false: and suffering thus he made





fallen, stood;

the wood.



Thereon Geraint. dismounting. pick'd the lance

That pleased him best, and drew from those dead wolves Their three gay suits of armor, each from each.

And bound them on their horses, each on each, And tied the bridle-reins of all the

three Together, and said to her, 'Drive

them on Before you,' and she drove them thro' the wood.

He follow'd nearer still: the pain she had

To keep them in the wild ways of the Two sets of three laden with jingling

arms, Together, served a little to disedge The sharpness of that pain about her

heart And they themselves, like creatures gently born But into bad hands fall'n, and now so

long By bandits groom'd, prick'd their light ears, and felt

Her low firm voice and tender government.

So thro' the green gloom of the wood they past,

by him, said,

' Friend, let her eat; the damsel is so faint.

'Yea, willingly,' replied the youth; My lord, eat also, tho' the fare is

coarse And only meet for mowers:' then set

down His basket, and dismounting on the sward

They let the horses graze, and ate themselves.

And Enid took a little delicately. Less having stomach for it than desire To close with her lord's pleasure; but Geraint

Ate all the mowers' victual unawares. And when he found all empty, was amazed;

And 'Boy,' said he, 'I have eaten all, but take A horse and arms for guerdon; choose

the best.' He, reddening extremity of in delight,

'My lord, you overpay me fifty-fold.' 'Ye will be all the wealthier,' cried the Prince.

'I take it as free gift, then,' said the 'Not guerdon; for myself can easily,

While your good damsel rests, return, and fetch

Fresh victual for these mowers of our Earl:







For these are his, and all the field is And I myself am his; and I will tell

How great a man thou art: he loves to know

When men of mark are in his territory:

And he will have thee to his palace here, And serve thee costlier than with mowers' fare.'

Then said Geraint, 'I wish no better fare

I never ate with angrier appetite Than when I left your mowers dinnerless

And into no Earl's palace will I go. I know, God knows, too much of palaces And if he want me, let him come to me-

But hire us some fair chamber for the night. And stalling for the horses, and

return With victual for these men, and let us know.'

'Yea, my kind lord,' said the glad youth, and went, Held his head high, and thought himself a knight.

And up the rocky pathway disappear'd Leading the horse, and they were left alone.

But when the Prince had brought his errant eyes Home from the rock, sideways he let them glance

At Enid, where she droopt: his own false doom, That shadow of mistrust should never

Betwixt them, came upon him, and he sigh'd;

Then with another humorous ruth remark'd The lusty mowers laboring dinnerless,

And watch'd the sun blaze on the turning scythe,

And after nodded sleepily in the heat.

But she, remembering her old ruin'd And all the windy clamor of the daws

About her hollow turret, pluck'd the grass There growing longest by the meadow's

edge And into many a listless annulet,

Now over, now beneath her marriage ring, Wove and unwove it, till the boy

return'd And told them of a chamber, and

they went; Where, after saying to her, ' If ye will, Call for the woman of the honse,' to

which She answer'd, 'Thanks, my lord;'

the two remain'd Apart by all the chamber's width, and

mute As creatures voiceless thro' the fault of birth.

Or two wild men supporters of a shield,

Painted, who stare at open space, nor glance The one at other, parted by the shield.

On a sudden, many a voice along the street, And heel against the pavement echo-

ing, burst Their drowse: and either started while the door,

Push'd from without, drave backward to the wall,

And midmost of a rout of roisterers, Femininely fair and dissolutely pale, Her suitor in old years before Geraint, Enter'd, the wild lord of the place, Limours. He moving up with pliant courtliness,

Greeted Geraint full face, but stealth-In the mid-warmth of welcome and

graspt hand. Found Enid with the corner of his eye, And knew her sitting sad and solitary. Then cried Geraint for wine and

goodly cheer To feed the sudden guest, and sump-





Good, speak the word: my followers

He sits unarm'd; I hold a finger up;

They understand: nay; I do not

Nor need ye look so scared at what I

My malice is no deeper than a moat,

No stronger than a wall: there is the

ring him round:

mean blood:

say:

keep;



'Enid, the pilot star of my lone life,

Enid, the loss of whom hath turn'd

What chance is this? how is it I see

Enid, my early and my only love.

me wild-

He shall not cross us more; speak but the word:
Or speak it not; but then by Him that made me
The one true lover whom you ever own'd,
I will make use of all the power I have.
O pardon me! the madness of that hour,
When first I parted from thee, moves

At this the tender sound of his own voice And sweet self-pity, or the fancy of it, Made his eye moist; but Enid fear'd

me yet.

his eyes,
Moist as they were, wine-heated from
the feast;

And answer'd with such craft as women use, Guilty or guiltless, to stave off a chance

That breaks upon them perilously, and said:

'Earl, if you love me as in former years,
And do not practise on me, come with morn,
And snatch me from him as by vio-

lence;
Leave me to-night: I am weary to
the death.

Low at leave-taking, with his brandish'd plume
Brushing his instep, bow'd the allamorous Earl.

And the stout Prince bad him a loud good-night.

He moving homeward babbled to his men, How Enid never loved a man but him, Nor cared a broken egg-shell for her

lord.

But Enid left alone with Prince Ger-

But Enid left alone with Prince Geraint,
Debating his command of silence given, And that she now perforce must violate it,

Held commune with herself, and
while she held

He fell asleep, and Enid had no heart

To wake him but hung cler him

To wake him, but hung o'er him, wholly pleased To find him yet unwounded after

fight,
And hear him breathing low and

equally.

Anon she rose, and stepping lightly, heap'd

The pieces of his armor in one place, All to be there against a sudden need:

Then dozed awhile herself, but overtoil'd

By that day's grief and travel, evermore Seem'd catching at a rootless thorn,

and then

Went slipping down horrible preci-

And strongly striking out her limbs awoke;

Then thought she heard the wild Earl at the door, With all his rout of random followers.

Sound on a dreadful trumpet, summoning her; Which was the red cock shouting to

the light,
As the gray dawn stole o'er the dewy
world,

And glimmer'd on his armor in the room.

And once again she rose to look at

it,
But touch'd it unawares: jangling,
the casque

Fell, and he started up and stared at her.

Then breaking his command of silence given, She told him all that Earl Limours

She told him all that Earl Limours had said,

Except the passage that he loved her

not;
Nor left untold the craft herself had used;

But ended with apology so sweet,



Low-spoken, and of so few words, and scem'd So instifted by that necessity.

So justified by that necessity, That tho' he thought 'was it for him she went

him she wept
In Devon?' he but gave a wrathful
groan,
Saying, 'Your sweet faces make good

fellows fools And traitors. Call the host and bid

him bring
Charger and palfrey.' So she glided

out
Among the heavy breathings of the

house, And like a household Spirit at the

walls
Beat, till she woke the sleepers, and
return'd:

Then tending her rough lord, tho' all unask'd, In silence, did him service as a

squire;
Till issuing arm'd he found the host

and cried,

"Thy reckoning friend?" and ere b

"Thy reckoning, friend?' and ere he learnt it, 'Take Five horses and their armors;' and

the host Suddenly honest, answer'd in amaze,

'My lord, I scarce have spent the worth of one!'
'Ye will be all the wealthier,' said the

Prince, And then to Enid, 'Forward! and

to-day I charge you, Enid, more especially, What thing soever ye may hear, or

Or fancy (tho' I count it of small use To charge you) that ye speak not but obev.'

And Enid answer'd, 'Yea, my lord, I know Your wish, and would obey; but rid-

ing first,

I hear the violent threats you do not

hear,
I see the danger which you cannot see:

Then not to give you warning, that seems hard;

Almost beyond me: yet I would obey.
'Yea so,' said he, 'do it: be not too

wise; Seeing that ye are wedded to a man, Not all mismated with a yawning

clown,
But one with arms to guard his head

and yours,
With eyes to find you out however

And ears to hear you even in his dreams.'

With that he turn'd and look'd as keenly at her As careful robins eye the delver's toil; And that within her, which a wanton fool.

Or hasty judger would have call'd her guilt, Made her cheek burn and either eye-

Made her cheek burn and either eyelid fall.

And Geraint look'd and was not satis-

Then forward by a way which, beaten broad,

Led from the territory of false Limours To the waste earldom of another earl,

Doorm, whom his shaking vassals call'd the Bull, Went Enid with her sullen follower

Once she look'd back, and when she saw him ride

More near by many a rood than yester-morn, It wellnigh made her cheerful; till

Geraint Waving an angry hand as who should say

'Ye watch me,' sadden'd all her heart again. But while the sun yet beat a dewy

blade
The sound of many a heavily-galloping
hoof
Smote on her ear, and turning round

she saw Dust, and the points of lances bicker in it.







The Prince, without a word, from his horse fell.

And Enid heard the clashing of his Suddenly came, and at his side all pale Dismounting, loosed the fastenings of

his arms. Nor let her true hand falter, nor blue

Moisten, till she had lighted on his wound, And tearing off her veil of faded silk

Had bared her forehead to the blistering sun, And swathed the hurt that drain'd her

dear lord's life. Then after all was done that hand could do,

She rested, and her desolation came Upon her, and she wept beside the way.

And many past, but none regarded For in that realm of lawless turbulence, A woman weeping for her murder'd

mate Was cared as much for as a summer shower:

One took him for a victim of Earl Doorm, Nor dared to waste a perilons pity on

him: Another hurrying past, a man-at-arms, Rode on a mission to the bandit Earl; Half whistling and half singing a coarse song,

He drove the dust against her veilless eves: Another, flying from the wrath of

Doorm Before an ever-fancied arrow, made The long way smoke beneath him in his fear;

At which her palfrey whinnying lifted heel, And scour'd into the coppices and

was lost, While the great charger stood, grieved like a man.

But at the point of noon the huge Earl Doorm. Broad-faced with under-fringe of russet

Bound on a foray, rolling eyes of prey, Came riding with a hundred lances

But ere he came, like one that hails a ship

Cried out with a big voice, 'What, is he dead? 'No, no, not dead!' she answer'd in

all haste. Would some of your kind people take him up.

And bear him hence out of this cruel sun?

Most sure am I, quite sure, he is not dead.'

Then said Earl Doorm: 'Well, if he be not dead, Why wail ye for him thus? ye seem a

And be he dead, I count you for a fool:

Your wailing will not quicken him: dead or not, Ye mar a comely face with idiot tears.

Yet, since the face is comely-some of Here, take him up, and bear him to our hall: An if he live, we will have him of our

band; And if he die, why earth has earth enough

To hide him. See ye take the charger too. A noble one.' He spake, and past away,

But left two brawny spearmen, who advanced Each growling like a dog, when his

good bone Seems to be pluck'd at by the village boys

Who love to vex him eating, and he fears To lose his bone, and lays his foot upon it.

Gnawing and growling: so the ruffians growl'd







Have I beheld a lily like yourself.

And so there lived some color in your cheek,

There is not one among my gentlewomen

Were fit to wear your slipper for a glove.

But listen to me, and by me be ruled, And I will do the thing I have not done, For ye shall share my earldom with

For ye shall share my earldom with me, girl, And we will live like two birds in one

nest,
And I will fetch you forage from all
fields,
For I compel all creatures to my will.

He spoke: the brawny spearman

let his cheek
Bulge with the unswallow'd piece, and
turning stared;

While some, whose souls the old serpent long had drawn Down, as the worm draws in the wither'd leaf

wither'd leaf And makes it earth, hiss'd each at other's ear

What shall not be recorded—women they,

Women, or what had been those gracious things, But now desired the humbling of their best.

Yea, would have help'd him to it: and all at once They hated her, who took no thought

of them,

But answer'd in low voice, her meek
head yet
Drooping, 'I pray you of your cour-

tesy,
He being as he is, to let me be.'

She spake so low he hardly heard her speak, But like a mighty patron, satisfied

With what himself had done so graciously, Assumed that she had thank'd him, adding, 'Yea,

adding, 'Yea,

Eat and be glad, for I account you
mine.'

She answer'd meekly, 'How should I be glad Henceforth in all the world at any-

thing,
Until my lord arise and look upon

Here the huge Earl cried out upon her talk, As all but empty heart and weariness

And sickly nothing; suddenly seized on her, And bare her by main violence to the board, And thrust the dish before her crying.

And thrust the dish before her, crying, 'Eat.'

'No, no,' said Enid, vext, 'I will not eat

Till yonder man upon the bier arise, And eat with me.' 'Drink, then,' he answer'd. 'Here!' (And fill'd a horn with wine and held

it to her,)
'Lo! I, myself, when flush'd with fight, or hot,
God's curse, with anger—often I my-

self,
Before I well have drunken, scarce
can eat:
Drink therefore and the wine will

change your will.'

'Not so,' she cried, 'by Heaven, I
will not drink

Till my dear lord arise and bid me do
it,
And drink with me; and if he rise no
more.

I will not look at wine until I die.'

At this he turn'd all red and paced his hall, Now gnaw'd his under, now his upper lip,

And coming up close to her, said at last:
'Girl, for I see ye scorn my courtesies,
Take warning: yonder man is surely

dead;
And I compel all creatures to my will.
Not eat nor drink? And wherefore
wail for one,



Who put your beauty to this flout and By dressing it in rags? Amazed am Beholding how ye butt against my That I forbear you thus: cross me no more At least put off to please me this poor zown. This silken rag, this beggar-woman's

weed I love that beauty should go beautifully: For see ye not my gentlewomen here, How gay, how suited to the house of one Who loves that beauty should go

beautifully? Rise therefore: robe vourself in this: obev. He spoke, and one among his gen-

tle-women Display'd a splendid silk of foreign loom, Where like a shoaling sea the lovely blue

Play'd into green, and thicker down the front

jewels than the sward with drops of dew, When all night long a cloud clings to the hill, And with the dawn ascending lets the

Strike where it clung: so thickly shone the gems.

But Enid answer'd, harder to be moved Than hardest tyrants in their day of power, With life-long injuries burning unavenged And now their hour has come; and Enid said:

'In this poor gown my dear lord found me first. And loved me serving in my father's hall: In this poor gown I rode with him to court,

And there the Queen array'd me like the sun: In this poor gown he bad me clothe myself When now we rode upon this fatal quest Of honor, where no honor can be gain'd: And this poor gown I will not cast aside Until himself arise a living man, And bid me cast it. I have griefs enough: Pray you be gentle, pray you let me be: I never loved, can never love but him Yea, God, I pray you of your gentle-

Then strode the brute Earl up and down his hall, And took his russet beard between his teeth;

He being as he is, to let me be.'

ness,

Last, coming up quite close, and in his mood Crying, 'I count it of no more avail, Dame, to be gentle than ungentle

with you; my salute,' unknightly with flat hand.

However lightly, smote her on the cheek. Then Enid, in her atter helpless-

ness, And since she thought, 'He had not dared to do it. Except he surely knew my lord was dead,'

Sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter As of a wild thing taken in a trap, Which sees the trapper coming thro'

the wood. This heard Geraint, and grasping at his sword,

(It lay beside him in the hollow Made but a single bound, and with a sweep of it







Shore thro' the swarthy neck, and like a ball The russet-bearded head roll'd on the floor.

floor.

So died Earl Doorm by him he counted dead.

And all the men and women in the hall

Rose when they saw the dead man

rise, and fled
Yelling as from a spectre, and the
two
Were left alone together, and he
said:

'Enid, I have used you worse than that dead man; Done you more wrong: we both have undergone

That trouble which has left me thrice your own: Henceforward I will rather die than doubt. And here I lay this penance on my-

self,
Not, tho' mine own ears heard you
yestermorn—
You thought me sleeping, but I heard

you say,
I heard you say, that you were no
true wife:
I swear I will not ask your meaning

in it:

I do believe yourself against yourself,
And will henceforward rather die
than doubt.

And Enid could not say one tender word, She felt so blunt and stupid at the heart:
She only pray'd him, 'Fly, they will return
And slay you; fly, your charger is without,
My palfrey lost.' 'Then, Enid, shall Behin' or ide
Behin' or ide
Stately horse,
And moving out they found the stately horse,
Who now no more a vassal to the

But free to stretch his limbs in lawful fight, Neigh'd with all gladness as they came, and stoop'd With a low whinny toward the pair: and she Kiss'd the white star upon his noble front, Glad also: then Geraint upon the Mounted, and reach'd a hand, and on his foot She set her own and climb'd: he turn'd his face And kiss'd her climbing, and she cast her arms About him, and at once they rode away.

And never yet, since high in Paradise O'er the four rivers the first roses blew, Came purer pleasure unto mortal

Came purer pleasure unto mortal kind
Than lived thro' her, who in that perilous hour

Put hand to hand beneath her husband's heart, And felt him hers again: she did not

weep,
But o'er her meek eyes came a happy
mist
Like that which kept the heart of

Eden green
Before the useful trouble of the rain:
Yet not so misty were her meek blue
eyes
As not to see before them on the

path,
Right in the gateway of the bandit
bold,
A knight of Arthur's court, who laid
his lance

In rest, and made as if to fall upon him.

Then, fearing for his hurt and loss of

blood,
She, with her mind all full of what
had chanced,
Shriek'd to the stranger 'Slay not a

dead man!'
'The voice of Enid,' said the knight;
but she,





shriek'd again,
'O cousin, slay not him who gave you life.'

And Edyrn moving frankly forward spake: 'My lord Geraint, I greet you with all

love;
I took you for a bandit knight of
Doorm;

And fear not, Enid, I should fall upon him,

Who love you, Prince, with something of the love Wherewith we love the Heaven that chastens us.

For once when I was up so high in pride That I was halfway down the slope to

Hell, By overthrowing me you threw me higher.

Now, made a knight of Arthur's Table Round, And since I knew this Earl, when I

myself Was half a bandit in my lawless hour, I come the monthpiece of our King

to Doorm
(The King is close behind me) bidding
him
Disband himself, and scatter all his
powers.

Submit, and hear the judgment of the King.'

'He hears the judgment of the King of kings,' Cried the wan Prince; 'and lo, the powers of Doorm Are scatter'd,' and he pointed to the

Are scatter'd,' and he pointed to the field,
Where, huddled here and there on

mound and knoll, Were men and women staring and aghast,

While some yet fled; and then he plainlier told How the huge Earl lay slain within his hall. But when the knight besought him, 'Follow me, Prince, to the camp, and in the King's

own ear
Speak what has chanced; ye surely
have endured
Strange chances here alone;' that
other flush'd.

And hung his head, and halted in reply,

Fearing the mild face of the blameless

Fearing the mild face of the blameless King, And after madness acted question

ask'd:
Till Edyrn crying, 'If ye will not go
To Arthur, then will Arthur come to

you,'
'Enough,' he said, 'I follow,' and they
went.

But Enid in their going had two fears, One from the bandit scatter'd in the field.

And one from Edyrn. Every now and then, When Edyrn rein'd his charger at her

side, She shrank a little. In a hollow land, From which old fires have broken, men may fear

men may fear
Fresh fire and ruin. He, perceiving,
said:

'Fair and dear cousin, you that most had cause To fear me, fear no longer, I am

changed. Yourself were first the blameless cause to make My nature's prideful sparkle in the

blood
Break into furious flame; being re-

By Yniol and yourself, I schemed and wrought Until I overturn'd him; then set up

(With one main purpose ever at my heart) My haughty jousts, and took a para-

mour;
Did her mock-honor as the fairest fair,
And, toppling over all antagonism,
So wax'd in pride, that I believed

myself

honor as the fairest fair, over all antagonism, pride, that I believed

T T

Unconquerable, for I was wellnigh mad:

And, but for my main purpose in these jousts, I should have slain your father, seized

I should have slain your father, seized yourself. I lived in hope that sometime you

would come
To these my lists with him whom
best you loved;

And there, poor cousin, with your meek blue eyes,

The truest eyes that ever answer'd

Heaven, Behold me overturn and trample on

Then, had you cried, or knelt, or pray'd to me, I should not less have kill'd him.

And you came,—
But once you came,—and with your
own true eves

Beheld the man you loved (I speak as one

Speaks of a service done him) overthrow

My proud self, and my purpose three

years old,

And set his foot upon me, and give

me life.

There was 1 broken down: there was

I saved: Tho' thence I rode all-shamed, hating the life

He gave me, meaning to be rid of it. And all the penance the Queen laid upon me

Was but to rest awhile within her court;
Where first as sullen as a beast new-

caged,
And waiting to be treated like a wolf,
Because I knew my deeds were

known, I found, Instead of scornful pity or pure scorn, Such fine reserve and noble reticence, Manners so kind, yet stately, such a

grace
Of tenderest courtesy, that I began
To glance behind me at my former
life.

And find that it had been the wolf's indeed:

And oft I talk'd with Dubric, the high saint,

Who, with mild heat of holy oratory, Subdued me somewhat to that gentleness, Which, when it weds with manhood,

makes a man.

And you were often there about the

Queen,
But saw me not, or mark'd not if you

Nor did I care or dare to speak with you,

But kept myself aloof till I was changed;

And fear not, cousin; I am changed indeed.'

He spoke, and Enid easily believed, Like simple noble natures, credulous Of what they long for, good in friend or foe, There most in those who most have

done them ill.

And when they reach'd the camp the

King himself Advanced to greet them, and beholding her

Tho' pale, yet happy, ask'd her not a word.

But went apart with Edyrn, whom he held In converse for a little, and return'd, And, gravely smiling, lifted her from

horse,
And kiss'd her with all pureness,
brotherlike,

And show'd an empty tent allotted her, And glancing for a minute, till he saw her

Pass into it, turn'd to the Prince, and said:

'Prince, when of late ye pray'd me for my leave To move to your own land, and there defend

Your marches, I was prick'd with some reproof, As one that let foul wrong stagnate and be,

By having look'd too much thro' alien eyes,





And wrought too long with delegated hands, Not used mine own: but now behold me come

To cleanse this common sewer of all my realm, With Edyrn and with others: have ye

look'd
At Edyrn? have ye seen how nobly changed?

This work of his is great and wonderby ful.

His very face with change of heart is
changed.

The world will not believe a man repents:

And this wise world of ours is mainly

And this wise world of ours is mainly right.

Full seldom doth a man repent, or

use Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch

Of blood and custom wholly out of him, And make all clean, and plant himself

afresh.

Edyrn has done it, weeding all his

heart
As I will weed this land before I go.
I, therefore, made him of our Table

Round, Not rashly, but have proved him

One of our noblest, our most valorous, Sanest and most obedient: and indeed This work of Edyrn wrought upon himself

After a life of violence, seems to me A thousand-fold more great and wonderful

Than if some knight of mine, risking his life, My subject with my subjects under

him, Should make an onslaught single on a realm

Of robbers, tho' he slew them one by one, And were himself nigh wounded to

the death.'

So spake the King; low bow'd the Prince, and felt

His work was neither great nor wonderful, And past to Enid's tent; and thither came

The King's own leech to look into his hurt; And Enid tended on him there: and

And Enid tended on him there; and there Her constant motion round him, and

the breath
Of her sweet tendance hovering over
him,

Fill'd all the genial courses of his blood With deeper and with ever deeper love As the south-west that blowing Bala

Fills all the sacred Dee. So past the days.

But while Geraint lay healing of his hurt, The blameless King went forth and cast his eyes

On each of all whom Uther left in charge Long since, to guard the justice of the

King:
He look'd and found them wanting;

and as now

Men weed the white horse on the

Berkshire hills

To keep him bright and clean as heretofore, He rooted out the slothful officer

Or guilty, which for bribe had wink'd at wrong, And in their chairs set up a stronger

With hearts and hands, and sent a thousand men

To till the wastes, and moving everywhere Clear'd the dark places and let in the

And broke the bandit holds and cleansed the land.

Then, when Geraint was whole again, they past With Arthur to Caerleon upon Usk. There the great Queen once more embraced her friend.





Or I or he have easily overthrown.'
'I too,' said Arthur, 'am of Arthur's
hall,
But rather proven in his Paynim wars

But rather proven in his Paynim wars Than famous jousts; but see, or proven or not,

Whether me likewise ye can overthrow.'

And Arthur lightly smote the brethren down.

down,
And lightly so return'd, and no man

Then Balin rose, and Balan, and beside
The carolling water set themselves

again, And spake no word until the shadow turn'd;

When from the fringe of coppice round them burst A spangled pursuivant, and crying

'Sirs, Rise, follow! ye be sent for by the King,' They follow'd; whom when Arthur

seeing ask'd
'Tell me your names; why sat ye by

the well?'
Balin the stillness of a minute broke
Saying 'An unmelodious name to thee,
Balin, "the Savage"—that addition

thine—
My brother and my better, this man
here,
Balan. I smote upon the naked skull

Balan. I smote upon the naked skull A thrall of thine in open hall, my hand

Was ganntleted, half slew him; for I heard He had spoken evil of me; thy just

Sent me a three-years' exile from thine eyes.

I have not lived my life delightsomely:

I have not lived my life delightsomely: For I that did that violence to thy thrall.

Had often wrought some fury on myself, Saving for Balan: those three kingless years

Have past—were wormwood-bitter to me. King, And make, as ten-times worthier to be thine Than twenty Balins, Balan knight. I have said. Not so—not all. A man of thine to-day

Methought that if we sat beside the

And hurl'd to ground what knight

well

soever spurr'd Against us, thon would'st take me

gladlier back,

Not so—not all. A man of thine to-day Abash'd us both, and brake my boast. Thy will?' Said Arthur 'Thou hast ever spoken

truth;
Thy too fierce manhood would not let thee lie.

Rise, my true knight. As children learn, be thou Wiser for falling! walk with me, and

To music with thine Order and the King.
Thy chair, a grief to all the brethren,

stands
Vacant, but thou retake it, mine again!

Thereafter, when Sir Balin enter'd hall, The Lost one Found was greeted as

in Heaven
With joy that blazed itself in wood-land wealth

Of leaf, and gayest garlandage of flowers, Along the walls and down the board:

And cup clash'd cup; they drank and some one sang, Sweet-voiced, a song of welcome,

whereupon
Their common shout in chorus, mounting, made

Those banners of twelve battles overhead Stir, as they stirr'd of old, when

Arthur's host
Proclaim'd him Victor, and the day
was won.

Then Balan added to their Order lived





A wealthier life than heretofore with these And Balin, till their embassage return'd.

'Sir King' they brought report 'we hardly found,

So bush'd about it is with gloom, the hall Of him to whom ye sent us, Pellam, once

A Christless foe of thine as ever dash'd Horse against horse; but seeing that thy realm

Hath prosper'd in the name of Christ, the King

Took, as in rival heat, to holy things; And finds himself descended from the Saint Arimathæan Joseph; him who first

Brought the great faith to Britain
over seas;
He house his life as purer than thine

He boasts his life as purer than thine own; Eats scarce enow to keep his pulse

Eats scarce enow to keep his pulse abeat; Hath push'd aside his faithful wife, nor lets

Or dame or damsel enter at his gates Lest he should be polluted. This

gray King Show'd us a shrine wherein were wonders—yea—

Rich arks with priceless bones of martyrdom, Thorns of the crown and shivers of

And therewithal (for thus he told us) brought

By holy Joseph hither, that same spear Wherewith the Roman pierced the side of Christ.

He much amazed us; after, when we sought The tribute, answer'd "I have quite

foregone
All matters of this world: Garlon,
mine heir,

Of him demand it," which this Garlon gave
With much ado, railing at thine and thee.

But when we left, in those deep woods we found A knight of thine spear-stricken from

A knight of thine spear-stricken from behind, Dead, whom we buried; more than one of us

Cried out on Garlon, but a woodman there Reported of some demon in the

woods
Was once a man, who driven by evil

From all his fellows, lived alone, and came
To learn black magic, and to hate his

kind
With such a hate, that when he died,

his soul Became a Fiend, which, as the man in life

Was wounded by blind tongues he saw not whence, Strikes from behind. This woodman

show'd the cave
From which he sallies, and wherein
he dwelt.
We saw the hoof-print of a horse, no
more.'

Then Arthur, 'Let who goes before me, see He do not fall behind me: foully slain

And villainously! who will hunt for me This demon of the woods?' Said

This demon of the woods?' Said Balan, 'I'! So claim'd the quest and rode away,

but first, 'Embracing Balin, 'Good my brother, hear!

Let not thy moods prevail, when I am
gone
Who used to lay them! hold them
outer fiends,

Who leap at thee to tear thee; shake them aside, Dreams ruling when wit sleeps! yea,

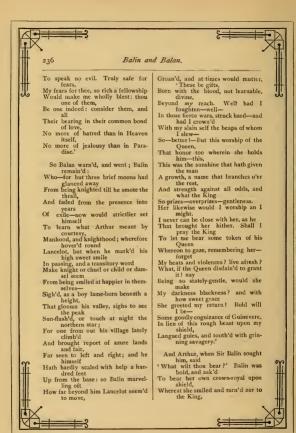
but to dream

That any of these would wrong thee,
wrongs thyself.

Witness their flowery welcome. Bound are they







Who answer'd 'Thou shalt put the crown to use. The crown is but the shadow of the

King, And this a shadow's shadow, let him have it, So this will help him of his violences!

'No shadow' said Sir Balin 'O my Queen, But light to me! no shadow, O my King

But golden earnest of a gentler life!'

So Balin bare the crown, and all

the knights
Approved him, and the Queen, and all
the world

Made music, and he felt his being move
In music with his Order, and the King.

The nightingale, full-toned in middle May,

Hath ever and anon a note so thin It seems another voice in other groves;

Thus, after some quick burst of sudden wrath,

The music in him seem'd to change,

and grow Faint and far-off.

And once he saw the thrall His passion half had gauntleted to death, That causer of his banishment and

shame, Smile at him, as he deem'd, presumptuously:

His arm half rose to strike again, but fell: The memory of that cognizance on

shield
Weighted it down, but in himself he
moan'd:

'Too high this mount of Camelot for me: These high-set courtesies are not for me. Shall I not rather prove the worse for these? Fierier and stormier from restraining, break Into some madness ev'n before the Queen?'

Thus, as a hearth lit in a mountain home,

And glancing on the window, when the gloom Of twilight deepens round it, seems a

flame
That rages in the woodland far below,
So when his moods were darken'd,
court and King

And all the kindly warmth of Arthur's hall

Shadow'd an angry distance: yet he strove
To learn the graces of their Table,

fought

Hard with himself, and seem'd at length in peace.

Then chanced, one morning, 'that Sir Balin sat Close-bower'd in that garden nigh the

hall.

A walk of roses ran from door to door;

A walk of lilies crost it to the bower: And down that range of roses the great Oneen

Came with slow steps, the morning on her face;

And all in shadow from the counter door Sir Lancelot as to meet her, then at

once,
As if he saw not, glanced aside, and paced
The long white walk of lilies toward

the bower.
Follow'd the Queen; Sir Balin heard her 'Prince,

Art thou so little loyal to thy Queen, As pass without good morrow to thy Queen?' To whom Sir Lancelot with his eyes

on earth,
'Fain would I still be loyal to the Queen.'

'Yea so' she said 'but so to pass me by—





So loyal scarce is loyal to thyself, Whom all men rate the king of courtesy.

Let be: ye stand, fair lord, as in a dream.'

Then Lancelot with his hand among the flowers 'Yea—for a dream. Last night methought I saw

That maiden Saint who stands with lily in hand In yonder shrine. All round her

In yonder shrine. All round her prest the dark, And all the light upon her silver face

Flow'd from the spiritual lily that she held.

Lo! these her emblems drew mine

eyes—away:
For see, how perfect-pure l As light
a flush

As hardly tints the blossom of the quince
Would mar their charm of stainless
maidenhood.

'Sweeter to me' she said 'this garden rose

Deep-hued and many-folded! sweeter still The wild-wood hyacinth and the bloom

of May.

Prince, we have ridd'n before among the flowers

In those fair days—not all as cool as these,
Tho' season-earlier. Art thou sad?

or sick?
Our noble King will send thee his own leech—
Sick? or for any matter anger'd at me?

Then Lancelot lifted his large eyes; they dwelt Deep-tranced on hers, and could not

fall: her hue Changed at his gaze: so turning side by side

They past, and Balin started from his bower.

'Queen? subject? but I see not what I see. Damsel and lover? hear not what I hear.

My father hath begotten me in his

wrath.
I suffer from the things before me, know,
Learn nothing; am not worthy to be

knight; A churl, a clown!' and in him gloom on gloom

on gloom
Deepen'd: he sharply caught his lance
and shield,

Nor stay'd to crave permission of the king, But, mad for strange adventure, dash'd away.

He took the selfsame track as Balan, saw

The fountain where they sat together, sigh'd

'Was I not better there with him?'
and rode
The skyless woods, but under open

blue Came on the hoarhead woodman at a

bough Wearily hewing. 'Churl, thine axe!'

he cried,

Descended, and disjointed it at a blow:
To whom the woodman ntter'd wonderingly

'Lord, thou couldst lay the Devil of these woods If arm of flesh could lay him.' Balin

'Him, or the viler devil who plays his

To lay that devil would lay the Devil in me.'
'Nay' said the churl, 'our devil is a truth.

I saw the flash of him but yestereven. And some do say that our Sir Garlon too

Hath learn'd black magic, and to ride unseen. Look to the cave.' But Balin answer'd

'Old fabier, these be fancies of the

Look to thy woodcraft,' and so leaving him,

3

THE





With earthly uses'—made him quickly dive Beneath the boughs, and race thro' many a mile

many a mile
Of dense and open, till his goodly
horse,

Arising wearily at a fallen oak,
Stumbled headlong, and cast him face
to ground.

Half-wroth he had not ended, but

all glad, Knightlike, to find his charger yet unlamed, Sir Balin drew the shield from off his

neck, Stared at the priceless cognizance, and thought

and thought
'I have shamed thee so that now thou shamest me,

Thee will I bear no more,' high on a branch Hung it, and turn'd aside into the woods,

And there in gloom cast himself all along, Moaning 'My violences, my vio-

lences!

But now the wholesome music of the wood Was dumb'd by one from out the hall

of Mark, A damsel-errant, warbling, as she rode The woodland alleys, Vivien, with her

Squire.

'The fire of Heaven has kill'd the barren cold,

And kindled all the plain and all the wold.

The new leaf ever pushes off the old. The fire of Heaven is not the flame of

Old priest, who mumble worship in

your quire—
Old monk and nun, ye scorn the
world's desire,

Yet in your frosty cells ye feel the fire!

The fire of Heaven is not the flame of Hell.

The fire of Heaven is on the dusty
ways.

The wayside blossoms open to the

The whole wood-world is one full peal of praise.

The fire of Heaven is not the flame of Hell.

The fire of Heaven is Lord of all things good, And starve not thou this fire within

thy blood,
But follow Vivien thro' the fiery flood I
The fire of Heaven is not the flame of
Hell!'

Then turning to her Squire 'This fire of Heaven,
This old sun-worship, boy, will rise again.

And beat the cross to earth, and break the King And all his Table.'

Then they reach'd a glade, Where under one long lane of cloudless air

Before another wood, the royal crown Sparkled, and swaying upon a restless elm

Drew the vague glance of Vivien, and her Squire; Amazed were these; 'Lo there' she cried—'a crown—

Borne by some high lord-prince of Arthur's hall, And there a horse! the rider? where

is he? See, yonder lies one dead within the wood.

Not dead; he stirs!—but sleeping. I will speak. Hail, royal knight, we break on thy

sweet rest,
Not, doubtless, all unearn'd by noble
deeds.

But bounden art thou, if from Arthur's hall, To help the weak. Behold, I fly from

shame, A lustful King, who sought to win my love





s e k Thro' evil ways: the knight, with whom I rode. Hath suffer'd misadventure, and my

squire Hath in him small defence; but thou, Sir Prince,

Wilt surely guide me to the warrior King, Arthur the blameless, pure as any

maid.

To get me shelter for my maidenhood. I charge thee by that crown upon thy shield, And by the great Queen's name, arise

and hence. And Balin rose, 'Thither no more!

nor Prince Nor knight am I, but one that hath defamed

The cognizance she gave me: here I dwell

Savage among the savage woods, here die-Die: let the wolves' black maws en-

sepulchre Their brother beast, whose anger was

his lord O me, that such a name as Guinevere's, Which our high Lancelot hath so lifted up.

And been thereby uplifted, should thro' me, My violence, and my villainy, come to shame.'

Thereat she suddenly laugh'd and shrill, anon Sigh'd all as suddenly. Said Balin to her 'Is this thy courtesy-to mock me, ha?

Hence, for I will not with thee.' Again she sigh'd 'Pardon, sweet lord! we maidens often laugh

When sick at heart, when rather we should weep. I knew thee wrong'd. I brake upon

thy rest, And now full loth am I to break thy

But thou art man, and canst abide a truth.

Tho' bitter. Hither, boy-and mark me well. Dost thou remember at Caerleon

once-A year ago-nay, then I love thee not-Ay, thou rememberest well-one summer dawn-

By the great tower—Caerleon upon Nay, truly we were hidden: this fair

lord. The flower of all their vestal knight-

hood, knelt homage-knelt-what amorous else?—O ay

Knelt, and drew down from out his night-black hair And mumbled that white hand whose

ring'd caress Had wander'd from her own King's

golden head, And lost itself in darkness, till she cried-

I thought the great tower would crash down on both-

"Rise, my sweet King, and kiss me on the lips Thou art my King." This lad, whose

lightest word Is mere white truth in simple nakedness Saw them embrace: he reddens, can-

not speak, So bashful, he! but all the maiden Saints,

The deathless mother-maidenhood of Heaven Cry out upon her. Up then, ride with me!

Talk not of shame! thou canst not, an thou would'st, Do these more shame than these have done themselves.'

She lied with ease; but horrorstricken he. Remembering that dark bower at Camelot,

Breathed in a dismal whisper 'It is truth.'

Sunnily she smiled 'And even in this lone wood,







Sweet lord, ye do right well to whisper this.

Fools prate, and perish traitors.
Woods have tongues,
As walls have ears: but thou shalt go
with me

with me,
And we will speak at first exceeding low.

Meet is it the good King be not deceived.

See now, I set thee high on vantage ground,

From whence to watch the time, and eagle-like Stoop at thy will on Lancelot and the Oueen."

She ceased; his evil spirit upon him leapt,

He ground his teeth together, sprang with a yell,

Tore from the branch, and cast on earth, the shield.

earth, the shield,
Drove his mail'd heel athwart the
royal crown,

Stampt all into defacement, hurl'd it from him Among the forest weeds, and cursed

the tale,
The told-of, and the teller.

That weird vell.

Unearthlier than all shriek of bird or beast, Thrill'd thro' the woods; and Balan lurking there

(His quest was unaccomplish'd) heard and thought

'The scream of that Wood-devil I came to quel!!' Then nearing 'Lo! he hath slain some

brother-knight,
And tramples on the goodly shield to
show
His loathing of our Order and the

Queen.
My quest, meseems, is here. Or devil
or man

Guard thou thine head.' Sir Balin spake not word, But snatch'd a sudden buckler from the Squire, And vaulted on his horse, and so they crash'd
In onset, and King Pellam's holy spear,
Reputed to be red with sinless blood.

Redden'd at once with sinful, for the point Across the maiden shield of Balan prick'd

prick'd The hauberk to the flesh; and Balin's horse

Was wearied to the death, and, when they clash'd, Rolling back upon Balin, crush'd the

man
Inward, and either fell, and swoon'd
away.

Then to her Squire mutter'd the damsel 'Fools! This fellow hath wrought some foulness with his Queen: Else never had he borne her crown,

nor raved.
And thus foam'd over at a rival name:

But thou, Sir Chick, that scarce hast broken shell,

Art yet half-yolk, not even come to down— Who never sawest Caerleon upon Usk—

And yet hast often pleaded for my love—
See what I see, be thou where I have been.

Or else Sir Chick—dismount and loose their casques I fain would know what manner of men they be.'

men they be.'

And when the Squire had loosed them, 'Goodly !—look!

They might have cropt the myriad

flower of May,
And butt each other here, like brain-

Dead for one heifer!'

Then the gentle Squire
'I hold them happy, so they died for
love:
And, Vivien, tho' ye beat me like your
dog,





I too could die, as now I live, for thee.

'Live on, Sir Boy,' she cried. 'I better prize The living dog than the dead lion: I cannot brook to gaze upon the dead.

Then leapt her palfrey o'er the fallen oak, And bounding forward 'Leave them to the wolves.

But when their foreheads felt the cooling air. Balin first woke, and seeing that true

face. Familiar up from cradle-time, so wan, Crawl'd slowly with low moans to

where he lay, And on his dying brother cast him-

Dying; and he lifted faint eyes; he One near him; all at once they found the world,

Staring wild-wide; then with a childlike wail, And drawing down the dim disastrons That o'er him hung, he kiss'd it, moan'd and spake ;

'O Balin, Balin, I that fain had died To save thy life, have brought thee to thy death.

Why had ve not the shield I knew? and why Trampled ye thus on that which bare the Crown?

Then Balin told him brokenly, and in gasps, All that had chanced, and Balan moan'd again.

'Brother, I dwelt a day in Pellam's This Garlon mock'd me, but I heeded not.

And one said " Eat in peace! a liar is he And hates thee for the tribute!" this

good knight Told me, that twice a wanton damsel came

And sought for Garlon at the castle-Whom Pellam drove away with holy

heat. I well believe this damsel, and the

Who stood beside thee even now, the same

"She dwells among the woods" he said " and meets And dallies with him in the Mouth of

Foul are their lives; foul are their lips; they lied.

Pure as our own true Mother is our Queen.'

'O brother' answer'd Balin 'woe is My madness all thy life has been thy doons. Thy curse, and darken'd all thy day; and now

The night has come. I scarce can see thee now. Goodnight! for we shall never bid

again Goodmorrow-Dark my doom was here, and dark

It will be there. I see thee now no more. I would not mine again should darken thine.

Goodnight, true brother.'

'Goodnight, true brother here! goodmorrow there! We two were born together, and we

Together by one doom:' and while he spoke

Closed his death-drowsing eyes, and slept the sleep With Balin, either lock'd in either's arms.



Balan answer'd low



"MAN FOR THE FIELD AND WOMAN FOR THE HEARTH." -Page 71.



MERLIN AND VIVIEN.

A STORM was coming, but the winds were still, And in the wild woods of Broce-

liande, Before an oak, so hollow, huge and old It look'd a tower of ivied masonwork,

At Merlin's feet the wily Vivien lay.

For he that always bare in bitter
grudge

The slights of Arthur and his Table, Mark The Cornish King, had heard a wan-

dering voice,
A minstrel of Caerleon by strong
storm

Blown into shelter at Tintagil, say That out of naked knightlike purity Sir Lancelot worshipt no unmarried girl

But the great Queen herself, fought in her name, Sware by her-vows like theirs, that

high in heaven Love most, but neither marry, nor are given

In marriage, angels of our Lord's report.

He ceased, and then—for Vivien sweetly said (She sat beside the banquet nearest Mark), 'And is the fair example follow'd,

In Arthur's household?'—answer'd innocently:

'Ay, by some few—ay, truly—youths that hold It more beseems the perfect virgin

knight
To worship woman as true wife beyoud
All hopes of gaining, than as maiden

girl.

They place their pride in Lancelot and the Queen.

So passionate for an utter purity

Beyond the limit of their bond, are these,
For Arthur bound them not to singleness.
Brave hearts and clean! and yet—
God guide them—young.

Then Mark was half in heart to hurl his cup Straight at the speaker, but forebore;

To leave the hall, and, Vivien following him,

Turu'd to her: 'Here are snakes within the grass; And you methinks, O Vivien, save ye fear The monkish manhood, and the mask

of pure

Worn by this court, can stir them till
they sting.'

And Vivien answer'd, smiling scornfully,
'Why fear? because that foster'd at

thy court
I savor of thy—virtues? fear them?
uo.
As Love, if Love be perfect, casts out

fear,
So Hate, if Hate be perfect, casts out
fear.

My father died in battle against the King,
My mother on his corpse in open field;
She bore me there, for born from

death was I
Among the dead and sown upon the
wind—

And then on thee! and shown the truth betimes, That old true filth, and bottom of the

well, Where Truth is hidden. Gracious lessous thine And maxims of the mud! "This

Arthur pure!
Great Nature thro' the flesh herself hath made

hath made
Gives him the lie! There is no being
pure,
My cherub: saith not Holy Writ the

My cherub; saith not Holy Writ the same?"—





If I were Arthur, I would have thy blood. Thy blessing, stainless King! I bring

thee back,
When I have ferreted out their bur-

The hearts of all this Order in mine hand—

Ay—so that fate and craft and folly close, Perchance, one curl of Arthur's golden

beard.
To me this narrow grizzled fork of thine

Is cleaner-fashion'd—Well, I loved thee first, That warps the wit.'

Loud laugh'd the graceless Mark. But Vivien, into Camelot stealing, lodged

Low in the city, and on a festal day When Guinevere was crossing the great hall

Cast herself down, knelt to the Queen, and wail'd.

'Why kneel ye there? What evil have ye wrought? Rise!' and the damsel bidden rise

And stood with folded hands and downward eyes

Of glancing corner, and all meekly said, 'None wrought, but suffer'd much, an

orphan maid!
My father died in battle for thy
King,

My mother on his corpse—in open field,

The sad sea-sounding wastes of Lyonesse—
Poor wretch—no friend!—and now by Mark the King

For that small charm of feature mine, pursued—

If any such be mine—I fly to thee. Save, save me thou—Woman of women—thine

The wreath of beauty, thine the crown of power,

Be thine the balm of pity, O Heaven's own white Earth-angel, stainless bride of stainless King—

Help, for he follows! take me to thyself!

O yield me shelter for mine innocency

O yield me shelter for mine innocency Among thy maidens 1'

Here her slow sweet eyes Fear-tremulous, but humbly hopeful, rose

Fixt on her hearer's, while the Queen who stood All glittering like May sunshine on

May leaves
In green and gold, and plumed with
green replied,

'Peace, child! of overpraise and overblame

We choose the last. Our noble Arthur, him Ye scarce can overpraise, will hear

and know.

Nay—we believe all evil of thy

Mark—

Well, we shall test thee farther; but this hour We ride a-hawking with Sir Lancelot.

He hath given us a fair falcon which he train'd; We go to prove it. Bide ye here the while.'

She past; and Vivien murmur'd after 'Go! I bide the while.' Then thro' the por-

tal-arch
Peering askance, and muttering brokenwise,

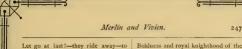
As one that labors with an evil dream, Beheld the Queen and Lancelot get to horse.

'Is that the Lancelot? goodly—ay, but gaunt: Courteous—amends for gauntness—

Courteous—amends for gauntness—
takes her hand—
That glance of theirs, but for the
street, had been

A clinging kiss—how hand lingers in hand!





hawk waterfowl. Royaller game is

mine. For such a supersensual sensual bond As that gray cricket chirpt of at our

hearth-Touch flax with flame-a glance will serve-the liars!

Ah little rat that borest in the dyke Thy hole by night to let the boundless deep

Down upon far-off cities while they dance-Or dream-of thee they dream'd not-

nor of me These-ay, but each of either: ride, and dream

The mortal dream that never yet was mine-

Ride, ride and dream until ye waketo me! Then, narrow court and lubber King,

farewell For Lancelot will be gracious to the rat.

And our wise Oueen, if knowing that I know,

Will hate, loathe, fear-but honor me the more.

Yet while they rode together down the plain, Their talk was all of training, terms of art,

Diet and seeling, jesses, leash and lure. 'She is too noble 'he said 'to check

at pies, Nor will she rake: there is no base-

ness in her. Here when the Queen demanded as by chance ye the stranger woman?'

Let her be, Said Lancelot and unhooded casting

The goodly falcon free; she tower'd; her bells, Tone under tone, shrill'd, and they

lifted up Their eager faces, wondering at the strength,

Who pounced her quarry and slew it. Many a time As once-of old-among the flowers-

they rode.

But Vivien half-forgotten of the Queen Among her damsels broidering sat,

heard, watch'd And whisper'd: thro' the peaceful court she crept

And whisper'd: then as Arthur in the highest

Leaven'd the world, so Vivien in the lowest.

Arriving at a time of golden rest, And sowing one ill hint from ear to ear

While all the heathen lay at Arthur's feet. And no quest came, but all was joust

and play, Leaven'd his hall. They heard and let her be.

Thereafter as an enemy that has Death in the living waters, and withdrawn. The wilv Vivien stole from Arthur's court.

She hated all the knights, and heard in thought Their lavish comment when her name

was named. For once, when Arthur walking all alone, Vext at a rumor issued from her-

Of some corruption crept among his knights,

Had met her, Vivien, being greeted fair, Would fain have wrought upon his

cloudy mood With reverent eyes mock-loyal, shaken voice.

And flutter'd adoration, and at last With dark sweet hints of some who prized him more





Than who should prize him most; at which the King Had gazed upon her blankly and gone

by:
But one had watch'd, and had not held
his peace:

It made the laughter of an afternoon That Vivien should attempt the blame-

That Vivien should attempt the blameless King. And after that, she set herself to gain

Him, the most famous man of all those times, Merlin, who knew the range of all

Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts, Had built the King his havens, ships,

and halls,
Was also Bard, and knew the starry
heavens:

The people call'd him Wizard; whom at first She play'd about with slight and

sprightly talk,
And vivid smiles, and faintly-venom'd

points
Of slander, glancing here and grazing

And yielding to his kindlier moods, the Seer

Would watch her at her petulance, and play,

Ev'n when they seem'd unloveable, and laugh As those that watch a kitten; thus he

grew
Tolerant of what he half disdain'd,
and she,
Perceiving that she was but half dis-

dain'd, Began to break her sports with graver fits,

Turn red or pale, would often when they met Sigh fully, or all-silent gaze upon him With such a fixt devotion, that the old

man,
Tho' doubtful, felt the flattery, and at

Would flatter his own wish in age for love,
And half believe her true: for thus at

times He waver'd; but that other clung to him, Fixt in her will, and so the seasons went.

Then fell on Merlin a great melancholy; He walk'd with dreams and darkness.

A doom that ever poised itself to

An ever-moaning battle in the mist, World-war of dying flesh against the life,

Death in all life and lying in all love, The meanest having power upon the

highest,
And the high purpose broken by the worm.

So leaving Arthur's court he gain'd the beach;

There found a little boat, and stept into it;

And Vivien follow'd but he mark'd

And Vivien follow'd, but he mark'd her not. She took the helm and he the sail:

the boat Drave with a sudden wind across the

deeps,
And touching Breton sands, they dis-

And then she follow'd Merlin all the way,

Ev'n to the wild woods of Broceliande. For Merlin once had told her of a charm,

The which if any wrought on anyone With woven paces and with waving arms, The man so wrought on ever seem'd

to lie
Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower,

From which was no escape for evermore;

And none could find that man for evermore, Nor could he see but him who wrought

the charm
Coming and going, and he lay as dead

And lost to life and use and name and fame.

And Vivien ever sought to work the

And Vivien ever sought to work the



But such a silence is more wise than And Merlin lock'd his hand in hers and said: 'O did ye never lie upon the shore,

are wise,

kind.

And watch the curl'd white of the coming wave Glass'd in the slippery sand before it breaks?

Ev'n such a wave, but not so pleasurable, Dark in the glass of some presageful

mood, Had I for three days seen, ready to fall. And then I rose and fled from Arthur's

To break the mood. You follow'd me unask'd: And when I look'd, and saw you

following still,

I ever fear'd ve were not wholly mine : And see, yourself have own'd ye did me wrong.

The people call you prophet: let it be: But not of those that can expound themselves. Take Vivien for expounder: she will

call That three-days-long presageful gloom of yours

No presage, but the same mistrustful mood

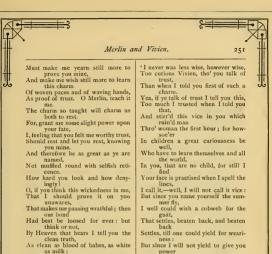
That makes you seem less noble than yourself, Whenever I have ask'd this very boon,

Now ask'd again: for see you not, dear love. That such a mood as that, which lately

gloom'd Your fancy when ye saw me following

you, Must make me fear still more you are not mine.





as milk:

O Merlin, may this earth, if ever I,

If these unwith wandering wits of
mine,
Ev'n in the jumbled rubbish of a
dream,

Have tript on such conjectural treacheer_-

May this hard earth cleave to the Nadir hell Down, down, and close again, and nip me flat, If I be such a traitress. Yield my

boon,
Till which I scare can yield you all I

And grant my re-reiterated wish, The great proof of your love: because I think,

However wise, ye hardly know me yet.'

And Merlin loosed his hand from

And Merlin loosed his hand from hers and said, And Vivien, like the tenderesthearted maid That ever bided tryst at village stile, Made answer, either eyelid wet with tears: 'Nay, Master, be not wrathful with your maid;

Upon my life and use and name and

Why will ye never ask some other

Yea, by God's rood, I trusted you too

fame,

boon?

much.

Caress her: let her feel herself forgiven
Who feels no heart to ask another boon.
I think we hardly know the tender

rhyme Of "trust me not at all or all in





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I heard the great Sir Lancelot sing it once, And it shall answer for me. Listen to it.

"In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours, Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers: Unfaith in aught is want of faith in

"It is the little rift within the lute, That by and by will make the music

mute, And ever widening slowly silence all.

"The little rift within the lover's lute

Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit, That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

"It is not worth the keeping: let it But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no. And trust me not at all or all in all." O Master, do ye love my tender rhyme?'

And Merlin look'd and half believed her true, So tender was her voice, so fair her face,

So sweetly gleam'd her eyes behind her tears Like sunlight on the plain behind a shower:

And yet he answer'd half indignantly:

'Far other was the song that once I heard By this huge oak, sung nearly where

we sit:
For here we met, some ten or twelve
of us,
To chase a creature that was current

then
In these wild woods, the hart with
golden horns.

It was the time when first the question rose About the founding of a Table Round,

That was to be, for love of God and men And noble deeds, the flower of all the

world.

And each incited each to noble

deeds.

And while we waited, one, the youngest of us.

We could not keep him silent, out he flash'd,

And into such a song, such fire for fame, Such trumpet-blowings in it, coming

down
To such a stern and iron-clashing close,

That when he stopt we long'd to hurl together,

And should have done it; but the beauteous beast Scared by the noice upstarted at our

And like a silver shadow slipt away Thro' the dim land; and all day long we rode

Thro' the dim land against a rushing wind,

That glorious roundel echoing in our ears,

And chased the flashes of his golden

horns Until they vanish'd by the fairy well That laughs at iron—as our warriors

Where children cast their pins and nails, and cry, "Laugh, little well!" but touch it

with a sword,
It buzzes fiercely round the point, and
there

We lost him: such a noble song was that. But, Vivien, when you sang me that

sweet rhyme,
I felt as tho' you knew this cursed

Were proving it on me, and that I

And felt them slowly ebbing, name and fame.'



And Vivien answer'd smiling mournfully : O mine have ebb'd away for evermore

And all thro' following you to this wild wood. Because I saw you sad, to comfort

Lo now, what hearts have men! they never mount

As high as woman in her selfless mood. And touching fame, howe'er ve scorn

my song, Take one verse more-the lady speaks it-this:

" My name, once mine, now thine, is closelier mine,
For fame, could fame be mine, that fame were thine.

And shame, could shame be thine, that shame were mine. So trust me not at all or all in all."

'Says she not well? and there is more-this rhyme Is like the fair pearl-necklace of the

Oneen. That burst in dancing, and the pearls were spilt;

Some lost, some stolen, some as relics kept. But nevermore the same two sister

pearls Ran down the silken thread to kiss

each other On her white neck-so is it with this rhyme:

It lives dispersedly in many hands, And every minstrel sings it differ-

Yet is there one true line, the pearl of pearls: "Man dreams of Fame while woman

wakes to lov Yea! Love, tho' Love were of the grossest, carves

A portion from the solid present, eats And uses, careless of the rest; but Fame, The Fame that follows death is

nothing to us;

And what Is Fame in life but halfdisfame And counterchanged with darkness? ve vourself Know well that Envy calls you Devil's son.

And since ve seem the Master of all They fain would make you Master of all vice.

And Merlin lock'd his hand in hers and said. 'I once was looking for a magic weed.

And found a fair young squire who sat alone. Had carved himself a knightly shield

of wood. And then was painting on it fancied arms

Azure, an Eagle rising or, the Sun In dexter chief; the scroll " I follow fame.

And speaking not, but leaning over I took his brush and blotted out the

And made a Gardener putting in a graff, With this for motto, "Rather use

than fame." You should have seen him blush: but afterwards He made a stalwart knight. O Viv-

For you, methinks you think you love me well; For me, I love you somewhat; rest;

and Love Should have some rest and pleasure

in himself, Not ever be too curious for a hoon, Too prurient for a proof against the

Of him ye say ye love: but Fame with men,

Being but ampler means to serve mankind, Should have small rest or pleasure in herself.

But work as vassal to the larger love.



That dwarfs the petty love of one to one. Use gave me Fame at first, and Fame

again
Increasing gave me use. Lo, there
my boon!

What other? for men sought to prove me vile, Because I fain had given them greater

wits: And then did Envy call me Devil's son: The sick weak beast seeking to help

By striking at her better, miss'd, and brought Her own claw back, and wounded

her own heart.
Sweet were the days when I was all unknown.

But when my name was lifted up, the storm Brake on the mountain and I cared

not for it. Right well know I that Fame is half-

disfame, Yet needs must work my work. That other fame,

To one at least, who hath not children, vague,
The cackle of the unborn about the

The cackle of the unborn about the grave,
I cared not for it: a single misty

star, Which is the second in a line of stars That seem a sword beneath a belt of three,

I never gazed upon it but I dreamt
Of some vast charm concluded in
that star

To make fame nothing. Wherefore, if I fear,

Giving you power upon me thro' this charm, That you might play me falsely, hav-

That you might play me falsely, having power, However well ye think ye love me now

(As sons of kings loving in pupilage Have turn'd to tyrants when they came to power) I rather dread the loss of use than

fame;

If you—and not so much from wickedness,
As some wild turn of anger, or a

mood
Of overstrain'd affection, it may be,

To keep me all to your own self,—or else

A sudden spurt of woman's jeal-

ousy,—
Should try this charm on whom ye say ye love.

And Vivien answer'd smiling as in wrath.
'Have I not sworn? I am not trusted.

Good! Well, hide it, hide it; I shall find it out; And being found take heed of Vivien.

A woman and not trusted, doubtless I Might feel some sudden turn of anger

born Of your misfaith; and your fine epithet

Is accurate too, for this full love of mine
Without the full heart back may

Without the full heart back may merit well Your term of overstrain'd. So used as L

My daily wonder is, I love at all.

And as to woman's jealousy, O why

O to what end, except a jealous one, And one to make me jealous if I love, Was this fair charm invented by your-

self?
I well believe that all about this world
Ye cage a buxom captive here and there.

there, Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower

From which is no escape for evermore.'

Then the great Master merrily answer'd her: 'Full many a love in loving youth was mine;

mine;
I needed then no charm to keep them
mine



With those fine eyes: she had her pleasure in it And made her good man jealous with And lived there neither dame nor

damsel then Wroth at a lover's loss? were all

as tame. I mean, as noble, as their Queen was fair?

Not one to flirt a venom at her eves, Or pinch a murderous dust into her drink.

Or make her paler with a poison'd rose? Well, those were not our days: but

did they find A wizard? Tell me, was he like to thee?'

She ceased, and made her lithe arm round his neck Tighten, and then drew back, and let her eves

Speak for her, glowing on him, like a bride's On her new lord, her own, the first of

men.

He answer'd laughing, 'Nay, not like to me.

At last they found-his foragers for charms A little glassy-headed hairless man,

Who lived alone in a great wild on grass; Read but one book, and ever reading

grew So grated down and filed away with

thought, So lean his eyes were monstrous;

while the skin Clung but to crate and basket, ribs and spine.

And since he kept his mind on one sole aim, Nor ever touch'd fierce wine, nor tasted flesh,

Nor own'd a sensual wish, to him the wall That sunders ghosts and shadow-

casting men

Became a crystal, and he saw them thro' it And heard their voices talk behind. the wall

And learnt their elemental secrets, powers And forces; often o'er the sun's bright

Drew the vast evelid of an inky

cloud. And lash'd it at the base with slanting Or in the noon of mist and driving

rain, When the lake whiten'd and the pine-

wood roar'd, And the cairn'd mountain was a shadow, sunn'd

The world to peace again: here was the man. And so by force they dragg'd him to

the King. And then he taught the King to charm

the Queen In such-wise, that no man could see her more,

Nor saw she save the King, who wrought the charm, Coming and going, and she lay as

dead. And lost all use of life: but when the King Made proffer of the league of golden

mines. The province with a hundred miles of

coast, The palace and the princess, that old man Went back to his old wild, and lived

on grass, And vanished, and his book came down to me.

And Vivien answer'd smiling saucily: 'Ye have the book: the charm is written in it: Good: take my counsel: let me know

it at once: For keep it like a puzzle chest in chest

With each chest lock'd and padlock'd thirty-fold,



And whelm all this beneath as vast a mound As after a furious battle turfs the slain

On some wild down above the windy deep,

I yet should strike upon a sudden means

To dig, pick, open, find and read the charm:
Then, if I tried it, who should blame me then?

And smiling as a master smiles at one
That is not of his school, nor any school

But that where blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments, unashan.ed,

ashan.ed, On all things all day long, he answer'd her:

'Thou read the book, my pretty Vivien! O ay, it is but twenty pages long, But every page having an ample

marge,
And every marge enclosing in the

Midst
A square of text that looks a little blot,
The text no larger than the limbs of

fleas;
And every square of text an awful charm,
Writ in a language that has long gone

by.
So long, that mountains have arisen since
With cities on their flanks—thou read

with cities on their flanks—thou read the book! And every margin scribbled, crost, and craimm'd

With comment, densest condensation, hard To mind and eye; but the long sleep-

less nights

Of my long life have made it easy to me.

me.
And none can read the text, not even

And none can read the comment but myself; And in the comment did I find the

And in the comment did I find the charm.

O, the results are simple; a mere child Might use it to the harm of anyone,

And never could undo it: ask no more: For tho' you should not prove it upon me,

But keep that oath ye sware, ye might, perchance, Assay it on some one of the Table Round.

Round,
And all because ye dream they babble
of you.'

And Vivien, frowning in true anger, said:

'What dare the full-fed liars say of me? They ride abroad redressing human

Wrongs!

They sit with knife in meat and wine

in horn!
They bound to holy vows of chastity!
Were I not woman, I could tell a tale.
But you are man, you well can understand

The shame that cannot be explain'd for shame.

Not one of all the drove should touch me: swine!'

Then answer'd Merlin careless of her words:
'You breathe but accusation vast and vague,
Spleen-born, I think, and proofless. If

ye know,
Set up the charge ye know, to stand or
fall!'

And Vivien answer'd frowning wrathfully: 'O ay, what say ye to Sir Valence, him

Whose kinsman left him watcher o'er his wife And two fair babes, and went to distant lands;

Was one year gone, and on returning found

Not two but three? there lay the reck ling, one





And darkling felt the sculptured orna-

That wreathen round it made it seem

ment

his own:

For, look upon his face !- but it he

The sin that practice burns into the

sinn'd

blood

And not the one dark hour which brings remorse, Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be:

Or else were he, the holy king, whose hymns Are chanted in the minster, worse than

But is your spleen froth'd out, or have ye more?'

And Vivien answer'd frowning vet in wrath : 'O ay; what say ye to Sir Lancelot, Traitor or true? that commerce with

the Queen, I ask you, is it clamor'd by the child,

Or whisper'd in the corner do ye know it?"

To which he answer'd sadly, 'yea, I know it.

Sir Lancelot went ambassador, at first, To fetch her, and she watch'd him from her walls. A rumor runs, she took him for the King,

So fixt her fancy on him: let them be. But have ye no one word of loyal For Arthur, blameless King and stainless man?'

She answer'd with a low and chuckling laugh:
'Man! is he man at all, who knows and winks?

Sees what his fair bride is and does, and winks? By which the good King means to

blind himself. And blinds himself and all the Table Round

To all the foulness that they work. Myself Could call him (were it not for woman-

hood) The pretty, popular name such manhood earns.

Could call him the main cause of all their crime:

Yea, were he not crown'd King, coward, and fool.

Then Merlin to his own heart, loathing, said: 'O true and tender! O my liege and

King! O selfless man and stainless gentle-

man Who wouldst against thine own evewitness fain

Have all men true and leal, all women pure: How, in the mouths of base interpre-

From over-fineness not intelligible To things with every sense as false and

As the poach'd filth that floods the middle street.

Is thy white blamelessness accounted blame!

But Vivien, deeming Merlin overborne By instance, recommenced, and let her

tongue Rage like a fire among the noblest

names. Polluting, and imputing her whole self, Defaming and defacing, till she left Not even Lancelot brave, nor Galahad clean.

Her words had issue other than she will He dragg'd his eyebrow bushes down, and made

A snowy penthouse for his hollow And mutter'd in himself, 'Tell her the

charm! So, if she had it, would she rail on me To snare the next, and if she have it not

So will she rail. What did the wanton sav? "Not mount as high:" we scarce can sink as low

For men at most differ as Heaven and earth,

But women, worst and best, as Heaven





l know the Table Round, my friends of old;

All brave, and many generous, and some chaste.

She cloaks the scar of some repulse

I well believe she tempted them and fail'd, Being so bitter: for fine plots may fail.

Being so bitter: for fine plots may fail, Tho' harlots paint their talk as well as face

With colors of the heart that are not theirs. I will not let her know: nine tithes

of times
Face-flatterer and backbiter are the same.

And they, sweet soul, that most impute a crime Are pronest to it, and impute them-

Selves,
Wanting the mental range; or low desire

Not to feel lowest makes them level all;

Yea, they would pare the mountain to the plain, To leave an equal baseness; and in

this Are harlots like the crowd, that if they find

Some stain or blemish in a name of note, Not grieving that their greatest are so

small, Inflate themselves with some insane delight, And judge all nature from her feet of

clay, Without the will to lift their eyes, and see Her godlike head crown'd with spir-

itual fire,
And touching other worlds. I am
weary of her.'

He spoke in words part heard, in whispers part, Half-suffocated in the hoary fell And many-winter'd fleece of throat and chin.

But Vivien, gathering somewhat of his mood, And hearing 'harlot' mutter'd twice or thrice, Leapt from her session on his lap, and stood

Stiff as a viper frozen; loathsome sight, How from the rosy lips of life and

love,
Flash'd the bare-grinning skeleton of

death! White was her cheek; sharp breaths of anger puff'd

Her fairy nostril out; her hand halfclench'd Went faltering sideways downward to her belt.

And feeling; had she found a dagger there

(For in a wink the false love turns to hate)
She would have stabb'd him; but she found it not:

His eye was calm, and suddenly she took

To bitter weeping like a beaten child,

To bitter weeping like a beaten child, A long, long weeping, not consolable. Then her false voice made way, broken with sobs:

'O crneller than was ever told in tale, Or sung in song! O vainly lavish'd love!

O cruel, there was nothing wild or strange, Or seeming shameful—for what shame

in love,
So love be true, and not as yours is—
nothing
Poor Vivien had not done to win his

trust
Who call'd her what he call'd her—
all her crime,
All—all—the wish to prove him

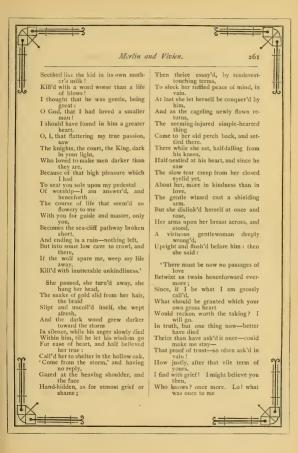
wholly hers.

She mused a little, and then clapt her hands

Together with a wailing shrick, and said:
'Stabb'd through the heart's affections to the heart!







Mere matter of the fancy, now hath grown

The vast necessity of heart and life. Farewell; think gently of me, for I

My fate or folly, passing gayer youth For one so old, must be to love thee still.

But ere I leave thee let me swear once more

That if I schemed against thy peace in this,

May yon just heaven, that darkens o'er me, send One flash, that, missing all things else,

may make

My scheming brain a cinder, if I lie.

Scarce had she ceased, when out of heaven a bolt

(For now the storm was close above them) struck, Furrowing a giant oak, and javelining

With darted spikes and splinters of the wood The dark earth round. He raised his

eyes and saw
The tree that shone white-listed thro'

the gloom. But Vivien, fearing heaven had heard her oath.

And dazzled by the livid-flickering fork,

And deafen'd with the stammering cracks and claps

That follow'd, flying back and crying out,
'O Merlin, tho' you do not love me,

save, Yet save me!' clung to him and

hugg'd him close; And call'd him dear protector in her fright,

Nor yet forgot her practice in her fright,

But wrought upon his mood and hugg'd him close. The pale blood of the wizard at her

Took gayer colors, like an opal warm'd.

She blamed herself for telling hearsay tales:

She shook from fear, and for her fault she wept Of petulancy; she call'd him lord and

liege,

Her seer, her bard, her silver star of
eve,

Her God, her Merlin, the one passionate love

Of her whole life; and ever overhead Bellow'd the tempest, and the rotten branch

Snapt in the rushing of the river-rain Above them; and in change of glare and gloom

Her eyes and neck glittering went and came;
Till now the storm, its burst of passion

spent, Moaning and calling out of other lands.

Had left the ravaged woodland yet once more

To peace; and what should not have been had been, For Merlin, overtalk'd and overworn, Had yielded, told her all the charm,

and slept.

Then, in one moment, she put forth

the charm Of woven paces and of waving hands,

And in the hollow oak he lay as dead, And lost to life and use and name and fame.

Then crying 'I have made his glory mine,' And shricking out 'O fool!' the har-

lot leapt
Adown the forest, and the thicket
closed

Behind her, and the forest echo'd:
'fool.'

LANCELOT AND ELAINE.

ELAINE the fair, Elaine the loveable, Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat, High in her chamber up a tower tothe east

Guarded the sacred shield of Lancelot;



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Might strike it, and awake her with

the gleam; Then fearing rust or soilure fashion'd for it

A case of silk, and braided therennon

All the devices blazon'd on the shield In their own tinct, and added, of her wit,

A border fantasy of branch and flower. And vellow-throated nestling in the nest

Nor rested thus content, but day by day, Leaving her household and good

father, climb'd eastern tower, and entering barr'd her door.

Stript off the case, and read the naked

Now guess'd a hidden meaning in his arms, Now made a pretty history to herself

Of every dint a sword had beaten in it, And every scratch a lance had made

upon it, Conjecturing when and where: this cut is fresh :

That ten years back; this dealt him at Caerlyle:

That at Caerleon; this at Camelot: And ah God's mercy, what a stroke was there! And here a thrust that might have

kill'd, but God Broke the strong lance, and roll'd his enemy down. And saved him: so she lived in fan-

How came the lily maid by that good shield Of Lancelot, she that knew not ev'n

his name? He left it with her, when he rode to For the great diamond in the diamond

jousts Which Arthur had ordain'd, and by that name

Had named them, since a diamond

Arthur, long before they crown'd him King Roving the trackless realms of Lyonnesse,

Had found a glen, gray boulder and black tarn. A horror lived about the tarn, and

clave Like its own mists to all the mountain side:

For here two brothers, one a king, had met And fought together; but their names

were lost; And each had slain his brother at a

blow And down they fell and made the glen And there they lay till all their bones

were bleach'd, And lichen'd into color with the crags:

And he, that once was king, had on a crown Of diamonds, one in front, and four aside.

And Arthur came, and laboring up the pass, All in a misty moonshine, unawares

Had trodden that crown'd skeleton, and the skull Brake from the nape, and from the

skull the crown Roll'd into light, and turning on its rims Fled like a glittering rivulet to the

tarn: And down the shingly scaur he plunged, and caught, And set it on his head, and in his

heart Heard murmurs, 'Lo, thou likewise shalt be King.'

Thereafter, when a King, he had the gems Pluck'd from the crown, and show'd them to his knights,

Saying, 'These jewels, whereupon I





Divinely, are the kingdom's, not the King's-

For public use: henceforward let Once every year, a joust for one of

For so by nine years' proof we needs must learn

Which is our mightiest, and ourselves shall grow In use of arms and manhood, till we

drive The heathen, who, some say, shall rule the land

Hereafter, which God hinder.' Thus he spoke:

And eight years past, eight jousts had been, and still Had Lancelot won the diamond of

the year, With purpose to present them to the

When all were won; but meaning all at once To snare her royal fancy with a

boon Worth half her realm, had never spoken word.

Now for the central diamond and the last And largest, Arthur, holding then his

Hard on the river nigh the place which now

Is this world's hugest, let proclaim a At Camelot, and when the time drew

Spake (for she had been sick) to Guinevere, 'Are you so sick, my Queen, you can-

not move To these fair jousts?' 'Yea, lord,' she said, 'ye know it.'

'Then will ye miss,' he answer'd, 'the great deeds Of Lancelot, and his prowess in the

A sight ye love to look on.' And the

Queen her eyes, and they dwelt On Lancelot, where he stood beside the King. He thinking that he read her meaning

there 'Stay with me, I am sick; my love is more

Than many diamonds,' vielded: and a heart Love-loyal to the least wish of the

Queen (However much he yearn'd to make complete

The tale of diamonds for his destined Urged him to speak against the truth.

and say, 'Sir King, mine ancient wound is hardly whole,

And lets me from the saddle;' and the King

Glanced first at him, then her, and went his way No sooner gone than suddenly she began:

'To blame, my lord Sir Lancelot, much to blame

Why go ye not to these fair jousts? the knights Are half of them our enemies, and

the crowd Will murmur, "Lo the shameless ones, who take

Their pastime now the trustful King is gone!"' Then Lancelot vext at having lied in

vain: ' Are ye so wise? ye were not once so

wise, My Queen, that summer, when ye loved me first.

Then of the crowd ye took no more account

Than of the myriad cricket of the mead. When its own voice clings to each

blade of grass, And every voice is nothing. As to

Them surely can I silence with all ease. But now my loyal worship is allow'd

Of all men: many a bard, without offence,





And presence I might guess thee chief of those, After the King, who eat in Arthur's halls. Him have I seen: the rest, his Table Round, Known as they are, to me they are unknown.'

Then answer'd Lancelot, the chief of knights: Known am I, and of Arthur's hall, and known, What I by mere mischance have brought, my shield.

But since I go to joust as one unknown
At Camelot for the diamond, ask me not,

Hereafter ye shall know me—and the shield—

I pray you lend me one, if such you have,

maiden dreamt
That some one put this diamond in her hand,
And that it was too slippery to be held,

And slipt and fell into some pool or stream, The castle-well, belike; and then I

said
That if I went and if I fought and
won it

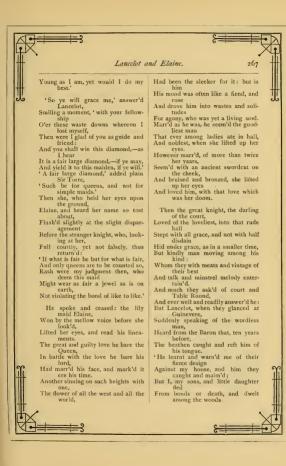
(But all was jest and joke among ourselves)
Then must she keep it safelier. All was jest.

But, father, give me leave, an if he will,
To ride to Camelot with this noble

knight: Win shall-I not, but do my best to win:







By the great river in a boatman's hut. Dull days were those, till our good Arthur broke The Pagan yet once more on Badon

hill '

'O there, great lord, doubtless,' Lavaine said, rapt By all the sweet and sudden passion of youth

Toward greatness in its elder, 'you have fought.

O tell us-for we live apart-you know wars. And

Of Arthur's glorious Lancelot spoke And answer'd him at full, as having

With Arthur in the fight which all day long

Rang by the white mouth of the violent Glem:

And in the four loud battles by the shore Of Duglas; that on Bassa; then the

That thunder'd in and out the gloomy

skirts Of Celidon the forest; and again By castle Gurnion, where the glori-

ous King Had on his cuirass worn our Lady's

Head. Carved of one emerald center'd in a

Of silver rays, that lighten'd as he breathed;

And at Caerleon had he help'd his lord,

When the strong neighings of the wild white Horse Set every gilded parapet shuddering; And up in Agned-Cathregonion too, And down the waste sand-shores of

Trath Treroit. Where many a heathen fell; 'and on the mount

Of Badon I myself beheld the King Charge at the head of all his Table Round.

And all his legions crying Christ and him And break them; and I saw him,

after, stand

High on a heap of slain, from spur to plume Red as the rising sun with heathen

blood, And seeing me, with a great voice he

"They are broken, they are broken!"

for the King, However mild he seems at home, nor cares

For triumph in our mimic wars, the onsts-

For if his own knight cast him down, he laughs

Saying, his knights are better men than he— Yet in this heathen war the fire of

God Fills him: I never saw his like: there No greater leader.'

While he utter'd this. Low to her own heart said the lily

maid. 'Save your great self, fair lord;' and when he fell

From talk of war to traits of pleas-

Being mirthful he, but in a stately kind-

She still took note that when the living smile Died from his lips, across him came a

cloud melancholy severe, from which again,

Whenever in her hovering to and fro The lily maid had striven to make him cheer,

There brake a sudden-beaming tenderness Of manners and of nature: and she

thought That all was nature, all, perchance, for her.

And all night long his face before her As when a painter, poring on a face,

Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the Behind it, and so paints him that his face,







Her bright hair blown about the serious face

Yet rosy-kindled with her brother's kiss— Paused by the gateway, standing near

the shield
In silence, while she watch'd their arms far-off

Sparkle, until they dipt below the downs. Then to her tower she climb'd, and

took the shield,

There kept it, and so lived in fantasy.

Meanwhile the new companions past away

Far o'er the long backs of the bushless downs,

To where Sir Lancelot knew there lived a knight Not far from Camelot, now for forty

Not far from Camelot, now for forty years A hermit, who had pray'd, labor'd and

pray'd, And ever laboring had scoop'd himself In the white rock a chapel and a hall On massive columns, like a shorecliff

cave,
And cells and chambers: all were fair
and dry;

The green light from the meadows underneath

Struck up and lived along the milky roofs; And in the meadows tremulous aspen-

And poplars made a noise of falling showers.

And thither wending there that night they bode.

But when the next day broke from underground, And shot red fire and shadows thro' the cave.

They rose, heard mass, broke fast, and rode away: Then Lancelot saying, 'Hear, but

hold my name
Hidden, you ride with Lancelot of the

Abash'd Lavaine, whose instant reverence,

Dearer to true young hearts than their own praise, But left him leave to stammer, 'Is it

indeed?'
And after muttering 'The great

Lancelot,'
At last he got his breath and answer'd,
'One.

One have I seen—that other, our liege lord, The dread Pendragon, Britain's King

of kings,
Of whom the people talk mysteriously,
He will be there—then were I stricken

blind
That minute, I might say that I had seen.

So spake Lavaine, and when they

reach'd the lists
By Camelot in the meadow, let his eyes

Run thro' the peopled gallery which half round Lay like a rainbow fall'n upon the

grass, Until they found the clear-faced King,

who sat Robed in red samite, easily to be

known,
Since to his crown the golden dragon clung,

And down his robe the dragon writhed in gold,

And from the carven-work behind him crept Two dragons gilded, sloping down to

Two dragons gilded, sloping down to make Arms for his chair, while all the rest

of them Thro' knots and loops and folds innu-

merable
Fled ever thro' the woodwork, till they
found

The new design wherein they lost themselves,

Yet with all ease, so tender was the work: And, in the costly canopy o'er him set,

Blazed the last diamond of the nameless king.

Then Lancelot answer'd young Lavaine and said,



'Me you call great: mine is the firmer seat, The truer lance: but there is many a

Now crescent, who will come to all I

am And overcome it; and in me there dwells

No greatness, save it be some far-off touch

Of greatness to know well I am not great : There is the man.' And Lavaine

gaped npon him As on a thing miraculous, and anon The trumpets blew; and then did

either side. They that assail'd, and they that held

the lists. Set lance in rest, strike spur, suddenly move.

Meet in the midst, and there so furiously

Shock, that a man far-off might well perceive. If any man that day were left afield,

The hard earth shake, and a low thunder of arms. And Lancelot bode a little, till he

saw Which were the weaker; then he hurl'd into it

Against the stronger: little need to speak Of Lancelot in his glory! King,

duke, earl, Count, baron-whom he smote, he overthrew.

But in the field were Lancelot's kith and kin. Ranged with the Table Round that held the lists,

Strong men, and wrathful that a stranger knight Should do and almost overdo the

deeds Of Lancelot; and one said to the other, 'Lo!

What is he? I do not mean the force alone-

The grace and versatility of the

Is it not Lancelot?' 'When has Lancelot worn Favor of any lady in the lists?

Not such his wont, as we, that know him, know.

'How then? who then?' a fury seized them all,

A fiery family passion for the name Of Lancelot, and a glory one with theirs

They couch'd their spears and prick'd their steeds, and thus, Their plumes driv'n backward by the

wind they made
In moving, all together down upon

Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North-sea.

Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all Its stormy crests that smoke against

the skies, Down on a bark, and overbears the

And him that helms it, so they overbore

Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a spear Down-glancing lamed the charger, and

a spear Prick'd sharply his own cuirass, and the head Pierced thro' his side, and there snapt,

and remain'd.

Then Sir Lavaine did well and worshipfully; He bore a knight of old repute to the

And brought his horse to Lancelot where he lay.

He up the side, sweating with agony,

But thought to do while he might yet endure, And being lustily holpen by the rest, His party,-tho' it seem'd half-miracle

To those he fought with,-drave his kith and kin, And all the Table Round that held

the lists, Back to the barrier; then the trumpets blew





Proclaiming his the prize, who wore the sleeve Of scarlet, and the pearls: and all the

knights, His party, cried 'Advance and take thy prize

The diamond; but he answer'd, 'Diamond me

No diamonds! for God's love, a little air I

Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death! Hence will I, and I charge you, follow me not.'

He spoke, and vanish'd suddenly from the field With young Lavaine into the poplar

grove. There from his charger down he slid,

and sat. Gasping to Sir Lavaine, 'Draw the lance-head: 'Ah my sweet lord Sir Lancelot,' said

Lavaine,
'I dread me, if I draw it, you will

die.' But he, ' I die already with it : draw-Draw,'-and Lavaine drew, and Sir

Lancelot gave A marvellous great shrick and ghastly groan.

And half his blood burst forth, and down he sank For the pure pain, and wholly swoon'd

away. Then came the hermit out and bare him in.

There stanch'd his wound; and there, in daily doubt Whether to live or die, for many a

week Hid from the wide world's rumor by the grove Of poplars with their noise of falling

showers. And ever-tremulous aspen-trees, he

the lists. His party, knights of utmost North and West,

But on that day when Lancelot fled

Lords of waste marches, kings of desolate isles, Came round their great Pendragon,

saying to him 'Lo, Sire, our knight, thro' whom we won the day, Hath gone sore wounded, and hath

left his prize Untaken, crying that his prize is death.

'Heaven hinder,' said the King, 'that such an one,

So great a knight as we have seen to-He seem'd to me another Lancelot-Yea, twenty times I thought him

Lancelot-He must not pass uncared for.

Wherefore, rise, O Gawain, and ride forth and find the knight.

Wounded and wearied needs must be be near. I charge you that you get at once to

And, knights and kings, there breathes not one of you

Will deem this prize of ours is rashly given: His prowess was too wondrous. We

will do him No customary honor: since the knight Came not to us, of us to claim the prize, Ourselves will send it after. Rise and

This diamond, and deliver it, and return. And bring us where he is, and how he fares, And cease not from your quest until

ve find.'

So saying, from the carven flower above To which it made a restless heart, he took, And gave, the diamond: then from where he sat At Arthur's right, with smiling face

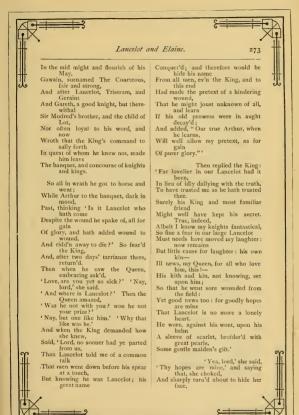
arose, With smiling face and frowning heart a Prince













Ramp in the field, he smote his thigh, and mock'd: 'Right was the King! our Lancelot!

'Right was the King! our Lancelot!
that true man!'
'And right was I,' she answer'd

merrily, 'I, Who dream'd my knight the greatest

Who dream'd my knight the greatest knight of all.'
'And if I dream'd,' said Gawain,

'that you love
This greatest knight, your pardon!
lo, ye know it!

Speak therefore: shall I waste myself in vain?' Full simple was her answer, 'What

know I?

My brethren have been all my fellow-

ship; And I, when often they have talk'd of love,

Wish'd it had been my mother, for they talk'd, Meseem'd, of what they knew not;

Meseem'd, of what they knew not; so myself— I know not if I know what true love

is,
But if I know, then, if I love not
him.

I know there is none other I can love.'
'Yea, by God's death,' said he, 'ye
love him well.

But would not, knew ye what all others know,

And whom he loves.' 'So be it,' cried Elaine, And lifted her fair face and moved

away: But he pursued her, calling, 'Stay a little!

One golden minute's grace! he wore your sleeve: Would he break faith with one I may

not name? Must our true man change like a leaf at last?

Nay-like enow: why then, far he it from me To cross our mighty Lancelot in his

loves!
And, damsel, for I deem you know full well

Where your great knight is hidden, let me leave My quest with you; the diamond also:
here!
For it was love it will be sweet to

For if you love, it will be sweet to give it; And if he love, it will be sweet to have

From your own hand; and whether he love or not,
A diamond is a diamond. Fare you

well
A thousand times !—a thousand times
farewell!

Yet, if he love, and his love hold, we

May meet at court hereafter: there, I think,
So ye will learn the courtesies of the court,
We two shall know each other.'

ow each other

Then he gave,

And slightly kiss'd the hand to which
he gave,

The diamond, and all wearied of the quest

Leapt on his horse, and carolling as he went

A true-love ballad, lightly rode away.

Thence to the court he past; there told the King What the King knew, 'Sir Lancelot is the knight.'

And added, 'Sire, my liege, so much I learnt;
But fail'd to find him tho' I rode all

The region: but I lighted on the maid
Whose sleeve he wore; she loves
him; and to her,

Deeming our courtesy is the truest law,
I gave the diamond: she will render

For by mine head she knows his hiding-place.'

The seldom-frowning King frown'd, and replied, 'Too courteous truly! ye shall go no more

On quest of mine, seeing that ye for-





Obedience is the courtesy due to kings.

He spake and parted. Wroth, but all in awe, For twenty strokes of the blood, with-

out a word. Linger'd that other, staring after him; Then shook his hair, strode off, and buzz'd abroad

About the maid of Astolat, and her

All ears were prick'd at once, all tongues were loosed

'The maid of Astolat loves Sir Lancelot, Sir Lancelot loves the maid of Asto-

lat.' Some read the King's face, some the

Queen's, and all Had marvel what the maid might be. but most

Predoom'd her as unworthy. One old

Came suddenly on the Queen with the sharp news.

She, that had heard the noise of it before,

But sorrowing Lancelot should have have stoop'd so low Marr'd her friend's aim with pale tran-

So ran the tale like fire about the court,

Fire in dry stubble a nine-days' wonder flared Till ev'n the knights at banquet

twice or thrice Forgot to drink to Lancelot and the

Queen, And pledging Lancelot and the lily

maid Smiled at each other, while the Queen,

With lips severely placid, felt the knot Climb in her throat, and with her feet Crush'd the wild passion out against

the floor Beneath the banquet, where the meats

became As wormwood, and she hated all who

But far away the maid in Astolat, Her guiltless rival, she that ever kept The one-day-seen Sir Lancelot in her

Crept to her father, while he mused alone. Sat on his knee, stroked his gray face

and said. 'Father, you call me wilful, and the

Is yours who let me have my will, and

now. Sweet father, will you let me lose my wits?

' Nay,' said he, 'surely,' 'Wherefore, let me hence

She answer'd, 'and find out our dear Lavaine.

'Ye will not lose your wits for dear Lavaine: Bide,' answer'd he: 'we needs must

hear anon Of him, and of that other.' 'Av,' she

' And of that other, for I needs must And find that other, wheresoe'er he be,

And with mine own hand give his diamond to him, Lest I be found as faithless in the

quest As you proud Prince who left the quest to me Sweet father, I behold him in my

dreams Gaunt as it were the skeleton of him-Death-pale, for lack of gentle maiden's

The gentler-born the maiden, the more

My father, to be sweet and serviceable To noble knights in sickness, as ye know When these have worn their tokens:

let me hence Then her father nodding I pray you.'

' Ay, ay, the diamond: wit ye well, my

Right fain were I to learn this knight were whole,







Whom when she saw, 'Lavaine,' she cried, 'Lavaine, How fares my lord Sir Lancelot?'

He amazed. 'Torre and Elaine! why here? Sir Lancelot!

know ye my lord's name is Lancelot?' know ve But when the maid had told him all her tale.

Then turn'd Sir Torre, and being in his moods Left them, and under the strangestatued gate,

Where Arthur's wars were render'd mystically,

His eyes glisten'd: she fancied 'Is it for me?

And when the maid had told him all the tale Of King and Prince, the diamond sent, the quest

Assign'd to her not worthy of it, she knelt Full lowly by the corners of his bed,

And laid the diamond in his open Her face was near, and as we kiss the

That does the task assign'd, he kiss'd her face.





At once she slipt like water to the floor.

'Alas,' he said, 'your ride hath wearied you.
Rest must you have.' 'No rest for me.' she said:

Nay, for near you, fair lord, I am at rest.' What might she mean by that? his

large black eyes, Yet larger thro' his leanness, dwelt upon her,

Till all her heart's sad secret blazed itself

In the heart's colors on her simple face;

And Lancelot look'd and was perplext in mind, And being weak in body said no

more; But did not love the color; woman's love, Save one, he not regarded, and so

turn'd
Sighing, and feign'd a sleep until he
slept.

Then rose Elaine and glided thro' the fields, And past beneath the weirdly-sculptured gates

Far up the dim rich city to her kin;
There bode the night: but woke with
dawn, and past

Down thro' the dim rich city to the fields,
Thence to the cave: so day by day she past

she past
In either twilight ghost-like to and fro
Gliding, and every day she tended
him,
And likewise many a night: and

Lancelot
Would, tho' he call'd his wound a
little hurt
Whereof he should be quickly whole,

at times Brain-feverous in his heat and agony, seem

Uncourteous, even he: but the meek

Sweetly forbore him ever, being to him

Meeker than any child to a rough nurse, Milder than any mother to a sick child,

And never woman yet, since man's first fall, Did kindlier unto man, but her deep

Did kindlier unto man, but her deep love Upbore her: till the hermit skill'd in

Upbore her; till the hermit, skill'd in all

The simples and the science of that

Told him that her fine care had saved his life.

And the sick man forgot her simple blush, Would call her friend and sister,

sweet Elaine,
Would listen for her coming and

regret
Her parting step, and held her tenderly,
And loved her with all love except

the love
Of man and woman when they love
their best.

Closest and sweetest, and had died the death

In any knightly fashion for her sake. And peradventure had he seen her first

She might have made this and that other world Another world for the sick man: but

now The shackles of an old love straiten'd him,

His honor rooted in dishonor stood, And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

Yet the great knight in his midsickness made Full many a holy vow and pure

resolve.

These, as but born of sickness, could

For when the blood ran lustier in him again, Full often the bright image of one

face, Making a treacherous quiet in his heart,



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To speak the wish most near to your true heart: Such service have ve done me, that I

My will of yours, and Prince and Lord am I

In mine own land, and what I will I Then like a ghost she lifted up her face,

But like a ghost without the power to speak. And Lancelot saw that she withheld her wish.

And bode among them yet a little space Till he should learn it; and one morn

it chanced He found her in among the garden

yews, And said, 'Delay no longer, speak your wish, Seeing I go to-day:' then out she

brake: 'Going? and we shall never see you more

And I must die for want of one bold word. 'Speak: that I live to hear,' he said,

'is yours. Then suddenly and passionately she spoke: 'I have gone mad. I love you: let me die.'

'Ah, sister,' answer'd Lancelot, 'what is this?

And innocently extending her white arms, 'Your love,' she said, 'your love-to be your wife.

Lancelot answer'd, 'Had I chosen to wed, been wedded earlier, sweet

Elaine: But now there never will be wife of mine. 'No, no,' she cried, 'I care not to be

But to be with you still, to see your face.

Dispersed his resolution like a cloud. Then if the maiden, while that ghostly grace Beam'd on his fancy, spoke, he

answer'd not. Or short and coldly, and she knew

right well What the rough sickness meant, but what this meant

She knew not, and the sorrow dimm'd her sight,

And drave her ere her time across the

Far into the rich city, where alone She murmur'd, 'Vain, in vain: it

He will not love me: how then? must I die? as a little helpless innocent Then

bird. That has but one plain passage of few

notes. Will sing the simple passage o'er and

For all an April morning, till the ear Wearies to hear it, so the simple

Went half the night repeating, ' Must I die? And now to right she turn'd, and now to left,

And found no ease in turning or in rest;

And 'Him or death,' she mutter'd, 'death or him. Again and like a burthen, 'Him or death.'

But when Sir Lancelot's deadly hurt was whole, To Astolat returning rode the three. There morn by morn, arraying her sweet self

In that wherein she deem'd she look'd her best. She came before Sir Lancelot, for she

thought 'If I be loved, these are my festal If not, the ::.'s flowers before he

And Lancelot ever prest upon the maid





To serve you, and to follow you thro'
the world.'

And Lancelet arguer'd 'Nay the

And Lancelot answer'd, 'Nay, the world, the world, All ear and eye, with such a stupid

heart To interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue

tongue To blare its own interpretation—nay, Full ill then should I quit your

brother's love,
And your good father's kindness.'

And she said,
'Not to be with you, not to see your face—

Alas for me then, my good days are done.'
'Nay, noble maid,' be answer'd, 'ten

times nay! This is not love: but love's first flash

in youth, Most common: yea, I know it of

mine own self: And you yourself will smile at your

own self Hereafter, when you yield your flower of life

To one more fitly yours, not thrice your age: And then will I, for true you are and

And then will I, for true you are and sweet Beyond mine old belief in womanhood,

More specially should your good knight be poor, Endow you with broad land and terri-

tory
Even to the half my realm beyond the

So that would make you happy: furthermore,

Ev'n to the death, as tho' ye were my

In all your quarrels will I be your knight. This will I do, dear damsel, for your

sake, And more than this I cannot.'

While he spoke She neither blush'd nor shook, but deathly-pale

Stood grasping what was nearest, then

'Of all this will I nothing;' and so fell.

And thus they bore her swooning to her tower.

Then spake, to whom thro' those black walls of yew

Their talk had pierced, her father:
'Ay, a flash,
I fear me, that will strike my blossom

I fear me, that will strike my blossom dead. Too courteous are ye, fair Lord Lance-

lot.
I pray you, use some rough discour-

To blunt or break her passion.'

I Lancelot said, 'That were against me: what I can I will:'

And there that day remain'd, and toward even
Sent for his shield: full meekly rose

the maid, Stript off the case, and gave the naked

shield; Then, when she heard his horse upon the stones,

the stones, Unclasping flung the casement back, and look'd

Down on his helm, from which her sleeve had gone.

And Lancelot knew the little clinking sound; And she by tact of love was well aware

That Lancelot knew that she was looking at him. And yet he glanced not up, nor waved

his hand,
Nor bad farewell, but sadly rode

away.
This was the one discourtesy that he used.

So in her tower alone the maiden sat: His very shield was gone; only the case,

Her own poor work, her empty labor, left. But still she heard him, still his pict-

ure form'd And grew between her and the pictured wall.





Then came her father, saving in low tones. 'Have comfort,' whom she greeted

quietly. Then came her brethren saying, ' Peace to thee,

Sweet sister,' whom she answer'd with all calm. But when they left her to herself

again, Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field

Approaching thro' the darkness, call'd; the owls Wailing had power upon her, and she

Her fancies with the sallow-rifted glooms Of evening, and the moanings of the wind.

And in those days she made a little

And call'd her song 'The Song of Love and Death,'

and sing. 'Sweet is true love tho' given in vain, in vain;

And sweet is death who puts an end to pain:

I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

'Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be: Love, thou art bitter: sweet is death to me

O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die. 'Sweet love, that seems not made

to fade away, Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay, I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.

'I fain would follow love, if that could be;

I needs must follow death, who calls for me; Call and I follow, I follow! let me die.'

High with the last line scaled her voice, and this, All in a fiery dawning wild with wind

That shook her tower, the brothers heard, and thought With shuddering, ' Hark the Phantom

of the house That ever shricks before a death,' and call'd

The father, and all three in hurry and

Ran to her, and lo! the blood-red light of dawn Flared on her face, she shrilling, 'Let

me die!

As when we dwell upon a word we know.

Repeating, till the word we know so well Becomes a wonder, and we know not

why. So dwelt the father on her face, and thought

'Is this Elaine?' till back the maiden fell.

Then gave a languid hand to each, and lay, Speaking a still good-morrow with her

At last she said, 'Sweet brothers,

yesternight
I seem'd a curious little maid again. As happy as when we dwelt among the woods.

And when ye used to take me with the flood Up the great river in the boatman's

boat. Only ye would not pass beyond the cape

That has the poplar on it : there ye fixt Your limit, oft returning with the tide, And yet I cried because ye would not

pass Beyond it, and far up the shining flood

Until we found the palace of the King. And yet ye would not; but this night I dream'd

That I was all alone upon the flood, And then I said, "Now shall I have my will:"





And there I woke, but still the wish remain'd. So let me hence that I may pass at last

Beyond the poplar and far up the flood, Until I find the palace of the King. There will I enter in among them all And no man there will dare to mock

at me: But there the fine Gawain will wonder at me.

And there the great Sir Lancelot muse at me : Gawain, who bad a thousand farewells

to me. Lancelot, who coldly went, nor bad me one

And there the King will know me and my love, And there the Queen herself will pity

me

And all the gentle court will welcome me, And after my long voyage I shall rest!

'Peace,' said her father, 'O my child, ye seem Light-headed, for what force is yours to go

So far, being sick? and wherefore would ve look On this proud fellow again, who scorns

Then the rough Torre began to heave and move, And bluster into stormy sobs and say, 'I never loved him: an I meet with him.

I care not howsoever great he be, Then will I strike at him and strike him down

Give me good fortune, I will strike him dead. For this discomfort he hath done the house.1

To whom the gentle sister made reply.

Fret not yourself, dear brother, nor be wroth.

Seeing it is no more Sir Lancelot's fault Not to love me, than it is mine to love Him of all men who seems to me the highest.'

'Highest?' the father answer'd, echoing 'highest?'
(He meant to break the passion in her) 'nay,

Daughter, I know not what you call the highest; But this I know, for all the people

know it, He loves the Queen, and in an open shame: And she returns his love in open

shame; If this be high, what is it to be low?'

Then spake the lily maid of Asto-' Sweet father, all too faint and sick am I

For anger: these are slanders: never

Was noble man but made ignoble talk He makes no friend who never made

a foe. But now it is my glory to have loved One peerless, without stain: so let me

My father, howsoe'er I seem to you, Not all unhappy, having loved God's best

And greatest, tho' my love had no return: Yet, seeing you desire your child to

live. Thanks, but you work against your own desire; For if I could believe the things you

I should but die the sooner; wherefore cease,

Sweet father, and bid call the ghostly Hither, and let me shrive me clean,

and die.

So when the ghostly man had come and gone.



She with a face, bright as for sin forgiven, Besought Lavaine to write as she

devised A letter, word for word; and when he ask'd

'Is it for Lancelot, is it for my dear Then will I bear it gladly; 'she

' For Lancelot and the Oueen and all the world,

But I myself must bear it.' Then he wrote

The letter she devised; which being writ And folded, 'O sweet father, tender

and true. Deny me not,' she said—'ye never yet Denied my fancies—this, however

strange, My latest: lay the letter in my hand

A little ere I die, and close the hand Upon it; I shall guard it even in death.

And when the heat is gone from out my heart, Then take the little bed on which I

died For Lancelot's love, and deck it like

the Queen's For richness, and me also like the Oneen

In all I have of rich, and lay me on it. And let there be prepared a chariot-

To take me to the river, and a barge Be ready on the river, clothed in black. I go in state to court, to meet the

There surely I shall speak for mine own self, And none of you can speak for me so

well. And therefore let our dumb old man

alone Go with me, he can steer and row, and

Will guide me to that palace, to the

She ceased: her father promised; whereupon

She grew so cheerful that they deem'd her death

Was rather in the fantasy than the But ten slow mornings past, and on the eleventh

Her father laid the letter in her hand. And closed the hand upon it, and she died.

So that day there was dole in Astolat.

But when the next sun brake from underground. Then, those two brethren slowly with

bent brows Accompanying, the sad chariot-bier

Past like a shadow thro' the field, that shone Full-summer, to that stream whereon

the barge, Pall'd all its length in blackest samite,

There sat the lifelong creature of the house, Loval, the dumb old servitor, on deck,

Winking his eyes, and twisted all his So those two brethren from the chariot

took And on the black decks laid her in her

Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung The silken case with braided blazonings,

And kiss'd her quiet brows, and saying to her 'Sister, farewell for ever,' and again

' Farewell, sweet sister,' parted all in Then rose the dumb old servitor, and

the dead. Oar'd by the dumb, went upward with the flood-

In her right hand the lily, in her left The letter-all her bright hair streaming down-And all the coverlid was cloth of gold

Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white

All but her face, and that clear-featured face

Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead.







But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled.

That day Sir Lancelot at the palace

That day Sir Lancelot at the palace craved Audience of Guinevere, to give at last The price of half a realm, his costly gift, Hard-won and hardly won with bruise

and blow,
With deaths of others, and almost his
own,
The nine-years-fought-for diamonds:

for he saw One of her house, and sent him to the Oueen

Bearing his wish, whereto the Queen agreed
With such and so unmoved a majesty

She might have seem'd her statue, but that he, Low-drooping till he wellnigh kiss'd

her feet
For loyal awe, saw with a sidelong eye
The shadow of some piece of pointed
lace,

In the Queen's shadow, vibrate on the walls, And parted, laughing in his courtly heart.

All in an oriel on the summer side, Vine-clad, of Arthur's palace toward the stream, They met, and Lancelot kneeling utter'd, 'Queen, Lady, my liege, in whom I have my

Take, what I had not won except for you,

you,
These jewels, and make me happy,
making them
An armlet for the roundest arm on
earth,
Or necklace for a neck to which the

swan's
Is tawnier than her cygnet's: these
are words:
Your beauty is your beauty, and I

sin
In speaking, yet O grant my worship
of it

Words, as we grant grief tears. Such sin in words Perchance, we both can pardon: but,

my Queen,
I hear of rumors flying thro' your court.

Our bond, as not the bond of man and wife, Should have in it an absoluter trust

To make up that defect: let rumors be:

When did not rumors fly? these, as I trust
That you trust me in your own nobleness.

I may not well believe that you believe.'

While thus he spoke, half turn'd away, the Queen Brake from the vast oriel-embowering vine

Leaf after leaf, and tore, and cast them off, Till all the place whereon she stood

was green; Then, when he ceased, in one cold passive hand

Received at once and laid aside the gems
There on a table near her, and replied:

'It may be, I am quicker of belief Than you believe me, Lancelot of the Lake. Our bond is not the bond of man and

Our bond is not the bond of man and wife. This good is in it, whatso'er of

It can be broken easier. I for you
This many a year have done despite
and wrong
To one whom ever in my heart of
hearts

hearts
I did acknowledge nobler. What are these?
Diamonds for me! they had been

thrice their worth
Being your gift, had you not lost your
own.

To loyal hearts the value of all gifts









Must vary as the giver's. Not for me! For her! for your new fancy. Only this Grant me, I pray you: have your joys apart. I doubt not that however changed, you keep So much of what is graceful: and

So much of what is graceful: and myself Would shun to break those bounds of courtesy

In which as Arthur's Queen I move and rule: So cannot speak my mind. An end to this!

A strange one! yet I take it with Amen. So pray you, add my diamonds to her pearls;

Deck her with these; tell her, she shines me down: An armlet for an arm to which the Oueen's

Is haggard, or a necklace for a neck
O as much fairer—as a faith once
fair

fair
Was richer than these diamonds—
hers not mine—
Nay, by the mother of our Lord him-

self,
Or hers or mine, mine now to work
my will—
She shall not have them.'

Saying which she seized, And, thro' the casement standing wide for heat, Flung them, and down they flash'd,

and smote the stream.

Then from the smitten surface flash'd,
as it were,

Diamonds to meet them, and they past away. Then while Sir Lancelot leant, in half disdain

At love, life, all things, on the window ledge,

Close underneath his eyes, and right across Where these had fallen, slowly past the barge Whereon the illy maid of Astolat Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night.

But the wild Queen, who saw not, burst away To weep and wail in secret; and the

barge,
On to the palace-doorway sliding,
paused.

paused.

There two stood arm'd, and kept the door; to whom,

All up the marble stair, tier over tier, Were added mouths that gaped, and eyes that ask'd 'What is it?' but that oarsman's

haggard face,
As hard and still as is the face that
men

Shape to their fancy's eye from broken rocks On some cliff-side, appall'd them, and

they said,
'He is enchanted, cannot speak—and she,

Look how she sleeps—the Fairy Queen, so fair! Yea, but how pale! what are they? flesh and blood?

flesh and blood?
Or come to take the King to Fairy-land?
For some do hold our Arthur cannot

die, But that he passes into Fairyland.'

While thus they babbled of the King, the King Came girt with knights: then turn'd

the tongueless man
From the half-face to the full eye,
and rose
And pointed to the damsel, and the

doors.
So Arthur bad the meek Sir Percivale
And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the

And pure Sir Galahad to uplift the maid; And reverently they bore her into

hall.
Then came the fine Gawain and wonder'd at her,
And Lancelot later came and mused

at her, And last the Queen herself, and pitied her:





But Arthur spied the letter in her hand. Stoopt, took, brake seal, and read it : this was all:

' Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake I, sometime call'd the maid of Astolat

Come, for you left me taking no farewell, Hither, to take my last farewell of you.

I loved you, and my love had no return, And therefore my true love has been

my death. And therefore to our Lady Guinevere, And to all other ladies, I make moan : Pray for my soul, and yield me

burial. Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot,

As thou art a knight peerless.'

Thus he read: And ever in the reading, lords and dames Wept, looking often from his face who read

To hers which lay so silent, and at times, So touch'd were they, half-thinking

that her lips, Who had devised the letter, moved again.

Then freely spoke Sir Lancelot to them all: 'My lord liege Arthur, and all ye that hear,

Know that for this most gentle maiden's death Right heavy am I; for good she was

and true, But loved me with a love beyond all love

In women, whomsoever I have known. Yet to be loved makes not to love again; Not at my years, however it hold in

youth.

I swear by truth and knighthood that I gave No cause, not willingly, for such a

love: To this I call my friends in testimony,

Her brethren, and her father, who Besought me to be plain and blunt,

and use, To break her passion, some discourtesy

Against my nature: what I could, I

I left her and I bad her no farewell; Tho', had I dreamt the damsel would have died. I might have put my wits to some

rough use, And help'd her from herself.'

Then said the Queen (Sea was her wrath, yet working

after storm) 'Ye might at least have done her so much grace,

Fair lord, as would have help'd her from her death. He raised his head, their eyes met

and hers fell, He adding,

'Oucen, she would not be content Save that I wedded her, which could not be.

Then might she follow me thro' the world, she ask'd; It could not be. I told her that her

Was but the flash of youth, would darken down

To rise hereafter in a stiller flame Toward one more worthy of her-then would I,

More specially were he, she wedded, poor, Estate them with large land and terri-

In mine own realm beyond the narrow seas

To keep them in all joyance: more than this

I could not; this she would not, and she died.'







'Free love, so bound, were freest,' said the King. Let love be free; free love is for the best: And, after heaven, on our dull side of death. What should be best, if not so pure a love

Clothed in so pure a loveliness? yet thee She fail'd to bind, tho' being, as I think. Unbound as yet, and gentle, as I know.

And Lancelot answer'd nothing, but he went.

And at the inrunning of a little brook Sat by the river in a cove, and watch'd The high reed wave, and lifted up his

And saw the barge that brought her moving down,

Far-off, a blot upon the stream, and said Low in himself, 'Ah simple heart and Sweet

Ye loved me, damsel, surely with a love Far tenderer than my Queen's. Pray for thy soul?

Ay, that will I. Farewell too-now at last-Farewell, fair lily, "Jealousy in love?"

Not rather dead love's harsh heir, jealous pride? Queen, if I grant the jealousy as of

love, May not your crescent fear for name and fame

Speak, as it waxes, of a love that wanes? Why did the King dwell on my name

to me? Mine own name shames me, seeming a

Lancelot, whom the Lady of the Lake Caught from his mother's arms-the wondrous one

Who passes thro' the vision of the nightShe chanted snatches of mysterious hymns Heard on the winding waters, eve and morn She kiss'd me saying, "Thou art fair,

my child, As a king's son," and often in her arms

She bare me, pacing on the dusky mere. Would she had drown'd me in it,

where'er it be! For what am I? what profits me my Of greatest knight? I fought for it,

and have it: Pleasure to have it, none; to lose it, pain;

Now grown a part of me: but what use in it? To make men worse by making my sin known? Or sin seem less, the sinner seeming

great? Alas for Arthur's greatest knight, a man Not after Arthur's heart! I needs

must break These bonds that so defame me: not without

She wills it: would I, if she will'd it? nay, Who knows? but if I would not, then may Goo I pray him, send a sudden Angel down

To seize me by the hair and bear me far, And fling me deep in that forgotten mere,

Among the tumbled fragments of the hills.'

So groan'd Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain, Not knowing he should die a holv man.

THE HOLY GRAIL

FROM noiseful arms, and acts of prowess done In tournament or tilt, Sir Percivale,





By faith, of all his ills. But then the times
Grew to such evil that the holy cup
Was caught away to Heaven, and disappear'd.

To whom the monk: 'From our old books I know That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury, And there the heathen Prince, Arviragus. Gave him an isle of marsh whereon to And there he built with wattles from the marsh A little lonely church in days of For so they say, these books of ours, but seem Mute of this miracle, far as I have read. But who first saw the holy thing today?

'A woman,' answer'd Percivale, 'a nun, And one no further off in blood from me Than sister; and if ever holy maid

Than sister; and if ever holy maid With knees of adoration wore the stone, A holy maid; tho never maiden

glow'd,
But that was in her earlier maidenhood,
With such a fervent flame of human

love, Which being rudely blunted, glanced and shot

and shot
Only to holy things; to prayer and
praise
She gave herself, to fast and alms.

And yet, Nun as she was, the scandal of the Court, Sin against Arthur and the Table

Round,
And the strange sound of an adulterous race,
Across the iron grating of her cell

Beat, and she pray'd and fasted all the more.

'And he to whom she told her sins, or what Her all but utter whiteness held for sin, A man wellnigh a hundred winters old.

Spake often with her of the Holy Grail, A legend handed down thro' five or

And each of these a hundred winters

From our Lord's time. And when King Arthur made His Table Round, and all men's hearts became

Clean for a season, surely he had thought That now the Holy Grail would come

But sin broke out. Ah, Christ, that it would come,
And heal the world of all their wicked-

ness!
"O Father!" asked the maiden,
"might it come

To me by prayer and fasting?"
"Nay," said he,
"I know not, for thy heart is pure as snow."

snow."

And so she pray'd and fasted, till the sun
Shone, and the wind blew, thro' her, and I thought

She might have rises and floated when

and I thought
She might have risen and floated when
I saw her.

'For on a day she sent to speak with me. And when she came to speak, behold her eyes

Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful, Beyond all knowing of them, wonder-

ful, Beautiful in the light of holiness. And "O my brother Percivale," she said,

"Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail: For, waked at dead of night, I heard

a sound As of a silver horn from o'er the hills









She sent the deathless passion in her eyes Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her mind On him, and he believed in her belief.

'Then came a year of miracle: O brother, In our great hall there stood a vacant chair,

Fashion'd by Merlin ere he past away, And carven with strange figures; and in and out

The figures, like a serpent, ran a scroll Of letters in a tongue no man could read. And Merlin call'd it "The Siege perilons,"

Perilous for good and ill; "for there," he said,

"No man could sit but he should lose himself:" And once by misadvertence Merlin

sat
In his own chair, and so was lost;
but he,
Galahad, when he heard of Merlin's

doom, Cried, "If I lose myself, I save myself!"

'Then on a summer night it came to pass, While the great banquet lay along the

hall, That Galahad would sit down in Merlin's chair.

'And all at once, as there we sat, we heard A cracking and a riving of the roofs,

And rending, and a blast, and overhead
Thunder, and in the thunder was a
crv.

And in the blast there smote along the hall A beam of light seven times more

A beam of light seven times more clear than day: And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail

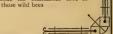
All over cover'd with a luminous cloud,

And none might see who bare it, and it past.
But every knight beheld his fellow's face
As in a glory, and all the knights arose,
And staring each at other like dumb nen
Stood, till I found a voice and sware

'I sware a vow before them all, that I,
Because I had not seen the Grail,
would ride
A twelvemonth and a day in quest of it,
Until I found and saw it, as the
My six and Galahad sware
the vow,
And good Sir Bors, our Lancelot's
cossin, sware,
And Lancelot sware, and many among
the knights,
And Gawain sware, and louder than
the rest:

Then spake the monk Ambrosius, asking him, "What said the King? Did Arthur take the vow?"

'Nay, for my lord,' said Percivale, the King, Was not in hall: for early that same day, Scaped thro' a cavern from a bandit An outraged maiden sprang into the hall Crying on help: for all her shining Was smear'd with earth, and either milky arm Red-rent with hooks of bramble, and all she wore Torn as a sail that leaves the rope is torn In tempest: so the King arose and went To smoke the scandalous hive of



mighty hall. Which Merlin built for Arthur long ago! For all the sacred mount of Came-And all the dim rich city, roof by roof,

Tower after tower, spire beyond spire, By grove, and garden-lawn, and rushing brook Climbs to the mighty hall that Merlin

And four great zones of sculpture, set betwixt With many a mystic symbol, gird the hall:

And in the lowest beasts are slaving men. And in the second men are slaving heasts And on the third are warriors, perfect

nien, And on the fourth are men with growing wings,

And over all one statue in the mould Of Arthur, made by Merlin, with a crown,

And peak'd wings pointed to the Northern Star. And eastward fronts the statue, and

the crown

Where Arthur finds the brand Excalibur.

And also one to the west, and counter to it. And blank: and who shall blazon it?

when and how ?-O there, perchance, when all our wars are done,

The brand Excalibur will be cast away.

'So to this hall full quickly rode the King, In horror lest the work by Merlin wrought,

Dreamlike, should on the sudden vanish, wrapt In unremorseful folds of rolling fire.

And in he rode, and up I glanced, and Saw The golden dragon sparkling over all: And many of those who burnt the

hold, their arms Hack'd, and their foreheads grimed with smoke, and sear'd,

Follow'd, and in among bright faces, Full of the vision, prest: and then

the King Spake to me, being nearest, "Percivale,"









necks

And every evil deed I ever did,

Awoke and cried, "This Quest is not for thee." And lifting up mine eyes, I found myself Alone, and in a land of sand and thorns, And I was thirsty even unto death;

And I was thirsty even unto death;
And I, too, cried, "This Quest is not
for thee."

'And on I rode, and when I thought my thirst Would slay me, saw deep lawns, and then a brook, With one sharp rapid, where the crisp-

ing white
Play'd ever back upon the sloping
wave,
And took both ear and eye; and o'er
the brook

Were apple-trees, and apples by the brook

Fallen, and on the lawns. "I will

Fallen, and on the lawns. "I will rest here,"
I said, "I am not worthy of the Quest;"
But even while I drank the brook,

and ate
The goodly apples, all these things at

Fell into dust, and I was left alone, And thirsting, in a land of sand and thorns.

'And then behold a woman at a door Spinning; and fair the house whereby she sat, And kind the woman's eyes and innocent. And all her bearing gracious; and she rose Opening her arms to meet me, as who should say, "Rest here;" but when I touch'd her, lo! she, too Fell into dust and nothing, and the house Became no better than a broken shed. And in it a dead babe; and also this Fell into dust, and I was left alone.

'And on I rode, and greater was my thirst.

Then flash'd a yellow gleam across the world,

And where it smote the plowshare in

And where it smote the plowshare in the field,

The plowman left his plowing, and

The plowman left his plowing, and fell down Before it; where it glitter'd on her pail, The milkmaid left her milking, and

The milkmaid left her milking, and fell down

Before it, and I knew not why, but thought

"The sun is rising," tho' the sun had risen.

Then was I ware of one that on me

In golden armor with a crown of gold

About a casque all jewels; and his horse In golden armor jewell'd everywhere:

In golden armor jewell'd everywhere: And on the splendor came, flashing me blind; And seem'd to me the Lord of all the

world,
Being so huge. But when I thought

he meant
To crush me, moving on me, lo! he,
too,

Open'd his arms to embrace me as he came,
And up I went and touch'd him, and he, too,

Fell into dust, and I was left alone And wearying in a land of sand and thorns.

'And I rode on and found a mighty hill, And on the top, a city wall'd: the spires Prick'd with incredible pinnacles into

heaven.

And by the gateway stirr'd a crowd;
and these

Cried to me climbing, "Welcome, Percivale! Thou mightiest and thou purest

among men!"
And glad was I and clomb, but found at top



f

No man, nor any voice. And thence I past Far thro' a ruinous city, and I saw

That man had once dwelt there; but there I found Only one man of an exceeding age.

Only one man of an exceeding age.

"Where is that goodly company,"
said I,

"That so cried out upon me?" and

he had Scarce any voice to answer, and yet

gasp'd,
"Whence and what art thou?" and
even as he spoke
Fell into dust and disappear'd and

Fell into dust, and disappear'd, and I
Was left alone once more, and cried

in grief,
"Lo, if I find the Holy Grail itself
And touch it, it will crumble into
dust."

'And thence I dropt into a lowly vale, Low as the hill was high, and where

the vale
Was lowest, found a chapel, and
thereby

A holy hermit in a hermitage, To whom I told my phantoms, and he

said:
"O son, thou hast not true humil-

The highest virtue, mother of them all; For when the Lord of all things made

For when the Lord of all things made Himself Naked of glory for His mortal change,

'Take thou my robe,' she said, ' for all is thine,' And all her form shone forth with

sudden light So that the angels were amazed, and she Follow'd Him down, and like a flying

star Led on the gray-hair'd wisdom of the east;

But her thou hast not known: for what is this Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and thy sins? Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself As Galahad." When the hermit

made an end, In silver armor suddenly Galahad

Before us, and against the chapel door Laid lance, and enter'd, and we knelt in prayer.

And there the hermit slaked my burning thirst,

And at the sacring of the mass I

And at the sacring of the mass I saw
The holy elements alone; but he,

"Saw ye no more? I, Galahad, saw the Grail, The Holy Grail, descend upon the

shrine:
I saw the fiery face as of a child
That smote itself into the bread, and

went; And hither am I come; and never yet Hath what thy sister taught me first

to see,
This Holy Thing, fail'd from my side,
nor come

Cover'd, but moving with me night and day, Fainter by day, but always in the night

Fainter by day, but always in the night Blood-red, and sliding down the blacken'd marsh Blood-red, and on the naked moun-

tain top Blood-red, and in the sleeping mere below

Blood-red. And in the strength of this I rode, Shattering all evil customs every-

where,
And past thro' Pagan realms, and
made them mine,

And clash'd with Pagan hordes, and bore them down, And broke thro' all, and in the

strength of this
Come victor. But my time is hard at
hand,
And hence I go; and one will crown

me king
Far in the spiritual city; and come

thou, too,
For thou shalt see the vision when I
go."

But h

'While thus he spake, his eye, dwelling on mine, Drew me, with power upon me, till I

grew One with him, to believe as he believed.

Then, when the day began to wane, we went.

'There rose a hill that none but man could climb. Scarr'd with a hundred wintry watercourses-

Storm at the top, and when we gain'd it, storm Round us and death; for every

moment glanced His silver arms and gloom'd: so quick

and thick The lightnings here and there to left and right

Struck, till the dry old trunks about us, dead. Yea, rotten with a hundred years of

death, Sprang iuto fire: and at the base we found

On either hand, as far as eye could A great black swamp and of an evil

smell, Part black, part whiten'd with the

bones of men, Not to be crost, save that some

ancient king Had built a way, where, link'd with many a bridge,

A thousand piers ran into the great Sea. And Galahad fled along them bridge

by bridge. And every bridge as quickly as he crost Sprang into fire and vanish'd, tho' I

rearn'd To follow; and thrice above him all the heavens

Open'd and blazed with thunder such as seem'd Shoutings of all the sons of God: and first

At once I saw him far on the great Sea,

In silver-shining armor starry-clear; And o'er his head the Holy Vessel hung Clothed in white samite or a lumi-

nous cloud. And with exceeding swiftness ran the

If boat it were-I saw not whence it

came. And when the heavens open'd and blazed again

Roaring, I saw him like a silver star-And had he set the sail, or had the boat

Become a living creature clad with wings?
And o'er his head the Holy Vessel

hung Redder than any rose, a joy to me, For now I knew the veil had been

withdrawn. Then in a moment when they blazed

again Opening, I saw the least of little stars

Down on the waste, and straight beyond the star I saw the spiritual city and all her

spires And gateways in a glory like one

pearl-No larger, tho' the goal of all the

saints-Strike from the sea; and from the star there shot

A rose-red sparkle to the city, and there Dwelt, and I knew it was the Holy Grail,

Which never eyes on earth again shall

Then fell the floods of heaven drowning the deep. And how my feet recrost the deathful

ridge No memory in me lives; but that I touch'd

The chapel-doors at dawn I know: and thence

Taking my war-horse from the holy Glad that no phantom vext me more,

whence I came, the gate

Arthur's wars.



'O brother,' ask'd Ambrosius,—' for in sooth These ancient books—and they would win thee—teem, Only I find not there this Holy Grail, With miracles and marvels like to

these,
Not all unlike; which oftentime I
read,
Who read but on my breviary with

Who read but on my breviary with ease, Till my head swims; and then go

forth and pass

Down to the little thorpe that lies so close,

And almost plaster'd like a martin's

And almost plaster'd like a martin's nest To these old walls—and mingle with

our folk; And knowing every honest face of theirs

As well as ever shepherd knew his sheep, And every homely secret in their hearts.

Delight myself with gossip and old wives,

And ills and aches, and teethings, lyings-in, And mirthful sayings, children of the

place,
That have no meaning half a league away:

Or lulling random squabbles when they rise, Chafferings and chatterings at the

market-cross,
Rejoice, small man, in this small
world of mine,

Yea, even in their hens and in their eggs—
O brother, saving this Sir Galahad,

Came ye on none but phantoms in your quest,
No man, no woman?

'All men, to one so bound by such a vow,
And women were as phantoms. O,

my brother,
Why wilt thou shame me to confess
to thee

How far I falter'd from my quest and vow? For after I had lain so many nights,

For after I had lain so many nights,
A bedmate of the snail and eft and
snake,
In grass and burdock, I was changed

And then I chanced upon a goodly town

With one great dwelling in the middle of it; Thither I made, and there was I dis-

arm'd

By maidens each as fair as any flower:

But when they led me into hall.

But when they led me into hall, behold, The Princess of that castle was the

one, Brother, and that one only, who had ever Made my heart leap; for when I

moved of old

A slender page about her father's hall,

And she a slender maiden, all my heart Went after her with longing: yet we twain

Had never kiss'd a kiss, or vow'd a vow.

And now I came upon her, once

And now i came upon her, once again, And one had wedded her, and he was dead.

And all his land and wealth and state were hers. And while I tarried, every day she

A banquet richer than the day before

By me; for all her longing and her

will
Was toward me as of old; till one
fair morn,
I walking to and fro beside a stream

That flash'd across her orchard underneath Her castle-walls, she stole upon my

Her castle-walls, she stole upon my walk, And calling me the greatest of all knights,





Embraced me, and so kiss'd me the first time. And gave herself and all her wealth

to me. Then I remember'd Arthur's warning word, That most of us would follow wander-

ing fires, And the Ouest faded in my heart.

Anon, The heads of all her people drew to me.

With supplication both of knees and tongue:
"We have heard of thee: thou art

our greatest knight, Our lady says it, and we well believe: Wed thou our Lady, and rule over us, And thou shalt be as Arthur in our

land." O me, my brother! but one night my

vow Burnt me within, so that I rose and fled,

But wail'd and wept, and bated mine own self, And ev'n the Holy Quest, and all but

her: Then after I was join'd with Galahad Cared not for her, nor anything upon earth.

Then said the monk, 'Poor men, when yule is cold, Must be content to sit by little fires. And this am I, so that ye care for me

Ever so little; yea, and blest be Heaven That brought thee here to this poor house of ours Where all the brethren are so hard,

to warm My cold heart with a friend; but O the pity To find thine own first love once

Hold her a wealthy bride within thine arms, Or all but hold, and then—cast her

more-to hold.

Foregoing all her sweetness, like a

For we that want the warmth of double life, We that are plagued with dreams of something sweet

Beyond all sweetness in a life so rich.-

Ah, blessed Lord, I speak too earthlywise. Seeing I never stray'd beyond the

cell. But live like an old badger in his earth. With earth about him everywhere,

despite All fast and penance. Saw ve none beside, None of your knights?'

'Yea so,' said Percivale: 'One night my pathway swerving east, I saw

The pelican on the casque of our Sir All in the middle of the rising moon:

And toward him spurr'd, and hail'd him, and he me, And each made joy of either; then

he ask'd,
"Where is he? hast thou seen him-Lancelot ?-Once. Said good Sir Bors, "he dash'd across

me-mad. And maddening what he rode: and when I cried,

'Ridest thou then so hotly on a quest So holy,' Lancelot shouted, 'Stay me not!

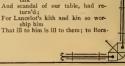
I have been the sluggard, and I ride apace, For now there is a lion in the way.' So vanish'd."

'Then Sir Bors had ridden on Softly, and sorrowing for our Lance-Because his former madness, once the talk And scandal of our table, had re-

ship him That ill to him is ill to them; to Bors.







Beyond the rest: he well had been Not to have seen, so Lancelot might

have seen, The Holy Cup of healing; and, in-

Being so clouded with his grief and Small heart was his after the Holy

Quest: If God would send the vision, well: if not, The Quest and he were in the hands

of Heaven. 'And then, with small adventure

met, Sir Bors Rode to the lonest tract of all the realm, And found a people there among

their crags. Our race and blood, a remnant that were left

Paynim amid their circles, and the stones They pitch up straight to heaven: and

their wise men Were strong in that old magic which

can trace The wandering of the stars, and

scoff'd at him And this high Quest as at a simple thing

Told him he follow'd-almost Arthur's words-

A mocking fire: "what other fire than he, Whereby the blood beats, and the

blossom blows, And the sea rolls, and all the world is warm'd?"

And when his answer chafed them, the rough crowd, Hearing he had a difference with their

priests, Seized him, and bound and plunged him into a cell

great piled stones; and lying bounden there In darkness thro' innumerable hours He heard the hollow-ringing heavens

sweep Over him till by miracle—what else?—

Heavy as it was, a great stone slipt and fell. Such as no wind could move: and

thro' the gap Glimmer'd the streaming scud: then

came a night Still as the day was loud: and thro' the gap

The seven clear stars of Arthur's Table Round-

For, brother, so one night, because they roll Thro' such a round in heaven, we

named the stars, Rejoicing in ourselves and in our

King-And these, like bright eyes of familiar friends.

In on him shone: "And then to me, to me, Said good Sir Bors, "beyond all hopes

of mine Who scarce had pray'd or ask'd it for myself-

Across the seven clear stars-O grace to me-

In color like the fingers of a hand Before a burning taper, the sweet Grail Glided and past, and close upon it peal'd

A sharp quick thunder." Afterwards, a maid,

Who kept our holy faith among her kin In secret, entering, loosed and let him go.'

To whom the monk: 'And I remember now That pelican on the casque: Sir Bors it was

Who spake so low and sadly at our

And mighty reverent at our grace was he: A square-set man and honest; and his

An out-door sign of all the warmth within Smiled with his lips-a smile beneath

a cloud But heaven had meant it for a sunny one:



Ay, ay, Sir Bors, who else? But when we reach'd

The city, found ye all your knights return'd, Or was there sooth in Arthur's proph-

ecy,
Tell me, and what said each, and what
the King?'

Then answer'd Percivale: 'And that can I, Brother, and truly; since the living

words
Of so great men as Lancelot and our
King

Pass not from door to door and out again, But sit within the house. O, when we

reach'd The city, our horses stumbling as they

trode
On heaps of ruin, hornless unicorns,
Crack'd basilisks, and splinter'd cocka-

And shatter'd talbots, which had left the stones

Raw, that they fell from, brought us to the hall.

'And there sat Arthur on the daïsthrone, And those that had gone out upon the Quest, Wasted and worn, and but a tithe of them,

And those that had not, stood before the King,

Who, when he saw me, rose, and bad me hail, Saying, "A welfare in thine eye reproves Our fear of some disastrons chance for thee

On hill, or plain, at sea, or flooding ford. So fierce a gale made havoc here of

So fierce a gale made havoc here of late

Among the strange devices of our kings;
Yea, shook this newer, stronger hall of ours,
And from the statue Merlin moulded

And from the statue Merlin moulded for us Half-wrench'd a golden wing; but now—the Quest, This vision—hast thou seen the Holy

Cup,
That Joseph brought of old to Glastonbury?"

'So when I told him all thyself hast heard,

Ambrosius, and my fresh but fixt resolve
To pass away into the quiet life.

He answer'd not, but, sharply turning, ask'd Of Gawain, "Gawain, was this Onest

Of Gawain, "Gawain, was this Quest for thee?"

"Nay, lord," said Gawain, "not for such as I. Therefore I communed with a saintly man,

Who made me sure the Quest was not for me;

For I was much awearied of the Quest: But found a silk pavilion in a field, And merry maidens in it; and then this gale

Tore my pavilion from the tenting-pin, And blew my merry maidens all about

With all discomfort; yea, and but for this, My twelvemonth and a day were

'He ceased; and Arthur turn'd to whom at first He saw not, for Sir Bors, on entering,

pleasant to me.'

push'd Athwart the throng to Lancelot, caught his hand,

Held it, and there, half-hidden by him, stood, Until the King espied him, saying to

him,
"Hail, Bors! if ever loyal man and

Could see it, thou hast seen the Grail;" and Bors, "Ask me not, for I may not speak of

I saw it;" and the tears were in his eyes.



'Then there remain'd but Lancelot, for the rest Spake but of sundry perils in the

storm; Perhaps, like him of Cana in Holy Writ,

Writ,
Our Arthur kept his best until the last;
"Thou, too, my Lancelot," ask'd the

King, "my friend, Our mightiest, hath this Quest avail'd for thee?"

"" Our mightiest!" answer'd Lancelot, with a groan; O King!"—and when he paused.

methought I spied
A dying fire of madness in his eyes—
O King, my friend, if friend of thine
I be,

Happier are those that welter in their sin, Swine in the mud, that cannot see for

Slime, Slime of the ditch: but in me lived a sin

So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure, Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung

Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower

And poisonous grew together, each as each, Not to be pluck'd asunder; and when

thy knights Sware, I sware with them only in the hope

That could I touch or see the Holy
Grail
They might he pluck'd asunder.

Then I spake
To one most holy saint, who wept
and said,

That save they could be pluck'd asunder, all My quest were but in vain; to whom

I vow'd
That I would work according as he
will'd.
And forth I went, and while I yearn'd

and strove
To tear the twain asunder in my heart,

My madness came upon me as of old, And whipt me into waste fields far away; There was I beaten down by little men,

Mean knights, to whom the moving of my sword And shadow of my spear had been enow

To scare them from me once; and then I came

All in my folly to the naked shore, Wide flats, where nothing but coarse

grasses grew;
But such a blast, my King, began to
blow,
So loud a blast along the shore and

sea,
Ye could not hear the waters for the

Tho' heapt in mounds and ridges all the sea

Drove like a cataract, and all the

Swept like a river, and the clouded

heavens
Were shaken with the motion and the sound.

And blackening in the sea-foam sway'd a boat, Half-swallow'd in it, anchor'd with a

chain;
And in my madness to myself I said,
'I will embark and I will lose myself,
And in the great sea wash away my

sin.'
I burst the chain, I sprang into the boat.
Seven days I drove along the dreary deep,

And with me drove the moon and all the stars; And the wind fell, and on the seventh night

I heard the shingle grinding in the surge, And felt the boat shock earth, and

looking up,
Behold, the enchanted towers of Carbonek,

A castle like a rock upon a rock, With chasm-like portals open to the sea,







Being too blind to have desire to see. But if indeed there came a sign from heaven, Blessed are Bors, Lancelot and Per-

Blessed are Bors, Lancelot and Percivale, For these have seen according to their

sight.

For every fiery prophet in old times,
And all the sacred madness of the
bard,
When God made purels thre' them

When God made music thro' them, could but speak His music by the framework and the

chord; And as ye saw it ye have spoken truth.

"Nay-but thou errest, Lancelot: never yet Could all of true and noble in knight

and man
Twine round one sin, whatever it
might be,

With such a closeness, but apart there grew, Save that he were the swine thou

spakest of,
Some root of knighthood and pure

nobleness;
Whereto see thou, that it may bear

"And spake I not too truly, O my knights?

Was I too dark a prophet when I said To those who went upon the Holy Quest,

That most of them would follow wandering fires,

Lost in the quagmire?—lost to me and gone, And left me gazing at a barren board,

And a lean Order—scarce return'd a tithe—
And out of those to whom the vision came

My greatest hardly will believe he saw;

Another hath beheld it afar off, And leaving human wrongs to right themselves, Cares but to pass into the silent life. And one hath had the vision face to

face,
And now his chair desires him here in
vain,

However they may crown him otherwhere.

"And some among you held, that if the King Had seen the sight he would have

sworn the vow: Not easily, seeing that the King must

guard That which he rules, and is but as the hind

To whom a space of land is given to plow.

Who may not wander from the allotted field

Before his work be done: but being

done,
Let visions of the night or of the day
Come, as they will; and many a time
they come,

Until this earth he walks on seems not earth,

This light that strikes his eyeball is not light,

This air that smites his forehead is not air But vision—yea, his very hand and

foot—
In moments when he feels he cannot die,
And knows himself no vision to him-

Nor the high God a vision, nor that
One

Who rose again: ye have seen what ye have seen."

'So spake the King: I knew not all he meant.'

PELLEAS AND ETTARRE.

KING ARTHUR made new knights to fill the gap

Left by the Holy Quest; and as he sat In hall at old Caerleon, the high doors







There she that seem'd the chief among them said, 'In happy time behold our pilot-star! Youth, we are damsels-errant, and we

ride, Arm'd as ye see, to tilt against the knights

There at Caerleon, but have lost our way:
To right? to left? straight forward?

back again? Which? tell us quickly.'

Pelleas gazing thought,
'Is Guinevere herself so beautiful?'
For large her violet eyes look'd, and

her bloom
A rosy dawn kindled in stainless
heavens,

And round her limbs, mature in womanhood; And slender was her hand and small

her shape;
And but for those large eyes, the

haunts of scorn, She might have seem'd a toy to trifle

with,
And pass and care no more. But
while he gazed

while he gazed
The beauty of her flesh abash'd the
boy,
As tho' it were the beauty of her soul:

For as the base man, judging of the good,
Puts his own baseness in him by

default Of will and nature, so did Pelleas lend All the young beauty of his own soul

to hers, Believing her; and when she spake to him,

him, Stammer'd, and could not make her a reply.

For out of the waste islands had he come,
Where saving his own sisters he had

known Scarce any but the women of his isles,

Rough wives, that laugh'd and scream'd against the gulls, Makers of nets, and living from the sea. Then with a slow smile turn'd the lady round And look'd upon her people; and as when

A stone is flung into some sleeping

The circle widens till it lip the marge,

Spread the slow smile thro' all her

Spread the slow smile thro' all her company.

Three knights were thereamong; and

they too smiled,
Scorning him; for the lady was
Ettarre,
And she was a great lady in her land.

Again she said, 'O wild and of the

Knowest thou not the fashion of our speech?
Or have the Heavens but given thee a

fair face,
Lacking a tongue?'

'O damsel,' answer'd he,
'I woke from dreams; and coming
out of gloom
Was dazzled by the sudden light,

and crave .

Pardon: but will ye to Caerleon? I
Go likewise: shall I lead you to the
King?

'Lead then,' she said; and thro' the woods they went. And while they rode, the meaning in

his eyes,
His tenderness of manner, and chaste
awe,
His broken utterances and bashful-

ness, Were all a burthen to her, and in her

She mutter'd, 'I have lighted on a

Raw, yet so stale!' But since her mind was bent On hearing, after trumpet blown, her

name And title, 'Queen of Beauty,' in the

Cried—and beholding him so strong, she thought





That peradventure he will fight for me,

And win the circlet: therefore flatter'd him, Being so gracious, that he wellnigh

deem'd
His wish by hers was echo'd; and her
knights
And all her damsels too were gracious

to him, For she was a great lady.

And when they reach'd Caerleon, ere they past to lodging, she,

Taking his hand, 'O the strong hand,' she said,
'See! look at mine! but wilt thou

fight for me,
And win me this fine circlet, Pel-

That I may love thee?'

her.

Then his helpless heart Lcapt, and he cried, 'Ay! wilt thou if I win?' 'Ay, that will I,' she answer'd, and she laugh'd,

And straitly nipt the hand, and flung

Then glanced askew at those three knights of hers, Till all her ladies laugh'd along with

'O happy world,' thought Pelleas,
'all, meseems,

Are happy; I the happiest of them all.'

Nor slept that night for pleasure in his blood,

And green wood-ways, and eyes among the leaves; Then being on the morrow knighted, sware

sware
To love one only. And as he came
away,

The men who met him rounded on their heels And wonder'd after him, because his

Shone like the countenance of a priest of old Against the flame about a sacrifice Kindled by fire from heaven: so glad was he.

Then Arthur made vast hanquets, and strange knights From the four winds came in: and

each one sat,
Tho' served with choice from air,
land, stream, and sea,
oft in mid-basenest measuring with his

Oft in mid-banquet measuring with his eyes
His neighbor's make and might: and Pelleas look'd

Pelleas look'd Nobie among the noble, for he dream'd His lady loved him, and he knew him-

self Loved of the King: and him his newmade knight Worshipt, whose lightest whisper

moved him more
Than all the ranged reasons of the world.

Then blush'd and brake the morning of the jousts, And this was call'd 'The Tournament of Youth:'

For Arthur, loving his young knight, withheld His older and his mightier from the lists, That Pelleas might obtain his lady's

love, According to her promise, and remain Lord of the tourney. And Arthur had

the jousts
Down in the flat field by the shore of
Usk
Holden: the gilded parapets were
crown'd

With faces, and the great tower fill'd with eyes
Up to the summit, and the trumpets blew.

There all day long Sir Pelleas kept the field With honor: so by that strong hand

of his
The sword and golden circlet were achieved.







him off, And pamper him with papmeat, if ye

Old milky fables of the wolf and sheep.

Such as the wholesome mothers tell their boys. But Pelleas overthrew them as they dash'd Against him one by one; and these return'd. But still he kept his watch beneath the wall.

and once. A week beyond, while walking on the walls

With her three knights, she pointed downward, 'Look, He haunts me-I cannot breathe-

besieges me; Down! strike him! put my hate into

your strokes. And drive him from my walls,' And down they went,

And Pelleas overthrew them one by one

And from the tower above him cried Ettarre

'Bind him and bring him in.'

He heard her voice: Then let the strong hand, which had overthrown Her minion-knights, by those he overthrew Be bounden straight, and so they

brought him in.

Then when he came before Ettarre, the sight

Of her rich beauty made him at one glance More bondsman in his heart than in

his bonds. with good cheer he spake, Yet

Behold me, Lady, A prisoner, and the vassal of thy will; And if thou keep me in thy donjon

here, Content am I so that I see thy face But once a day: for I have sworn my vows.

And thou hast given thy promise, and I know That all these pains are trials of my

faith, And that thyself, when thon hast seen me strain'd

And sifted to the utmost, wilt at length Yield me thy love and know me for thy knight.'

Then she began to rail so bitterly, With all her damsels, he was stricken

But when she mock'd his vows and the great King, Lighted on words: 'For pity of thine own self.

Peace, Lady, peace: is he not thine and mine?

'Thou fool,' she said, 'I never heard his voice But long'd to break away. Unbind

him now. And thrust him out of doors: for save he be Fool to the midmost marrow of his

bones. He will return no more,' And those, her three. Laugh'd, and unbound, and thrust him from the gate.

And after this, a week beyond, She call'd them, saying, 'There he watches vet.

There like a dog before his master's door l Kick'd, he returns: do ye not hate

him, ve? Ye know yourselves: how can ve bide at peace, Affronted with his fulsome innocence?

Are ye but creatures of the board and bed, No men to strike? Fall on him all at

once, And if ye slay him I reck not: if ye

fail, Give ye the slave mine order to be bound.

Bind him as heretofore, and bring him in: It may be ye shall slay him in his bonds.'

She spake; and at her will they couch'd their spears, Three against one: and Gawain pass-

ing by, Bound upon solitary adventure, saw Low down beneath the shadow of those towers

A villainy, three to one : and thro' his

The fire of honor and all noble deeds



Flash'd, and he call'd, 'I strike upon thy side—
The caitiffs!' 'Nay,' said Pelleas. 'but forbear; He needs no aid who doth his lady's will.

So Gawain, looking at the villainy

Forbore, but in his heat and eagerness Trembled and quiver'd, as the dog, withheld

A moment from the vermin that he Before him, shivers, ere he springs and

kills. And Pelleas overthrew them, one to

three: And they rose up, and bound, and brought him in.

Then first her anger, leaving Pelleas, burn'd

Full on her knights in many an evil Of craven, weakling, and thrice-beaten

hound: 'Yet, take him, ye that scarce are fit to touch,

Far less to bind, your victor, and thrust him out, And let who will release him from his

bonds. And if he comes again'-there she brake short:

And Pelleas answer'd, 'Lady, for indeed I loved you and I deem'd you beauti-

ful, I cannot brook to see your beauty marr'd

Thro' evil spite: and if ye love me I cannot bear to dream you so for-

sworn: I had liefer ye were worthy of my love, Than to be loved again of you—fare-

well; And tho' ye kill my hope, not yet my

love, Vex not yourself: ye will not see me more,

While thus he spake, she gazed upon the man

Of princely bearing, tho' in bonds, and thought, 'Why have I push'd him from me?

this man loves, If love there be : yet him I loved not. Why?

I deem'd him fool? yea, so? or that in him A something-was it nobler than my-

self? Seem'd my reproach? He is not of my kind

He could not love me, did he know me well. Nay, let him go-and quickly.' And

her knights Laugh'd not, but thrust him bounden out of door.

Forth sprang Gawain, and loosed him from his bonds, And flung them o'er the walls; and

afterward, Shaking his hands, as from a lazar's

'Faith of my body,' he said, 'and art thou not-

Yea thou art he, whom late our Arthur made Knight of his table; yea and he that

won The circlet? wherefore hast thou so defamed

Thy brotherhood in me and all the rest, As let these caitiffs on thee work their

will? And Pelleas answer'd, 'O, their

wills are hers For whom I won the circlet; and mine, hers

Thus to be bounden, so to see her face, Marr'd tho' it be with spite and mockery now, Other than when I found her in the

woods: And tho' she hath me bounden but in spite, And all to flout me, when they bring

me in.





Let me be bounden, I shall see her face: Else must I die thro' mine unhappiness.

And Gawain answer'd kindly tho' in scorn. 'Why, let my lady bind me if she And let my lady beat me if she will: But an she send her delegate to thrall These fighting hands of mine-Christ

kill me then But I will slice him handless by the wrist, And let my lady sear the stump for him

Howl as he may. But hold me for your friend: Come, ve know nothing: here I pledge my troth,

Yea, by the honor of the Table Round, I will be leal to thee and work thy work. And tame thy jailing princess to thine

hand. Lend me thine horse and arms, and I will say That I have slain thee. She will let

me in To hear the manner of thy fight and fall; when I come within her

counsels, then From prime to vespers will I chant thy praise As prowest knight and truest lover,

more Than any have sung thee living, till she long
To have thee back in lusty life again,

Not to be bound, save by white bonds and warm, Dearer than freedom. Wherefore

now thy horse And armor: let me go: be com-Give me three days to melt her fancy,

and hope The third night hence will bring thee

Then Pelleas lent his horse and all his arms. Saving the goodly sword, his prize, Gawain's, and said, 'Betray me not, but help-Art thou not he whom men call light-

'Av,' said Gawain, 'for women be so light Then bounded forward to the castle

of-love?

walls, And raised a bugle hanging from his neck And winded it, and that so music-

That all the old echoes hidden in the wall

Rang out like hollow woods at hunting-tide.

Up ran a score of damsels to the tower: 'Avaunt,' they cried, 'our lady loves thee not.

But Gawain lifting up his vizor said, 'Gawain am I, Gawain of Arthur's And I have slain this Pelleas whom

ye hate: Behold his horse and armor. Open And I will make you merry.'

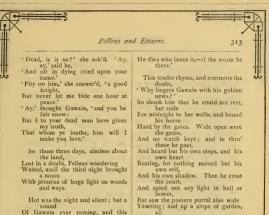
And down they ran. Her damsels, crying to their lady, Pelleas is dead-he told us-he that His horse and armor: will ye let him in 3 He slew him! Gawain, Gawain of the court.

Sir Gawain-there he waits below the wall. Blowing his bugle as who should say

And so, leave given, straight on thro'

Rode Gawain, whom she greeted courteously.





'A rose, but one, none other rose had I,
A rose, one rose, and this was wondrous fair,
One rose, a rose that gladden'd earth and sky,

Which Pelleas had heard sung before

And seen her sadden listening-vext

the Queen,

his heart, And marr'd his rest—' A worm within

the rose.'

and sky,
One rose, my rose, that sweeten'd all
mine air—
I cared not for the thorns; the thorns
were there.

'One rose, a rose to gather by and by,
One rose, a rose, to gather and to wear,
No rose but one—what other rose had I?
One rose, my rose; a rose that will not die,—

Yawning; and up a slope of garden, all Of roses white and red, and brambles mixt

And overgrowing them, went on, and found,
Here too, all hush'd below the mellow moon,
Save that one rivulet from a tiny

Came lightening downward, and so spilt itself Among the roses, and was lost again.

Then was he ware of three pavilions rear'd Above the bushes, gilden-peakt: in one, Red after revel, droned her lurdane

knights : Slumbering, and their three squires across their feet:

In one, their malice on the placid lip Froz'n by sweet sleep, four of her damsels lay: And in the third, the circlet of the jousts

Jousts
Bound on her brow, were Gawain and
Ettarre.



Back, as a hand that pushes thro'
the leaf
To find a nest and feels a snake, he
drew:

drew: Back, as a coward slinks from what he fears

To cope with, or a traitor proven, or hound Beaten, did Pelleas in an utter shame

Creep with his shadow thro' the court again, Fingering at his sword-handle until

he stood
There on the castle-bridge once more,

and thought,
'I will go back, and slay them where
they lie.'

And so went back and seeing them yet in sleep Said, 'Ye, that so dishallow the holy sleep,

Your sleep is death,' and drew the sword, and thought, 'What! slay a sleeping knight? the

King hath bound
And sworn me to this brother-hood; again,

hood;' again,
'Alas that ever a knight should be so false.'

Then turn'd, and so return'd, and groaning laid The naked sword athwart their naked

throats, There left it, and them sleeping; and she lay,

The circlet of the tourney round her brows,

And the sword of the tourney across her throat.

And forth he past, and mounting on his horse Stared at her towers that, larger than themselves In their own darkness, throng'd into

the moon.
Then crush'd the saddle with his thighs, and clench'd

thighs, and clench'd His hands, and madden'd with himself and moan'd: 'Would they have risen against me in their blood At the last day? I might have an-

swer'd them

Even before high God. O towers so strong,

Huge, solid, would that even while I

gaze
The crack of earthquake shivering to your base

Split you, and Hell burst up your harlot roofs

Bellowing and share'd you thre' and

Bellowing, and charr'd you thro' and thro' within, Black as the harlot's heart—hollow

as a skull!.

Let the fierce east scream thro' your eyelet-holes,

And whirl the dust of harlots round and round In dung and nettles! hiss, snake—I

saw him there—
Let the fox bark, let the wolf yell.
Who yells

Here in the still sweet summer night, but I— I, the poor Pelleas whom she call'd

her fool?

Fool, beast—he, she, or I? myself

most fool;
Beast too, as lacking human wit—
disgraced,

Dishonor'd all for trial of true love— Love? we be all alike: only the King

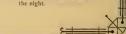
Hath made us fools and liars. O noble vows!
O great and sane and simple race of

brutes
That own no lust because they have no law!
For why should I have loved her to

ny shame?
I loathe her, as I loved her to my shame.
I never loved her, I but lusted for her—

Away—'

He dash'd the rowel into his horse,
And bounded forth and vanish'd thro'





Then she, that felt the cold touch on her throat. Awaking knew the sword, and turn'd To Gawain: 'Liar, for thou hast not

This Pelleas I here he stood, and might Me and thyself.' And he that tells

the tale Says that her ever-veering fancy turn'd To Pelleas, as the one true knight on

And only lover; and thro' her love her life Wasted and pined, desiring him in

vain. But he by wild and way, for half the night, And over hard and soft, striking the

sod From out the soft, the spark from off the hard. Rode till the star above the wakening

Beside that tower where Percivale was cowl'd.

Glanced from the rosy forehead of the dawn. For so the words were flash'd into his

heart He knew not whence or wherefore: 'O sweet star.

Pure on the virgin forehead of the

And there he would have wept, but felt his eyes Harder and drier than a fountain bed

In summer: thither came the village girls And linger'd talking, and they come no more Till the sweet heavens have fill'd it

from the heights Again with living waters in, the change Of seasons: hard his eyes; harder

his heart Seem'd; but so weary were his

limbs, that he,

Gasping, 'Of Arthur's hall am I, but here. Here let me rest and die,' cast himself down. And gulf'd his griefs in inmost sleep; so lay, Till shaken by a dream, that Gawain

The hall of Merlin, and the morning Reel'd in the smoke, brake into

flame, and fell.

He woke, and being ware of some one nigh. Sent hands upon him, as to tear him, crying, 'False! and I held thee pure as Guinevere.

But Percivale stood near him and 'Am I but false as Guinevere is pure? Or art thou mazed with dreams? or being one

Of our free-spoken Table hast not heard That Lancelot'-there he check'd himself and paused.

Then fared it with Sir Pelleas as with one Who gets a wound in battle, and the

sword That made it plunges thro' the wound again,

And pricks it deeper: and he shrank and wail'd 'Is the Queen false?' and Percivale

was mute. 'Have any of our Round Table held their vows?'

And Percivale made answer not a word. 'Is the King true?' 'The King!' said Percivale.

'Why then let men couple at once with wolves. What! art thou mad?'

But Pelleas, leaping up. Ran thro' the doors and vaulted on his horse





young knight, Hath the great heart of knighthood in thee fail'd

So far thou canst not bide, unfro-

A fall from him?' Then, for he answer'd not, 'Or hast thou other griefs? If I, the

Oueen, May help them, loose thy tongue, and let nie know.

But Pelleas lifted up an eye so fierce She quail'd; and he, hissing 'I have no sword.

Sprang from the door into the dark. The Queen Look'd hard upon her lover, he on

her: And each foresaw the dolorous day to be:

And all talk died, as in a grove all song Beneath the shadow of some bird of

prey; Then a long silence came upon the hall, And Modred thought, 'The time is

hard at hand.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.

DAGONET, the fool, whom Gawain in his mood Had made mock-knight of Arthur's

Table Round. At Camelot, high above the yellowing woods.

Danced like a wither'd leaf before the

And toward him from the hall, with harp in hand, And from the crown thereof a carca-

Of ruby swaying to and fro, the prize Of Tristram in the jousts of yester-

day, Came Tristram, saying, 'Why skip ye so, Sir Fool !

Heard a child wail. A stump of oak

From roots like some black coil of carven snakes, Clutch'd at the crag, and started thro'

mid air Bearing an eagle's nest: and thro' the

Rush'd ever a rainy wind, and thro' the wind

Pierced ever a child's cry; and crag and tree Scaling, Sir Lancelot from the peril-

ous nest. This ruby necklace thrice around her neck,

And all unscarr'd from beak or talon. brought A maiden babe: which Arthur pitying

took, Then gave it to his Queen to rear: the Queen

But coldly acquiescing, in her white arms Received, and after loved it tenderly, And named it Nestling; so forgot herself

A moment, and her cares; till that young life Being smitten in mid heaven with mortal cold Past from her; and in time the carca-

net Vext her with plaintive memories of the child So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,

'Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence, And make them, an thou wilt, a tourney-prize.

To whom the King, ' Peace to thine eagle-borne

Dead nestling, and this honor after death, Following thy will! but, O my Queen,

Why ye not wear on arm, or neck, or





Then Arthur turn'd to Kay the seneschal, 'Take thou my churl, and tend him curiously

Like a king's heir, till all his hurts be whole. The heathen—but that ever-climbing wave,

Hurl'd back again so often in empty foam, Hath lain for years at rest—and rene-

gades,
Thieves, bandits, leavings of confu-

The wholesome realm is purged of otherwhere, Friends, thro' your manhood and your

fëalty,-now Make their last head like Satan in the

North. My younger knights, new-made, in whom your flower

Waits to be solid fruit of golden deeds,

Move with me toward their quelling,

which achieved,
The loneliest ways are safe from shore to shore.

But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my place Enchair'd to-morrow, arbitrate the

field;
For wherefore shouldst thou care to mingle with it,
Only to yield my Oueen her own

again?

Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent: is it well?

Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd, 'It is well:
Yet better if the King abide, and leave The leading of his younger knights to me.
Else, for the King has will'd it, it is well.'

Then Arthur rose and Lancelot follow'd him, And while they stood without the doors, the King Turn'd to him saying, 'Is it then so Or mine the blame that oft I seem as he

Of whom was written, "A sound is in his ears"?

The foot that loiters, bidden go,—the

That only seems half-loyal to command,— A manner somewhat fall'n from rever-

ence— Or have I dream'd the bearing of our knights

Tells of a manhood ever less and lower? Or whence the fear lest this my realm,

uprear'd,
By noble deeds at one with noble
vows.

From flat confusion and brute violences,
Reel back into the beast, and be no

Reel back into the beast, and be no more?'

He spoke, and taking all his younger knights, Down the slope city rode, and sharply turn'd North by the gate. In her high

bower the Queen, Working a tapestry, lifted up her head, Watch'd her lord pass, and knew not that she sigh'd.

Then ran across her memory the strange rhyme Of bygone Merlin, 'Where is he who

knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes.'

But when the morning of a tournament, By these in earnest those in mockery call'd

The Tournament of the Dead Innocence,
Brake with a wet wind blowing, Lan-

celot,
Round whose sick head all night, like
birds of prey,
The words of Arthur flying shrick'd.

arose,
And down a streetway hung with folds of pure











Made answer, 'Ay, but wherefore toss me this Like a dry bone cast to some hungry

hound? Let be thy fair Queen's fantasy. Strength of heart

And might of limb, but mainly use and skill. Are winners in this pastime of our

King. My hand-belike the lance hath dript

upon it-No blood of mine, I trow: but O

chief knight, Right arm of Arthur in the battlefield, Great brother, thou nor I have made

the world; Be happy in thy fair Queen as I in mine.

And Tristram round the gallery made his horse Caracole; then bow'd his homage, bluntly saying,

'Fair damsels, each to him who worships each

Sole Queen of Beauty and of love, be-

This day my Queen of Beauty is not And most of these were mute, some

anger'd, one Murmuring, 'All courtesy is dead,' and one. 'The glory of our Round Table is no

more. Then fell thick rain, plume droopt

and mantle clung, And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day

Went glooming down in wet and weariness: But under her black brows a swarthy

Laugh'd shrilly, crying, 'Praise the patient saints.

Our one white day of Innocence hath past, Tho' somewhat draggled at the skirt.

So be it. The snowdrop only, flowering thro' the year,

Would make the world as blank as Winter-tide Come-let us gladden their sad eves, our Oueen's And Lancelot's, at this night's so-

With all the kindlier colors of the field.

So dame and damsel glitter'd at the feast Variously gay: for he that tells the

Liken'd them, saying, as when an hour of cold Falls on the mountain in midsummer snows.

And all the purple slopes of mountain flower Pass under white, till the warm hour

With veer of wind, and all are flowers again;

So dame and damsel cast the simple white, And glowing in all colors, the live

grass. Rose-campion, blucbell. kingcup.

poppy, glanced About the revels, and with mirth so loud Beyond all use, that, half-amazed, the

Queen, And wroth at Tristram and the lawless jousts, Brake up their sports, then slowly to

her bower Parted, and in her bosom pain was lord.

And little Dagonet on the morrow morn. High over all the vellowing Autumntide. Danced like a wither'd leaf before the

Then Tristram saying, 'Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?' Wheel'd round on either heel, Dag-

onet replied, 'Belike for lack of wiser company;

Or being fool, and seeing too much wit



Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee?—

Not marking how the knighthood

mock thee, fool—
"Fear God: honor the King—his one true knight—

true knight—
Sole follower of the vows "—for here
be they
Who knew thee swine enow before I

came, Smuttier than blasted grain: but when the King

Had made thee fool, thy vanity so shot up
It frighted all free fool from out thy heart;
Which left thee less than fool, and

less than swine,
A naked aught—yet swine I hold
thee still.

For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine.'

And little Dagonet mincing with his feet, 'Knight, an ye fling those rubies round my neck In lieu of hers, I'll hold thou hast some touch Of music, since I care not for thy

pearls.
Swine? I have wallow'd, I have wash'd—the world
Is flesh and shadow—I have had my

day.
The dirty nurse, Experience, in her kind
Hath foul'd me—an I wallow'd, then

I wash'd—
I have had my day and my philoso-

phies—
And thank the Lord I am King
Arthur's fool.

Swine, say ye? swine, goats, asses, rams and geese Troop'd round a Paynim harper ouce,

who thrumm'd
On such a wire as musically as thou
Some such fine song—but never a
king's fool.'

And Tristram, 'Then were swine, goats, asses, geese The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim bard Had such a mastery of his mystery

That he could harp his wife up out of hell.'

Then Dagonet, turning on the ball of his foot, 'And whither harp'st thou thine? down! and thyself

Down! and two more: a helpful harper thou,
That harpest downward! Dost thou know the star
We call the harp of Arthur up in heaven?

And Tristram, 'Ay, Sir Fool, for when our King Was victor wellnigh day by day, the knights, Glorying in each new glory, set his name High on all hills, and in the signs of heaven.'

And Dagonet answer'd, 'Ay, and when the land

Was freed, and the Queen false, ye set yourself
To babble about him, all to show your wit—

And whether he were King by courtesy, Or King by right—and so went harping down The black king's highway, got so far,

The black king's highway, got so far, and grew So witty that ye play'd at ducks and drakes

With Arthur's vows on the great lake of fire. Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the star?'

'Nay, fool,' said Tristram, 'not in open day.' And Dagonet, 'Nay, nor will: I see it and hear.

It makes a silent music up in heaven, And I, and Arthur and the angels hear,





And then we skip,' 'Lo, fool,' he said, 'ye talk

treason: is the King thy Fool's treason: Then little Dagonet clapt his hands and shrill'd.

'Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king of Conceits himself as God that he can

make Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles,

milk From burning spurge, honey from hornet-combs,

And men from beasts-Long live the king of fools!'

And down the city Dagonet danced away; But thro' slowly-mellowing the

avenues And solitary passes of the wood Rode Tristram toward Lyonnesse and

the west. Before him fled the face of Oueen

Isolt With ruby-circled neck, but evermore

Past, as a rustle or twitter in the wood Made dull his inner, keen his outer

For all that walk'd, or crept, or perch'd,

or flew. Anon the face, as, when a gust hath blown, Unruffling waters re-collect

shape Of one that in them sees himself, return'd; But at the slot or fewmets of a deer,

Or ev'n a fall'n feather, vanish'd again.

So on for all that day from lawn to lawn Thro' many a league-long bower he

rode. At length A lodge of intertwisted beechenboughs Furze-cramm'd, and bracken-rooft,

the which himself Built for a summer day with Queen Against a shower, dark in the golden grove Appearing, sent his fancy back to

where She lived a moon in that low lodge

with him : Till Mark her lord had past, the Cornish King.

With six or seven, when Tristram was away And snatch'd her thence; yet dreading

worse than shame Her warrior Tristram, spake not any word But bode his hour, devising wretchedness.

And now that desert lodge to Tristram lookt So sweet, that halting, in he past, and

sank Down on a drift of foliage randomblown;

But could not rest for musing how to smoothe And sleek his marriage over to the

Queen. Perchance in lone Tintagil far from all The tonguesters of the court she had

not heard But then what folly had sent him overseas

After she left him lonely here? a name? Was it the name of one in Brittany, Isolt, the daughter of the King?

Of the white hands' they call'd her: the sweet name Allured him first, and then the maid

Who served him well with those white hands of hers,

And loved him well, until himself had thought He loved her also, wedded easily,

But left her all as easily, and return'd. The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eves Had drawn him home-what marvel? then he laid

His brows upon the drifted leaf and dream'd.











"THE VOICE OF THE DEAD WAS A LIVING VOICE TO ME."-Page 106,



He seem'd to pace the strand of Brittany Between Isolt of Britain and his

bride,
And show'd them both the rubychain, and both

Began to struggle for it, till his Queen Graspt it so hard, that all her hand was red.

was red.
Then cried the Breton, 'Look, her hand is red!
These be no rubies, this is frozen

blood, And melts within her hand—her hand is hot

With ill desires, but this I gave thee, look,

Is all as cool and white as any flower.'
Follow'd a rush of eagle's wings, and
then

A whimpering of the spirit of the child, Because the twain had spoil'd her carcanet.

He dream'd; but Arthur with a hundred spears

Rode far, till o'er the illimitable reed, And many a glancing plash and sallowy isle,

The wide-wing'd sunset of the misty marsh Glared on a huge machicolated tower

That stood with open doors, whereout was roll'd
A roar of riot, as from men secure
Amid their marshes, ruffians at their

Amid their marsnes, rumans at their ease Among their harlot-brides, an evil

song.

'Lo there,' said one of Arthur's youth, for there,
High on a grim dead tree before the

tower,
A goodly brother of the Table Round
Swung by the neck: and on the

Swung by the neck: and on the boughs a shield Showing a shower of blood in a field*

And therebeside a horn, inflamed the knights

At that dishonor done the gilded spur,

Till each would clash the shield, and blow the horn. But Arthur waved them back. Alone

he rode. Then at the dry harsh roar of the

Then at the dry harsh roar of the great horn, That sent the face of all the marsh

An ever upward-rushing storm and cloud

Of shriek and plume, the Red Knight heard, and all,

Even to tipmost lance and topmost helm, In blood-red armor, sallying, howl'd to the King,

'The teeth of Hell-flay bare and gnash thee flat!-

gnash thee nat :—

Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted

King

Who fain had clipt free manhood

Who fain had clipt free manhood from the world— The woman-worshipper? Yea, God's

curse, and I! Slain was the brother of my para-

mour
By a knight of thine, and I that heard
her whine

And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too, Sware by the scorpion-worm that twists in hell, And stings itself to everlasting death, To hang whatever knight of thine I

fought
And tumbled. Art thou King?—Look
to thy life!'

He ended: Arthur knew the voice; the face Wellnigh was helmet-hidden, and the

went wandering somewhere darkling in his mind.

And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword, But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd

from horse
To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,
Down from the causeway heavily to

the swamp
Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave,









But warrior-wise thou stridest thro' Who hates thee, as I him-ev'n to

the death. My soul, I felt my hatred for my

Mark Quicken within me, and knew that thou wert nigh.' To whom Sir Tristram smiling, 'I am

here. Let be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine.'

And drawing somewhat backward

she replied. 'Can he be wrong'd who is not ev'n his own.

But save for dread of thee had beaten me, Scratch'd, bitten, blinded, marr'd me

somehow-Mark What rights are his that dare not

strike for them? Not lift a hand-not, tho' he found me thus!

But harken! have ve met him? hence he went To-day for three days' hunting-as he

said-And so returns belike within an hour.

Mark's way, my soul !-but eat not thou with Mark. Because he hates thee even more than

fears; Nor drink: and when thou passest

any wood Close vizor, lest an arrow from the bush

Should leave me all alone with Mark and hell My God, the measure of my hate for

Mark Is as the measure of my love for thee.'

So, pluck'd one way by hate and one by love, Drain'd of her force, again she sat, and spake

To Tristram, as he knelt before her, saying,

O hunter, and O blower of the horn, Harper, and thou hast been a rover too.

For, ere I mated with my shambling Ye twain had fallen out about the

Of one-his name is out of me-the prize, If prize she were-(what marvel-she

could see)-Thine, friend; and ever since my craven seeks

To wreck thee villainously: but, O Sir

What dame or damsel have ye kneel'd to last?'

And Tristram, 'Last to my Oueen Paramount. Here now to my Oneen Paramount of loveliness-ay, lovelier than

when first Her light feet fell on our rough Lyon-

nesse Sailing from Ireland."

Softly laugh'd Isolt: ' Flatter me not, for hath not our great Oucen

My dole of beauty trebled?' and he said,

'Her beauty is her beauty, and thine And thine is more to me-soft, gra-

cious, kind-Save when thy Mark is kindled on thy lips

Most gracious; but she, haughty, ev'n to him. Lancelot; for I have seen him wan cnow

To make one doubt if ever the great Oueen Have vielded him her love.'

To whom Isolt, 'Ah then, false hunter and false har-

per, thou Who brakest thro' the scruple of my bond, Calling me thy white hind, and saying

to me That Guinevere had sinn'd against

the highest.







'May God be with thee, sweet, when old and gray, And past desire!' a saying that an-

gered her.
"May God be with thee, sweet, when

And sweet no more to me!" I need Him now.

For when had Lancelot utter'd aught so gross

Ev'n to the swineherd's malkin in the mast? The greater man, the greater courtesy.

Far other was the Tristram, Arthur's knight! But thou, thro' ever harrying thy wild

beasts—
Save that to touch a harp, tilt with a

lance
Becomes thee well—art grown wild
beast thyself.

How darest thou, if lover, push me even In fancy from thy side and set me far

In fancy from thy side, and set me far In the gray distance, half a life away, Her to be loved no more? Unsay it, unswear!

Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak, Broken with Mark and hate and solitude,

Thy marriage and mine own, that I should suck
Lies like sweet wines: lie to me: I

believe.
Will ye not lie? not swear, as there
ye kneel,

And solemnly as when ye sware to him, The man of men, our King—My God,

the power
Was once in vows when men believed
the King!

They lied not then, who sware, and thro' their vows The King prevailing made his

The King prevailing made his realm:—I say, Swear to me thou wilt love me ev'n

when old,
Gray-hair'd, and past desire, and in
despair.'

Then Tristram, pacing moodily up and down, 'Vows! did you keep the vow you made to Mark More than I mine? Lied, say ye?

Nay, but learnt,
The vow that binds too strictly snaps

The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself— My knighthood taught me this—ay,

being snapt—
We run more counter to the soul

Than had we never sworn. I swear

I swore to the great King, and am forsworn. For once—ev'n to the height—I hon-

or'd him.
"Man, is he man at all?" methought,

when first
I rode from our rough Lyonnesse, and
beheld

That victor of the Pagan throned in hall—

His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a brow Like hillsnow high in beaven, the

steel-blue eyes,
The golden beard that clothed his lips
with light—

Moreover, that weird legend of his birth, With Merlin's mystic babble about

Amazed me; then, his foot was on a stool

Shaped as a dragon; he seem'd to me no man, But Michaël trampling Satan; so I

sware, Being amazed: but this went by—The vows! O ay—the wholesome madness of an

O ay—the wholesome madness of an hour— They served their use, their time: for

every knight Believed himself a greater than himself.

And every follower eyed him as a God; Till he, being lifted up beyond himself, Did mightier deeds than elsewise he

had done, And so the realm was made; but then

And so the realm was made; but then their vows—



First mainly thro' that sullying of our Queen— Began to gall the knighthood, asking whence

whence Had Arthur right to bind them to

Dropt down from heaven? wash'd up from out the deep? They fail'd to trace him thro' the

ficsh and blood
Of our old kings: whence then? a
doubtful lord

To bind them by inviolable vows, Which flesh and blood perforce

would violate:
For feel this arm of mine—the tide
within

Red with free chase and heatherscented air,

Pulsing full man; can Arthur make me pure As any maiden child? lock up my

tongue
From uttering freely what I freely

hear?
Bind me to one? The wide world laughs at it.

And worlding of the world am I, and know

The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour Woos his own end; we are not angels

Nor shall be: vows—I am woodman of the woods,

And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale

Mock them: my soul, we love but

while we may;
And therefore is my love so large for

thee, Seeing it is not bounded save by love.'

Here ending, he moved toward her, and she said, 'Good: an I turn'd away my love for thee

To some one thrice as courteous as thyself—

For courtesy wins woman all as well As valor may, but he that closes both Is perfect, he is Lancelot—taller indeed, Rosier and comelier, thou—but say I

This knightliest of all knights, and cast thee back Thine own small saw, "We love but while we may."

Well then, what answer?

He that while she spake, Mindful of what he brought to adorn her with,

The jewels, had let one finger lightly touch

The warm white apple of her throat.

The warm white apple of her throat, replied,
'Press this a little closer, sweet, until—

Come, I am hunger'd and half-anger'd
—meat,

Wine, wine—and I will love thee to the death, And out beyond into the dream to come.'

So then, when both were brought

to full accord,
She rose, and set before him all he

will'd; And after these had comforted the

With meats and wines, and satiated their hearts—

Now talking of their woodland paradise, The deer, the dews, the fern, the

founts, the lawns; Now mocking at the much ungainliness,

And craven shifts, and long crane legs of Mark—

Then Tristram laughing caught the harp, and sang:

'Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend

the brier! A star in heaven, a star within the

mere! Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire, And one was far apart, and one was

Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the

And one was water and one star was fire,





And one will ever shine and one will Ay, ay, O ay-the winds that move

the mere.'

Then in the light's last glimmer Tristram show'd And swung the ruby carcanet. She cried. 'The collar of some Order, which our King Hath newly founded, all for thee, my

For thee, to yield thee grace beyond thy peers.'

'Not so, my Queen,' he said, 'but the red fruit Grown on a magic oak-tree in midheaven, And won by Tristram as a tourneyprize, And hither brought by Tristram for his last Love-offering and peace-offering unto

He spoke, he turn'd, then, flinging round her neck, Claspt it, and cried 'Thine Order, O my Queen ! But, while he bow'd to kiss the jewell'd throat. Out of the dark, just as the lips had

thee.

touch'd. Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek-'Mark's way,' said Mark, and clove him thro' the brain.

That night came Arthur home, and while he climb'd. All in a death-dumb autumn-dripping

gloom, The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw

The great Queen's bower was dark,about his feet A voice clung sobbing till he question'd it

'What art thou?' and the voice about his feet

Sent up an answer, sobbing, ' I am thy fool.

And I shall never make thee smile again.'

GUINEVERE.

QUEEN GUINEVERE had fled the court, and sat There in the holy house at Almes-

bury Weeping, none with her save a little

maid. A novice: one low light betwixt them burn'd

Blurr'd by the creeping mist, for all aboard,

Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full. The white mist, like a face-cloth to the face, Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still.

For hither had she fled, her cause of flight Sir Modred; he that like a subtle beast

Lay couchant with his eyes upon the throne Ready to spring, waiting a chance: for this

He chill'd the popular praises of the King With silent smiles of slow disparage-

ment: And tamper'd with the Lords of the White Horse. Heathen, the brood by Hengist left; and sought

To make disruption in the Table Of Arthur, and to splinter it into

Serving his traitorous end; and all his aims Were sharpen'd by strong hate for

Lancelot.

For thus it chanced one morn when all the court,

Green-suited, but with plumes that mock'd the may,



Had been, their wot, a-maying and return'd, That Modred still in green, all ear

Climb'd to the high top of the garden-wall To spy some secret scandal if he

might, And saw the Oneen who sat betwixt her best Enid, and lissome Vivien, of her

conrt The wiliest and the worst; and more than this

He saw not, for Sir Lancelot passing Spied where he couch'd, and as the

gardener's hand Picks from the colewort a green caterpillar,

So from the high wall and the flowering grove Of grasses Lancelot pluck'd him by

the heel. And cast him as a worm upon the

way But when he knew the Prince tho' marr'd with dust.

He, reverencing king's blood in a bad man.

Made such excuses as he might, and these Full knightly without scorn; for in

those days No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn:

But, if a man were halt or hunch'd, in By those whom God had made full-

limb'd and tall. Scorn was allow'd as part of his defect,

And he was answer'd softly by the King And all his. Table. So Sir Lancelot

To raise the Prince, who rising twice

or thrice Full sharply smote his knees, and smiled, and went :

But, ever after, the small violence done Rankled in him and ruffled all his heart,

As the sharp wind that ruffles all day A little bitter pool about a stone On the bare coast.

But when Sir Lancelot told This matter to the Queen, at first she laugh'd

Lightly, to think of Modred's dusty Then shudder'd as the village wife

who cries 'I shudder, some one steps across my

grave: Then laugh'd again, but faintlier, for

She half-foresaw that he, the subtle Would track her guilt until he found,

and hers Would be for evermore a name of scorn.

Henceforward rarely could she front in hall. Or elsewhere, Modred's narrow foxy

face. Heart-hiding smile, and gray persistent eye :

Henceforward too, the Powers that tend the soul.

To help it from the death that cannot die. And save it even in extremes, began To vex and plague her. Many a time

for hours, Beside the placid breathings of the

King In the dead night, grim faces came and went

Before her, or a vague spiritual fear-Like to some doubtful noise of creak-

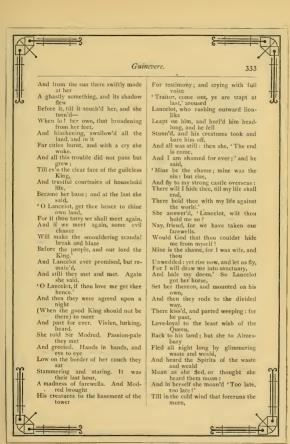
ing doors, Heard by the watcher in a haunted house

That keeps the rust of murder on the walle-Held her awake: or if she slept she

dream'd An awful dream; for then she seem'd to stand

On some vast plain before a setting





A blot in heaven, the Raven, flying high, Croak'd, and she thought, 'He spies a field of death; For now the Heathen of the Northern

Sea,
Lured by the crimes and frailties of

the court,
Begin to slay the folk, and spoil the land.'

And when she came to Almesbury she spake

There to the nuns, and said, 'Mine enemies
Pursue me, but, O peaceful Sister-hood,

nood, Receive, and yield me sanctuary, nor ask Her name to whom ve yield it. till her

time
To tell you:' and her beauty, grace

and power,
Wrought as a charm upon them, and
they spared

So the stately Queen abode For many a week, unknown, among the nuns:

Nor with them mix'd, nor told her name, nor sought,

Wrapt in her grief, for housel or for shrift, But communed only with the little

maid,
Who pleased her with a babbling
heedlessness
Which often lured her from herself;

but now,
This night, a rumor wildly blown about
Came, that Sir Modred had usurp'd

the realm,
And leagued him with the heathen,
while the King
Was waging war on Lancelot: then

she thought,
'With what a hate the people and
the King
Must hate me,' and bow'd down upon

the King
Must hate me, and bow'd down upon
her hands
Silent, until the little maid, who
brook'd

No silence, brake it, uttering 'Late! so late!

What hour, I wonder, now?' and

when she drew
No answer, by and by began to hum
An air the nuns had taught here 'T ate

An air the nuns had taught her; 'Late,
so late!'
Which when she heard the Queen

Which when she heard, the Queen look'd up, and said,
'O maiden, if indeed ye list to sing,

Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep.' Whereat full willingly sang the little

maid.
'Late, late, so late! and dark the

night and chill!

Late, late, so late! but we can enter

still.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

'No light had we: for that we do repent;

And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter

Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

'No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!

O let us in, that we may find the

light!
Too late, too late: ye cannot enter

'Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?

O let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet! No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now.'

So sang the novice, while full passionately, Her head upon her hands, remember-

Her head upon her hands, remembering Her thought when first she came,

wept the sad Queen.

Then said the little novice prattling to her,

O pray you, noble lady, weep no



To ask it.







They found a naked child upon the sands Of dark Tintagil by the Cornish sea;

Of dark Tintagil by the Cornish sea; And that was Arthur; and they foster'd him Till he by miracle was approven

King:
And that his grave should be a mys-

From all men, like his birth; and could he find

A woman in her womanhood as great As he was in his manhood, then, he sang,

The twain together well might change the world.

But even in the middle of his song He falter'd, and his hand fell from the harp,

And pale he turn'd, and reel'd, and would have fall'n, But that they stay'd him up: nor

would he tell

His vision; but what doubt that he

This evil work of Lancelot and the Queen?'

Then thought the Queen, 'Lo! they have set her on, Our simple-seeming Abbess and her

nuns,
To play upon me,' and bow'd her head nor spake.

head nor spake.

Whereat the novice crying, with clasp'd hands,

Shame on her own garrulity garrulously, Said the good nuns would check her

gadding tongue
Full often, 'and, sweet lady, if I seem
To vex an ear too sad to listen to
me.

Unmannerly, with prattling and the tales Which my good father told me, check

me too Nor let me shame my father's memory, one

Of noblest manners, tho' himself would say

Sir Lancelot had the noblest; and he died,

Kill'd in a tilt, come next, five summers back, And left me; but of others who re-

main, And of the two first-famed for cour-

tesy—
And pray you check me if I ask

amiss—
But pray you, which had noblest,
while you moved

Among them, Lancelot or our lord the King?'

Then the pale Queen look'd up and answer'd her, 'Sir Lancelot, as became a noble

knight,
Was gracious to all ladies, and the

same In open battle or the tilting-field Forbore his own advantage, and the

King
In open battle or the tilting-field
Forbore his own advantage, and these

two
Were the most nobly-manner'd men
of all;

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.'

'Yea,' said the maid, 'be manners such fair fruit?

Then Lancelot's needs must be a thousand-fold

Less noble, being, as all rumor runs, The most disloyal friend in all the world.'

To which a mournful answer made the Queen:

'O closed about by narrowing nunnery-walls, What knowest thou of the world, and

all its lights
And shadows, all the wealth and all
the woe?

If ever Lancelot, that most noble knight,

Were for one hour less noble than himself.

Pray for him that he scape the doom



died,



Came to that point where first she saw the King Ride toward her from the city, sigh'd to find

Her journey done, glanced at him, thought him cold, High, self-contain'd, and passionless,

not like him,
'Not like my Lancelot'—while she
brooded thus

And grew half-guilty in her thoughts again, There rode an armed warrior to the

doors.
A murmuring whisper thro' the nun-

nery ran,
Then on a sudden a cry, 'The King.'

She sat Stiff-stricken, listening; but when armed feet

Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors

Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell, And grovell'd with her face against

the floor: There with her milkwhite arms and

shadowy hair She made her face a darkness from the King:

And in the darkness heard his armed feet Pause by her; then came silence, then

a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a Ghost's
Denouncing judgment, but tho'
changed, the King's:

'Liest thou here so low, the child of one I honor'd, happy, dead before thy shame?

Well is it that no child is born of thee. The children born of thee are sword and fire,

Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws, The craft of kindred and the Godless

Of heathen swarming o'er the Northern Sea; Whom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my

hom I, while yet Sir Lancelot, my right arm, The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,

Have everywhere about this land of Christ In twelve great battles ruining over-

In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.

And knowest thou now from whence I

come—from him, From waging bitter war with him: and

he, That did not shun to smite me in worse way,

Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,

He spared to lift his hand against the King Who made him knight: but many a

knight was slain; And many more, and all his kith and kin

Clave to him, and abode in his own land.

And many more when Modred raised

revolt,
Forgetful of their troth and fealty,
clave

To Modred, and a remnant stays with me.

And of this remnant will I leave a

True men who love me still, for whom
I live.

To guard thee in the wild hour coming on,

Lest but a hair of this low head be

harm'd.

Fear not: thou shalt be guarded till
my death.

Howbeit I know, if ancient prophecies Have err'd not, that I march to meet my doom. Thou hast not made my life so sweet

to me,
That I the King should greatly care
to live;

For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life. Bear with me for the last time while I

show, Ev'n for thy sake, the sin which thou

hast sinn'd.
For when the Roman left us, and their law

E .

Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed

Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.

But I was first of all the kings who drew The knighthood-errant of this realm

The knighthood-errant of this realm and all The realms together under me, their

Head,
In that fair Order of my Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of

men,
To serve as model for the mighty
world

And be the fair beginning of a time.

The made them lay their hands in mine and swear

To reverence the King, as if he were Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,

To break the heathen and uphold the Christ, To ride abroad redressing human

wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to

To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,

To lead sweet lives in purest chastity, To love one maiden only, cleave to her,

And worship her by years of noble deeds, Until they won her; for indeed I knew Of no more subtle master under

heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in

man,
But teach high thought, and amiable

words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame.

And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

And all this throve before I wedded thee, Believing, "lo mine helpmate, one to

elieving, "lo mine helpmate, one to feel My purpose and rejoicing in my joy."
Then came thy shameful sin with
Lancelot;
Then came the sin of Tristram and

Isolt;
Then others, following these my

mightiest knights, And drawing foul ensample from fair names,

Sinn'd also, till the loathsome opposite
Of all my heart had destined did ob-

And all thro' thee! so that this life of

I guard as God's high gift from scathe and wrong, Not greatly care to lose; but rather

think
How sad it were for Arthur, should
he live,

To sit once more within his lonely hall, And miss the wonted number of my

knights, And miss to hear high talk of noble deeds

As in the golden days before thy sin.

For which of us, who might be left, could speak

of the pure heart, nor seem to glance at thee?

And in thy bowers of Camelot or of

Usk
Thy shadow still would glide from room to room,
And I should evermore be vext with

thee In hanging robe or vacant ornament. Or ghostly footfall echoing on the

stair.

For think not, tho' thou wouldst not love thy lord,

Thy lord hast wholly lost his love for

thee,
I am not made of so slight elements.
Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy
shame.

I hold that man the worst of public foes
Who either for his own or children's

Who either for his own or children's sake,





To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife

Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house

For being thro' his cowardice allow'd Her station, taken everywhere for pure. She like a new disease, unknown to

men, Creeps, no precaution used, among

the crowd. Makes wicked lightnings of her eyes, and sans

The fealty of our friends, and stirs they pulse With devil's leaps, and poisons half

the young. Worst of the worst were that man he

that reigns! Better the King's waste hearth and aching heart

Than thou reseated in thy place of light, The mockery of my people, and their

bane.

He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch

Nearer, and laid her hands about his

Far off a solitary trumpet blew. Then waiting by the doors the war-

horse neigh'd As at a friend's voice, and he spake again:

'Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes.

I did not come to curse thee, Guine-I, whose vast pity almost makes me die

To see thee, laying there thy golden head, My pride in happier summers, at my feet.

The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law, The doom of treason and the flaming

(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.

The pang-which while I weigh'd thy heart with one

Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee, Made my tears burn-is also past-in

part. And all is past, the sin is sinn'd,

Lol I forgive thee, as Eternal God

Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest. But how to take last leave of all I

loved? O golden hair, with which I used to play Not knowing! O imperial-moulded

form. And beauty such as never woman wore, Until it came a kingdom's curse with

thee-I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine.

But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's. I cannot take thy hand; that too is

flesh, And in the flesh thon hast sinn'd: and

mine own flesh, Here looking down on thine polluted, cries

"I loathe thee:" yet not less, O Guinevere, For I was ever virgin save for thee,

My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life So far, that my doom is, I love thee

still. Let no man dream but that I love thee still.

Perchance, and so thou purify thy And so thou lean on our fair father

Christ. Hereafter in that world where all are pure

We two may meet before high God, and thou Wilt spring to me, and claim me

thine, and know I am thine husband-not a smaller soul.

Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,

I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.



Guinevere.

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Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow They summon me their King to lead mine hosts

Far down to that great battle in the west.

Where I must strike against the man they call My sister's son-no kin of mine, who

leagues With Lords of the White Horse,

heathen, and knights, Traitors-and strike him dead, and

meet myself Death, or I know not what mysterious

doom. And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;

But hither shall I never come again, Never lie by thy side; see thee no more-Farewell!'

And while she grovell'd at his feet, She felt the King's breath wander o'er her neck.

And in the darkness o'er her fallen head.

Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

Then, listening till those armed steps were gone, Rose the pale Queen, and in her

anguish found The casement: 'peradventure,' so she thought,

'If I might see his face, and not be seen.'

And lo, he sat on horseback at the door! And near him the sad nuns with each

a light Stood, and he gave them charge about the Queen, To guard and foster her for ever-

more. And while he spake to these his helm was lower'd.

To which for crest the golden dragon clung

Of Britain; so she did not see the face,

Which then was as an angel's, but she saw, Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights.

The Dragon of the great Pendragonshir

Blaze, making all the night a steam of And even then he turn'd: and more

and more The moony vapor rolling round the

King, Who seem'd the phantom of a Giant in it

Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray And grayer, till himself became as mist

Before her, moving ghostlike to his doom.

Then she stretch'd out her arms and cried aloud

'Oh Arthur!' there her voice brake suddenly, Then-as a stream that spouting

from a cliff Fails in mid air, but gathering at the base Re-makes itself, and flashes down the

vale-Went on in passionate utterance:

'Gone-my lord ! Gone thro' my sin to slay and to be slain I

And he forgave me, and I could not speak Farewell? I should have answer'd

his farewell His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord the King, My own true lord! how dare I call

him mine? The shadow of another cleaves to me, And makes me one pollution : he, the

King, Call'd me polluted: shall I kill my-self? What help in that? I cannot kill

my sin, If soul be soul; nor can I kill my

shame:

No, nor by living can I live it down. The days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months.

The months will add themselves and make the years, The years will roll into the centuries, And mine will ever be a name of

I must not dwell on that defeat of fame. Let the world be: that is but of

the world; What else? what hope? I think

there was a hope Except he mock'd me when he spake of hope;

His hope he call'd it; but he never mocks. For mockery is the fume of little

hearts. And blessed be the King, who hath

My wickedness to him, and left me hope

That in mine own heart I can live down sin And be his mate hereafter in the

heavens Before high God. Ah great and gen-

tle lord. Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint

Among his warring senses, to thy knights-To whom my false voluptuous pride,

that took

easily all impressions from below. Would not look up, or half-despised

the height To which I would not or I could not climb-

I thought I could not breathe in that fine air That pure severity of perfect light-

I yearn'd for warmth and color which I found In Lancelot-now I see thee what thou art,

Thou art the highest and most human too, Not Lancelot, nor another. Is there

none

Will tell the King I love him tho' so late?

Now-ere he goes to the great Battle? none Myself must tell him in that purer

life But now it were too daring. Ah my

What might I not have made of thy

fair world Had I but loved thy highest creature here?

It was my duty to have loved the highest:

It surely was my profit had I known: It would have been my pleasure had I seen. We needs must love the highest when

we see it, Not Lancelot, nor another.'

Here her hand Grasp'd, made her vail her eyes: she

look'd and saw The novice, weeping, suppliant, and said to her.

'Yea, little maid, for am I not for-given?'

Then glancing up beheld the holy nuns

All round her, weeping; and her heart was loosed Within her, and she wept with these and said.

'Ye know me then, that wicked one, who broke

The vast design and purpose of the King. O shut me round with narrowing

nunnery-walls, Meek maidens, from the voices cry-

ing "shame." I must not scorn nivself : he loves me still.

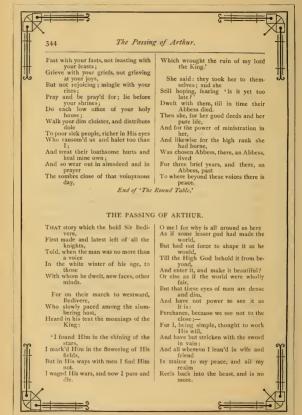
Let no one dream but that he loves me still. So let me, if you do not shudder at me.

Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with

Wear black and white, and be a nun like you,







My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death: Nay—God my Christ—I pass but shall not die.'

Then, ere that last weird battle in the west, There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain kill'd In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown Along a wandering wind, and past his ear Went shrilling, 'Hollow, hollow all delight Hail, King! to-morrow thou shalt pass away. Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thce. And I am blown along a wandering wind. And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight.

Inght.'
And fainter onward, like wild birds
that change
Their season in the night and wail
their way
From cloud to cloud, down the long
wind the dream

Shrill'd; but in going mingled with dim cries Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,

As of some lonely city sack'd by night,
When all is lost, and wife and child
with wail
Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke
and call'd,

'Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind, Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are

Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are these dim cries
Thine? or doth all that haunts the waste and wild

Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?'

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and spake: 'O me, my King, let pass whatever will, Elves, and the harmless glamour of the field; But in their stead thy name and glory cling.

To all high places like a golden cloud

For ever: but as yet thou shalt not pass.

Light was Gawain in life, and light in death
Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man:

And care not thou for dreams from him, but rise—

I hear the steps of Modred in the west, And with him many of thy people, and

knights
Once thine, whom thou hast loved,

but grosser grown
Than heathen, spitting at their vows
and thee.

Right well in heart they know thee for the King. Arise, go forth and conquer as of old.

Arise, go forth and conquer as of old.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere: 'Far other is this battle in the west Whereto we move, than when we strove in youth,

strove in youth,
And brake the petty kings, and fought
with Rome,
Or thrust the heathen from the

Or thrust the heathen from the Roman wall, And shook him thro' the north. Ill doom is mine

To war against my people and my knights.

The king who fights his people fights

himself.

And they my knights, who loved me once, the stroke

That strikes them dead is as my death to me. Yet let us hence, and find or feel a

way
Thro' this blind haze, which ever since
I saw

One lying in the dust at Almesbury, Hath folded in the passes of the world.'

Then rose the King and moved his host by night,





The voice of days of old and days to be.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere, And whiter than the mist that all day long Had held the field of battle was the King:

'Hearest thou this great voice that shakes the world, And wastes the narrow realm where-

on we move,
And beats upon the faces of the dead,
My dead, as tho' they had not died for
me?—
O Bedivere, for on my heart hath

fall'n
Confusion, till I know not what I

am,
Nor whence I am, nor whether I be
King.

Behold, I seem but King among the dead.'

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere:
'My King,
King everywhere! and so the dead
have kings,
There also will I worship thee as

King. Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live

Who love thee; but who hates thee, he that brought The heathen back among us, yonder

stands, Modred, unharm'd, the traitor of thine house.'

Then spake the King: 'My house hath been my doom. But call not thou this traitor of my house

Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof with me. My house are rather they who sware

my vows,
Yea, even while they brake them,
own'd me King.

And well for thee, saying in my dark hour, When all the purport of my throne hath fail'd, That quick or dead thou holdest me

That quick or dead thou holdest me for King. King am I, whatsoever be their cry;

And one last act of kinghood shalt thou see Yet, ere I pass.' And uttering this

the King Made at the man: then Modred smote his liege

Hard on that, helm which many a heathen sword

Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow, Striking the last stroke with Excali-

bur, Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd Among the mountains by the winter

Until King Arthur's Table, man by

man, Had fall'n in Lyonnesse about their

King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,

The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him, And bore him to a chapel nigh the field.

A broken chancel with a broken cross, That stood on a dark strait of barren land: On one side lay the Ocean, and on

Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere: 'The sequel of to-day unsolders all

The goodliest fellowship of famous knights

Whereof this world holds record.

Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we

Shall never more, at any future time, Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,





Walking about the gardens and the

Of Camelot, as in the days that were, I perish by this people which I Tho' Merlin sware that I should

come again To rule once more; but, let what will

be, be, I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm That without help I cannot last till

Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur. Which was my pride: for thou re-

memberest how In those old days, one summer noon,

an arm Rose up from out the bosom of the lake.

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful. Holding the sword-and how I row'd

across And took it, and have worn it, like a

king; And, wheresoever I am sung or told In aftertime, this also shall be known: But now delay not: take Excalibur, And fling him far into the middle mere:

Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word.'

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere: 'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee

Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the

helm-A little thing may harm a wounded man;

Yet I thy hest will all perform at Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he And in the moon athwart the place of

tombs Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,

Old knights, and over them the seawind sang Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He.

stepping down By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock.

Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur. And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon

Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth And sparkled keen with frost against

the hilt: For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks.

Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinthwork Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so

long That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood, This way and that dividing the swift

mind. In act to throw; but at the last it seem'd

Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd There in the many-knotted waterflags, That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.

strode he back slow to wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere: 'Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?

What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?' And answer made the bold Sir Bed-

ivere: 'I heard the ripple washing in the And the wild water lapping on the crag.'

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:

'Thou hast betray'd thy " t re and thy name,





Not rendering true answer, as be-Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight: For surer sign had follow'd, either Or voice, or else a motion of the mere. This is a shameful thing for men to lie. Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again, As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere, Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought: But when he saw the wonder of the hilt. How curiously and strangely chased, he smote His palms together, and he cried aloud:

'And if indeed I cast the brand away. Surely a precious thing, one worthy note. Should thus be lost forever from the Which might have pleased the eyes of many men What good should follow this, if this were done? What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobev. Seeing obedience is the bond of rule. Were it well to obey then, if a king An act unprofitable, against himself? The King is sick, and knows not what he does. What record, or what relic of my

lord Should be to aftertime, but empty breath And rumors of a doubt? But were this kept.

Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings, Some one might show it at a joust of

Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excal-ibur.

Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps Upon the hidden bases of the hills,"

So might some old man speak in the after-time

To all the people, winning reverence. But now much honor and much fame were lost.

So spake he, clouded with his own

And hid Excalibur the second time, And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily: 'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere: 'I heard the water lapping on the

crag, And the long ripple washing in the reeds.

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath: 'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue, Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is

me! Authority forgets a dying king, Laid widow'd of the power in his eye That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,

For thou, the latest-left of all my knights, In whom should meet the offices of

all, Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt: Either from lust of gold, or like a girl

Valuing the giddy pleasure of the

Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd, Larger than human on the frozen hills.

Larger than human on the frozen hills. He heard the deep behind him, and a cry Before. His own thought drove him like a goad. Dry clash'd his harness in the icy

caves
And barren chasms, and all to left

and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round
him, as he based

His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed

heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter
moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge, Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to

stern, Beneath them; and descending they were ware

That all the decks were dense with stately forms,

Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these Three Queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars, And, as it were one voice, an agony Of lamentation, like a wind that

shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the

Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me in the barge.'

So to the barge they came. There those three Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.

But she, that rose the tallest of them all And fairest, laid his head upon her

And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,

And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,

And call'd him by his name, complaining loud, And dropping bitter tears against a

brow Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white

And colorless, and like the wither'd

Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east; And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd

And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops Of onset; and the light and lustrons

curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun

High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust; Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,

Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips. So like a shatter'd column lay the

King; Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,

From spur to plume a star of tournament, Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged

Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then londly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:

'Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are

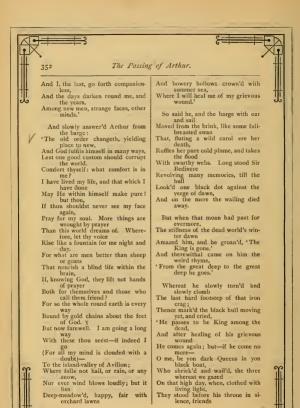
dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.

Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved

Which was an image of the mighty world,

lap,

world.









Permit me, friend, I prythee, To pass my hand across my brows, and muse On those dear hills, that never more

will meet The sight that throbs and aches be-

neath my touch, As the there beat a heart in either For when the outer lights are darken'd

thus, The memory's vision hath a keener

It grows upon me now—the semicircle
Of dark-blue waters and the narrow fringe

curving beach-its wreaths of dripping green-

Its pale pink shells-the summerhouse aloft That open'd on the pines with doors

of glass, A mountain nest-the pleasure-boat that rock'd.

Light-green with its own shadow, keel to keel Upon the dappled dimplings of the

wave That blanch'd upon its side.

O Love, O Hope ! They come, they crowd upon me all at once-

Moved from the cloud of unforgotten things,

That sometimes on the horizon of the mind Lies folded, often sweeps athwart in

storm-Flash upon flash they lighten thro' me-days Of dewy dawning and the amber eyes

When thou and I, Camilla, thou and Were borne about the bay or safely

moor'd Beneath a low-brow'd cavern, where the tide

slowly-ridging rollers on the

Clash'd, calling to each other, and thro' the arch Down those loud waters, like a set-

ting star, Mixt with the gorgeous west the

lighthouse shone. And silver-smiling Venus ere she fell Would often loiter in her balmy blue,

Here, too, my love Waver'd at anchor with me, when

day hung From his mid-dome in Heaven's airy halls:

To crown it with herself.

Gleams of the water-circles as they broke.

Flicker'd like doubtful smiles about her lips,

Quiver'd a flying glory on her hair, Leapt like a passing thought across her eyes ;

And mine with one that will not pass, And heaven pass too, dwelt on my

heaven, a face Most starry-fair, but kindled from within

As 'twere with dawn. She was dark hair'd, dark-eved: Oh, such dark eyes! a single glance

of them Will govern a whole life from birth to death.

Careless of all things else, led on with light In trances and in visions: look at

them, You lose yourself in utter ignorance: You cannot find their depth; for they go back

And farther back, and still withdraw themselves Quite into the deep soul, that ever-

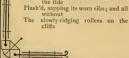
Fresh springing from her fountains in the brain.

Still pouring thro', floods with redundant life Her narrow portals

Trust me, long ago I should have died, if it were possible







To die in gazing on that perfectness Which I do bear within me: I had died,

But from my farthest lapse, my latest ebb,

Thine image, like a charm of light and strength Upon the waters, push'd me back

again
On these deserted sands of barren

life.
Tho' from the deep vault where the

heart of Hope
Fell into dust, and crumbled in the
dark—

Forgetting how to render beautiful Her countenance with quick and

healthful blood—
Thou didst not sway me upward;
could I perish

could I perish

While thou, a meteor of the sepulchre.

Didst swathe thyself all round Hope's quiet urn For ever? He, that saith it, hath

o'er-stept
The slippery footing of his narrow

And fall'n away from judgment.
Thou art light,

To which my spirit leaneth all her flowers, And length of days, and immortal-

ity
Of thought, and freshness ever self-renew'd.

renew'd.
For Time and Grief abode too long
with Life,

And, like all other friends i' the world, at last They grew aweary of her fellowship: So Time and Grief did beckon unto

And Death drew nigh and beat the doors of Life;

But thou didst sit alone in the inner house, A wakeful portress, and didst parle

with Death,

'This is a charmed dwelling which I

hold;'
So Death gave back, and would no further come.

Yet is my life nor in the present time, Nor in the present place. To me

alone,
Push'd from his chair of regal heritage.

The Present is the vassal of the Past: So that, in that I have lived, do I

live, And cannot die, and am, in having

been—
A portion of the pleasant yesterday,
Thrust forward on to-day and out of

place; A body journeying onward, sick with

toil,
The weight as if of age upon my limbs.

The grasp of hopeless gricf about my heart, And all the senses weaken'd, save in

that,
Which long ago they had glean'd

and garner'd up
Into the granaries of memory—

The clear brow, bulwark of the precious brain, Chink'd as you see, and seam'd—and

all the while

The light soul twines and mingles

with the growths
Of vigorous early days, attracted,
won,
Married, made one with, molten into

all The beautiful in Past of act or

And like the all-enduring camel, driven

Far from the diamond fountain by the palms, Who toils across the middle moonlit

nights, Or when the white heats of the blinding noons

Beat from the concave sand; yet in him keeps A draught of that sweet fountain

A draught of that sweet fountain that he loves, To stay his feet from falling, and his

spirit From bitterness of death.



Ye ask me, friends, When I began to love. How should

I tell you? Or from the after-fulness of my heart. Flow back again unto my slender

And first of love, tho' every turn and depth Between is clearer in my life than

all Its present flow. Ye know not what ye ask.

How should the broad and open flower tel What sort of bud it was, when, prest

together In its green sheath, close-lapt in silken folds.

It seem'd to keep its sweetness to itself. Yet was not the less sweet for that it

seem'd? For young Life knows not when

young Life was born, But takes it all for granted: neither Love.

Warm in the heart, his cradle, can remember

Love in the womb, but resteth satisfied, Looking on her that brought him to

the light: Or as men know not when they fall asleep

Into delicious dreams, our other life, So know I not when I began to love. This is my sum of knowledge—that my love

Grew with myself-say rather, was my growth, My inward sap, the hold I have on

earth. My outward circling air wherewith I breathe.

Which yet upholds my life, and evermore Is to me daily life and daily death:

For how should I have lived and not have loved? Can ye take off the sweetness from

the flower, The color and the sweetness from the

rose,

And place them by themselves; or set apart Their motions and their brightness

from the stars, And then point out the flower or the

star Or build a wall betwixt my life and

love. And tell me where I am? 'Tis even thus:

In that I live I love; because I love I live: whate'er is fountain to the one Is fountain to the other; and when-

Our God unknits the riddle of the one, There is no shade or fold of mystery Swathing the other.

Many, many years, (For they seem many and my most of

life, And well I could have linger'd in that porch

So unproportion'd to the dwellingplace,) In the Maydews of childhood, oppo-

site The flush and dawn of youth, we lived together,

Apart, alone together on those hills. Before he saw my day my father

And he was happy that he saw it not; But I and the first daisy on his grave From the same clay came into light at once

As Love and I do number equal years, So she, my love, is of an age with me. How like each other was the birth of each!

On the same morning, almost the same hour,

Under the selfsame aspect of the stars. (Oh falsehood of all starcraft!) we

were born. How like each other was the birth of each !

The sister of my mother-she that bore





Camilla close beneath her beating heart, Which to the imprison'd spirit of the

child,
With its true-touched pulses in the

And hourly visitation of the blood, Sent notes of preparation manifold, And mellow'd echoes of the outer world—

My mother's sister, mother of my love, Who had a twofold claim upon my heart,

One twofold mightier than the other was,
In giving so much beauty to the world,

And so much wealth as God had charged her with—

Loathing to put it from herself for ever, Left her own life with it; and dying thus,

Crown'd with her highest act the placid face And breathless body of her good

deeds past.

So were we born, so orphan'd.

She was motherless
And I without a father. So from
each
Of those two pillars which from earth

Our childhood, one had fallen away, and all

The careful burthen of our tender years Trembled upon the other. He that

gave
Her life, to me delightedly fulfill'd
All lovingkindnesses, all offices
Of watchful care and trembling ten-

derness.

He waked for both: he pray'd for both: he slept

Dreaming of both: nor was his love the less Because it was divided, and shot forth

Boughs on each side, laden with wholesome shade,

Wherein we nested sleeping or awake, And sang aloud the matin-song of life.

She was my foster-sister: on one

arm The flaxen ringlets of our infancies Wander'd, the while we rested: one

soft lap Pillow'd us both: a common light of

Was on us as we lay: our baby lips, Kissing one bosom, ever drew from thence

The stream of life, one stream, one life, one blood,
One sustenance, which, still as

thought grew large,
Still larger moulding all the house of

thought,
Made all our tastes and fancies like,
perhaps—

All—all but one; and strange to me, and sweet,

Sweet thro' strange years to know that whatsoe'er Our general mother meant for me

alone,
Our mutual mother dealt to both of
us:

So what was earliest mine in earliest life, I shared with her in whom myself

remains.

As was our childhood, so our infancy,

They tell me, was a very miracle Of fellow-feeling and communion. They tell me that we would not be

We cried when we were parted; when I wept, Her smile lit up the rainbow on my

stay'd on the cloud of sorrow; that we loved

The sound of one-another's voices more Than the gray cuckoo loves his name, and learn'd

To lisp in tune together; that we slept





Fill'd all the March of life!—I will not speak of thee,
These have not seen thee, these can never know thee,
They cannot understand me. Pass we then

So bathed we were in brilliance.

Never yet
Before or after have I known the spring

Pour with such sudden deluges of light Into the middle summer; for that day

Love, rising, shook his wings, and charged the winds With spiced May-sweets from bound

to bound, and blew Fresh fire into the sun, and from within

Burst thro' the heated buds, and sent his soul Into the songs of birds, and touch'd

far-off

His mountain-altars, his high hills,
with flame
Milder and purer.

Thro' the rocks we wound:
The great pine shook with lonely sounds of joy

That came on the sea-wind. As mountain streams Our bloods ran free: the sunshine

More warmly on the heart than on the brow.

We often paused, and, looking back, we saw

The clefts and openings in the mountains fill'd With the blue valley and the glistening brooks,

And all the low dark groves, a land of love! A land of promise, a land of mem-

A land of promise, a land of memory, A land of promise flowing with the

milk
And honey of delicious memories!
And down to sea, and far as eye could
ken.

Each way from verge to verge a Holy Land, Still growing holier as you near'd the bay, For there the Temple stood.

When we had reach'd The grassy platform on some hill, I stoop'd, I gather'd the wild herbs, and for her

brows

And mine made garlands of the selfsame flower, Which she took smiling, and with my work thus

Crown'd her clear forehead. Once or twice she told me

(For I remember all things) to let grow The flowers that run poison in their

veins.
She said, 'The evil flourish in the world.'

world.'
Then playfully she gave herself the lie—

'Nothing in nature is unbeautiful; So, brother, pluck and spare not.' So I wove

Ev'n the dull-blooded poppy-stem, 'whose flower,

Hued with the scarlet of a fierce sunrise, Like to the wild youth of an evil

prince, Is without sweetness, but who crowns himself

Above the naked poisons of his heart In his old age.' A graceful thought of hers

Grav'n on my fancy! And oh, how like a nymph, A stately mountain nymph she

look'd! how native
Unto the hills she trod on! While I

My coronal slowly disentwined itself And fell between us both; tho' while I gazed My spirit leap'd as with those thrills

of bliss
That strike across the soul in prayer,
and show us

and show us
That we are surely heard. Methought
a light

Burst from the garland I had wov'n, and stood A solid glory on her bright black hair;

A light methought broke from her dark, dark eyes,

And shot itself into the singing winds; A mystic light flash'd ev'n from her

nystic light flash'd ev'n f white robe



As to my outward hearing: the loud stream. Forth issuing from his portals in the (A visible link unto the home of my

heart), Ran amber toward the west, and nigh the sea

Parting my own loved mountains was Shorn of its strength, into the sympa-

Of that small bay, which out to open

main Glow'd intermingling close beneath Spirit of Love! that little hour was

bound Shut in from Time, and dedicate to

thee: Thy fires from heaven had touch'd it. and the earth

They fell on became hallow'd evermore.

We turn'd: our eyes met: hers were bright, and mine

Were dim with floating tears, that shot the sunset

In lightnings round me; and my name was borne Upon her breath. Henceforth. my

name has been A hallow'd memory like the names of

A center'd, glory-circled memory, And a peculiar treasure, brooking not

Exchange or currency: and in that A hope flow'd round me, like a golden mist

Charm'd amid eddies of melodious airs. A moment, ere the onward whirlwind

shatter it Waver'd and floated-which was less

than Hope, Because it lack'd the power of perfect Hope;

But which was more and higher than all Hope, Because all other Hope had lower one name.

In some obscure hereafter, might inwreathe (How lovelier, nobler then!) her life.

her love, With my life, love, soul, spirit, and heart and strength.

'Brother,' she said, 'let this be call'd henceforth The Hill of Hope; and I replied, 'O sister,

My will is one with thine; the Hill of Hope. Nevertheless, we did not change the name.

I did not speak: I could not speak my love.

Love lieth deep: Love dwells not in lip-depths. Love wraps his wings on either side the heart,

Constraining it with kisses close and warm,

Absorbing all the incense of sweet thoughts So that they pass not to the shrine of

sound Else had the life of that delighted

Drunk in the largeness of the utter-Of Love: but how should Earthly

measure mete The Heavenly-unmeasured or unlimited Love,

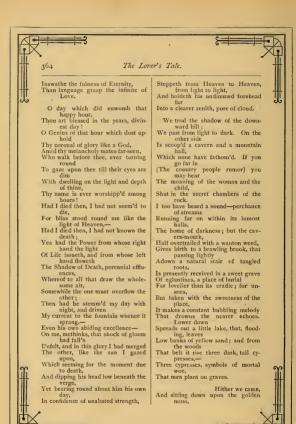
Who scarce can tune his high majestic sense Unto the thundersong that wheels the

spheres. Scarce living in the Æolian harmony, And flowing odor of the spacious air, Scarce housed within the circle of this Earth,

Be cabin'd up in words and syllables, Which pass with that which breathes them? Sooner Earth

Might go round Heaven, and the strait girth of Time









Held converse sweet and low—low converse sweet, In which our voices bore least part.

The wind
Told a lovetale beside us, how he woo'd

The waters, and the waters answering lisp'd To kisses of the wind, that, sick with love,

Fainted at intervals, and grew again
To utterance of passion. Ye cannot
shape

Fancy so fair as is this memory.

Methought all excellence that ever was Had drawn herself from many thou-

sand years,
And all the separate Edens of this earth.

To centre in this place and time. I listen'd,

And her words stole with most prevailing sweetness Into my heart, as thronging fancies

come
To boys and girls when summer days

are new,
And soul and heart and body are all
at ease:

What marvel my Camilla told me all? It was so happy an hour, so sweet a place,

And I was as the brother of her blood, And by that name I moved upon her breath; Dear name, which had too much of

nearness in it
And heralded the distance of this
time!

At first her voice was very sweet and low,
As if she were afraid of utterance:

But in the onward current of her speech, (As echoes of the hollow-banked

brooks
Are fashion'd by the channel which
they keep),

Her words did of their meaning borrow sound,

Her cheek did catch the color of her words.

I heard and trembled, yet I could but hear; My heart paused—my raised eyelids

would not fall,

But still I kept my eyes upon the sky.
I seem'd the only part of Time stood

I seem'd the only part of Time stood still,

And saw the motion of all other things; While her words, syllable by syllable,

Like water, drop by drop, upon my ear Fell; and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not

to speak;
But she spake on, for I did name no wish,

What marvel my Camilla told me all Her maiden dignities of Hope and

'Perchance,' she said, 'return'd.' Even then the stars

Did tremble in their stations as I gazed; But she spake on, for I did name no

wish,
No wish—no hope. Hope was not
wholly dead.

But breathing hard at the approach of Death,—

Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine No longer in the dearest sense of mine— For all the secret of her inmost heart,

And all the maiden empire of her mind, Lay like a map before me, and I saw There, where I hoped myself to reign

There, where I hoped myself to reign as king, There, where that day I crown'd myself as king,

There in my realm and even on my throne,

Another! then it seem'd as tho' a link Of some tight chain within my inmost frame Was riven in twain: that life I heeded

not
Flow'd from me, and the darkness of
the grave,

The darkness of the grave and utter night, Did swallow up my vision; at her

feet,





Even the feet of her I loved, I fell, Smit with exceeding sorrow unto Death.

Then had the earth beneath me yawning cloven

With such a sound as when an iceberg splits

From cope to base-had Heaven from all her doors,

With all her golden thresholds clashing, roll'd

Her heaviest thunder-I had lain as dead Mute, blind and motionless as then I

lay;

Dead, for henceforth there was no Mute, for henceforth what use were

words to me! Blind, for the day was as the night to me 1

The night to me was kinder than the day:

The night in pity took away my day, Because my grief as yet was newly horn

Of eyes too weak to look upon the light;

And thro' the hasty notice of the ear Frail Life was startled from the tender

Of him she brooded over. Would I had lain Until the plaited ivy-tress had wound

Round my worn limbs, and the wild brier had driven Its knotted thorns thro' my unpaining

brows, Leaning its roses on my faded eyes.

The wind had blown above me, and the rain Had fall'n upon me, and the gilded

snake Had nestled in this bosom-throne of

Love But I had been at rest for evermore.

Long time entrancement held me. All too soon

Life (like a wanton too-officious friend, Who will not hear denial, vain and With proffer of unwish'd-for services) Entering all the avenues of sense Past thro' into his citadel, the brain, With hated warmth of apprehensive-

And first the chillness of the sprinkled

brook Smote on my brows, and then I seem'd

to hear Its murmur, as the drowning seaman hears

Who with his head below the surface dropt

Listens the muffled booming indistinct Of the confused floods, and dimly knows

His head shall rise no more: and then came in

The white light of the weary moon above. Diffused and molten into flaky cloud.

Was my sight drunk that it did shape to me Him who should own that name?

Were it not well If so be that the echo of that name

Ringing within the fancy had updrawn A fashion and a phantasm of the form It should attach to? Phantom!—had the ghastliest That ever lusted for a body, sucking

The foul steam of the grave to thicken by it. There in the shuddering moonlight

brought its face And what it has for eyes as close to

As he did-better that than his, than

he The friend, the neighbor, Lionel, the

The loved, the lover, the happy Lionel, The low-voiced, tender-spirited Lionel, All joy, to whom my agony was a joy.

O how her choice did leap forth from his eyes! O how her love did clothe itself in

smiles About his lips! and-not one mo-

ment's grace-Then when the effect weigh'd seas upon my head











360

When I beheld her weep so ruefully; For sure my love should ne'er indue the front And mask of Hate, who lives on

others' moans

Shall Love pledge Hatred in her bitter draughts, And batten on her poisons? Love

forbid! Love passeth not the threshold of

cold Hate, And Hate is strange beneath the roof of Love.

O Love, if thou be'st Love, dry up these tears Shed for the love of Love; for tho'

mine image, The subject of thy power, be cold in her. Yet, like cold snow, it melteth in the

source Of these sad tears, and feeds their downward flow.

So Love, arraign'd to judgment and to death.

Received unto himself a part of blame, Being guiltless, as an innocent prisoner, Who, when the woful sentence hath

been past, And all the clearness of his fame hath

Beneath the shadow of the curse of man.

First falls asleep in swoon, wherefrom awaked. And looking round upon his tearful

friends, Forthwith and in his agony con-

A shameful sense as of a cleaving crime-For whence without some guilt should

such grief be? So died that hour, and fell into the abvsm

Of forms outworn, but not to me outworn, Who never hail'd another-was there

one? There might be one-one other, worth the life

That made it sensible. So that hour

Like odor rapt into the winged wind Borne into alien lands and far away.

There be some hearts so airily built, that they, They-when their love is wreck'd-if Love can wreck-On that sharp ridge of utmost doom

ride highly Above the perilous seas of Change and Chance;

Nay, more, hold out the lights of cheerfulness; As the tall ship, that many a dreary vear

Knit to some dismal sandbank far at All thro' the livelong hours of utter

dark. Showers slanting light upon the dolorous wave

For me-what light, what gleam on those black ways Where Love could walk with banish'd Hope no more?

It was ill-done to part you, Sisters fair: Love's arms were wreath'd about the

neck of Hope, And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew in her breath

In that close kiss, and drank her whisper'd tales. They said that Love would die when

Hope was gone, And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd after Hope;

At last she sought out Memory, and they trod The same old paths where Love had

walk'd with Hope, And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears.

II.

FROM that time forth I would not see her more; But

many weary moons I lived



Alone, and in the heart of the great forest.

Sometimes upon the hills beside the sea

sea
All day I watch'd the floating isles of shade,

And sometimes on the shore, upon the sands

Insensibly I drew her name, until The meaning of the letters shot into My brain; anon the wanton billow wash'd

Them over, till they faded like my love.

The hollow caverns heard me—the

black brooks
Of the midforest heard me—the soft
winds.

Laden with thistledown and seeds of flowers,

Paused in their course to hear me, for my voice Was all of thee: the merry linnet

knew me,
The squirrel knew me, and the

dragonfly
Shot by me like a flash of purple fire.

The rough brier tore my bleeding palms; the hemlock, Brow-high, did strike my forehead as

Brow-high, did strike my forehead as I past; Yet trod I not the wildflower in my path,

Nor bruised the wildbird's egg.

Was this the end?

Why grew we then together in one

plot?
Why fed we from one fountain? drew one sun?
Why were our mother's branches of

Why were our mother's branches of one stem? Why were we one in all things, save in that

Where to have been one had been the cope and crown Of all I hoped and fear'd?—if that

same nearness Were father to this distance, and that

Vauntcourier to this double? if Affection Living slew Love, and Sympathy hew'd out The bosom-sepulchre of Sympathy?

Chiefly I sought the cavern and the hill Where last we roam'd together, for the sound

Of the loud stream was pleasant, and the wind Came wooingly with woodbine smells.

Sometimes
All day I sat within the cavern-mouth,
Fixing my eyes on those three cy-

press-cones
That spired above the wood; and with
mad band

Tearing the bright leaves of the ivyscreen, I cast them in the noisy brook be-

neath, And watch'd them till they vanish'd from my sight Beneath the bower of wreathed eg-

Beneath the bower of wreathed eglantines: And all the fragments of the living

rock (Huge blocks, which some old trem bling of the world Had loosen'd from the mountain, till

they fell
Half-digging their own graves) these
in my agony
Did I make bare of all the golden

moss, Wherewith the dashing runnel in the spring Had liveried them all over. In my

brain
The spirit seem'd to flag from thought to thought,

As moonlight wandering thro' a mist: my blood Crept like marsh drains thro' all my

languid limbs;
The motions of my heart seem'd far
within me,
Unfrequent, low, as tho' it told its

pulses; And yet it shook me, that my frame would shudder,

As if 'twere drawn asunder by the rack.





But over the deep graves of Hope and Fear, And all the broken palaces of the Past, Brooded one master-passion ever-

more,
Like to a low-hung and a fiery sky
Above some fair metropolis, earth

Above some fair metropolis, earthshock'd,— Hung round with ragged rims and

burning folds,—
Embathing all with wild and woful hues,

Great hills of ruins, and collapsed masses Of thundershaken columns indistinct,

Of thundershaken columns indistinct,
And fused together in the tyrannous
light—
Ruins, the ruins of all my life and me!

Sometimes I thought Camilla was

Some one had told me she was dead, and ask'd

If I would see her burial: then I seem'd

To rise, and through the forest-shadow borne With more than mortal swiftness, I ran down

The steepy sea-bank, till I came upon The rear of a procession, curving round

The silver-sheeted bay: in front of which

Six stately virgins, all in white, upbare A broad earth-sweeping pall of whitest lawn,

Wreathed round the bier with garlands: in the distance, From out the yellow woods upon the

hill Look'd forth the summit and the pin-

nacles
Of a gray steeple—thence at intervals
A low bell tolling. All the pageant-

Save those six virgins which upheld the bier,

the bier,
Were stoled from head to foot in flowing black;

One walk'd abreast with me, and veil'd his brow, And he was loud in weeping and in praise

Of her, we follow'd: a strong sympathy

Shook all my soul: I flung myself upon him In tears and cries: I told him all my

love,
How I had loved her from the first;

whereat He shrauk and howl'd, and from his brow drew back

His hand to push me from him; and the face, The very face and form of Lionel

Flash'd thro' my eyes into my innermost brain,

And at his feet 1'seem'd to faint and fall,
To fall and die away. I could not rise

Albeit I strove to follow. They past on, The lordly Phantasms! in their float-

ing folds
They past and were no more: but I had fallen

Prone by the dashing runnel on the grass.

Alway the inaudible invisible

thought,
Artificer and subject, lord and slave,
Shaped by the audible and visible,
Moulded the audible and visible;

All crisped sounds of wave and leaf and wind, Flatter'd the fancy of my fading brain;

The cloud-pavilion'd element, the wood,

The mountain, the three cypresses,

the cave, Storm, sunset, glows and glories of the moon

Below black firs, when silent creeping winds

Laid the long night in silver streaks

and bars,
Were wrought into the tissue of my
dream:



The moanings in the forest, the loud brook, Cries of the partridge like a rusty key

Cries of the partridge like a rusty key Turn'd in a lock, owl-whoop and dorhawk-whirr

Awoke me not, but were a part of sleep, And voices in the distance calling to

me
And in my vision bidding me dream

Like sounds without the twilight realm of dreams,

Which wander round the bases of the hills,

And murmur at the low-dropt eaves of sleep, Half-entering the portals. Often-

times
The vision had fair prelude, in the
end
Opening on darkness, stately vesti-

bules
To caves and shows of Death:
whether the mind,

With some revenge—even to itself unknown,—

Made strange division of its suffer-

With her, whom to have suffering view'd had been Extremest pain; or that the cleareyed Spirit,

Being blunted in the Present, grew at length

Prophetical and prescient of whate'er The Future had in store: or that which most

Enchains belief, the sorrow of my spirit Was of so wide a compass it took in

All I had loved, and my dull agony, Ideally to her transferr d, became Anguish intolerable.

The day waned; Alone I sat with her: about my brow Her warm breath floated in the utterance

Of silver-corded tones: her lips were

sunder'd With smiles of tranquil bliss, which Like morning from her eyes—her eloquent eyes, (As I have seen them many a hundred times)

Fill'd all with pure clear fire, thro'

mine down rain'd Their spirit-searching splendors. As a vision

Unto a haggard prisoner, iron-stay'd In damp and dismal dungeons underground, Confined on points of faith, when

strength is shock'd With torment, and expectancy of worse

Upon the morrow, thro' the ragged walls, All unawares before his half-shut

eycs, Comes in upon him in the dead of night,

And with the excess of sweetness and of awe, Makes the heart tremble, and the

sight run over Upon his steely gyves; so those fair eyes

Shone on my darkness, forms which ever stood Within the magic cirque of memory,

Invisible but deathless, waiting still The edict of the will to reassume The semblance of those rare realities Of which they were the mirrors. Now the light

Which was their life, burst through the cloud of thought Keen, irrepressible.

It was a room Within the summer-house of which I spake,

Hung round with paintings of the sea, and one A vessel in mid-ocean, her heaved prow

Clambering, the mast bent and the ravin wind In her sail roaring. From the outer

day, Betwixt the close-set ivies came a broad And solid beam of isolated light,





Crowded with driving atomies, and Slanting upon that picture, from prime youth Well-known well-loved. She drew it long ago Forthgazing on the waste and open sea. One morning when the upblown billow ran Shoreward beneath red clouds, and I had pour'd Into the shadowing pencil's naked forms Color and life: it was a bond and seal Of friendship, spoken of with tearful smiles A monument of childhood and of love: The poesy of childhood; my lost Symbol'd in storm. We gazed on it together In mute and glad remembrance, and each heart Grew closer to the other, and the eve Was riveted and charm-bound, gazing like The Indian on a still-eyed snake, lowcouch'd-A beauty which is death; when all at once That painted vessel, as with inner life, Began to heave upon that painted sea; An earthquake, my loud heart-beats, made the ground Reel under us, and all at once, soul, life And breath and motion, past and flow'd away To those unreal billows: round and round A whirlwind caught and bore us; mighty gyres Rapid and vast, of hissing spray wind-driven

Far thro' the dizzy dark. Aloud she

shriek'd;

her weight Shrank in my grasp, and over my dim And parted lips which drank her breath, down-hung The jaws of Death: I, groaning, from me flung Her empty phantom: all the sway and whirl Of the storm dropt to windless calm.

About her: we whirl'd giddily: the

Sung; but I clasp'd her without fear:

wind

and I

ever.

Down welter'd thro' the dark ever and

I CAME one day and sat among the stones Strewn in the entry of the moaning cave ; A morning air, sweet after rain, ran

over The rippling levels of the lake, and blew Coolness and moisture and all smells of bud

And foliage from the dark and dripping woods Upon my fever'd brows that shook and throbb'd From temple unto temple. To what

height The day had grown I know not. Then came on me The hollow tolling of the bell, and

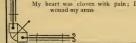
all The vision of the bier. As hereto-I walk'd behind with one who veil'd

his brow. Methought by slow degrees the sullen Toll'd quicker, and the breakers on

the shore Sloped into louder surf: those that went with me,

And those that held the bier before my face. Moved with one spirit round about the

bay,



Trod swifter steps; and while I walk'd with these In marvel at that gradual change, I

thought Four bells instead of one began to ring.

Four merry bells, four merry marriage bells.

In clanging cadence jangling peal on A long loud clash of rapid marriage-

bells. Then those who led the van, and those in rear.

Rush'd into dance, and like wild Bacchanals Fled onward to the steeple in the

woods: I, too, was borne along and felt the

blast Beat on my heated eyelids: all at once

The front rank made a sudden halt; the bells Lapsed into frightful stillness; the

surge fell From thunder into whispers; those

six maids With shrieks and ringing laughter on the sand

Threw down the bier; the woods upon the hill Waved with a sudden gust that sweep-

ing down Took the edges of the pall, and blew it far

Until it hung, a little silver cloud Over the sounding seas: I turn'd: my heart

Shrank in me, like a snowflake in the hand, Waiting to see the settled countenance

Of her I loved, adorn'd with fading flowers. But she from out her death-like chrys-

She from her bier, as into fresher life, My sister, and my cousin, and my

love. Leapt lightly clad in bridal white-her

Studded with one rich Provence rose -a light

Of smiling welcome round her lipsher eyes And cheeks as bright as when she climb'd the hill-

One hand she reach'd to those that came behind And while I mused nor yet endured

to take So rich a prize, the man who stood with me

Stept gaily forward, throwing down And claspt her hand in his : again the

bells Jangled and clang'd: again the stormy Crash'd in the shingle: and the whirl-

ing rout Led by those two rush'd into dance, and fled Wind-footed to the steeple in the woods.

Till they were swallow'd in the leafy bowers, And I stood sole beside the vacant bier.

There, there, my latest vision-then the event!

IV.

THE GOLDEN SUPPER.

(Another speaks.)

HE flies the event: he leaves the event to me: Julian-how he rush'd away: the bells. Those marriage-bells, echoing in ear

and heart-But cast a parting glance at me, you saw, As who should say 'Continue.' Well

he had One golden hour-of triumph shall I say? Solace at least-before he left his

home. 1 This poem is founded upon a story in

Boccaccio. See Introduction, p. 355.





Would you had seen him in that hour of his! He moved thro' all of it majesti-

Restrain'd himself quite to the closebut now-

Whether they were his lady's marriage-bells,

Or prophets of them in his fantasy. I never ask'd: but Lionel and the girl Were wedded, and our Julian came again

Back to his mother's house among the pines. But these, their gloom, the mountains and the Bay,

The whole land weigh'd him down as Ætna does The Giant of Mythology: he would

Would leave the land for ever, and had gone

Surely, but for a whisper, 'Go not yet, Some warning-sent divinely-as it

seem'd By that which follow'd-but of this I deem

As of the visions that he told-the event Glanced back upon them in his

after life. And partly made them-tho' he knew it not.

And thus he stay'd and would not look at her-No not for months: but, when the eleventh moon

After their marriage lit the lover's Bay,

Heard yet once more the tolling bell. and said, Would you could toli me out of life,

but found-All softly as his mother broke it to him-A crueller reason than a crazy ear,

For that low knell tolling his lady dead-Dead-and had lain three days with-

out a pulse:

All that look'd on her had pronounced her dead And so they bore her (for in Julian's

They never nail a dumb head up in elm). Bore her free-faced to the free airs of

And laid her in the vault of her own kin.

What did he then? not die; he is here and hale-Not plunge headforemost from the

mountain there. And leave the name of Lover's Leap:

not he: He knew the meaning of the whisper now

Thought that he knew it, 'This, I stay'd for this; O love, I have not seen you for so

long. Now, now, will I go down into the grave,

I will be all alone with all I love, And kiss her on the lips. She is his no more:

The dead returns to me, and I go down To kiss the dead.'

The fancy stirr'd him so He rose and went, and entering the dim vault.

And, making there a sudden light, beheld All round about him that which all will be.

The light was but a flash, and went again. Then at the far end of the vault he

cow His lady with the moonlight on her

Her breast as in a shadow-prison, bars Of black and bands of silver, which the moon

Struck from an open grating overhead

High in the wall, and all the rest of



Drown'd in the gloom and horror of the vault

'It was my wish,' he said, 'to pass, to sleep, To rest, to be with her-till the great day

Peal'd on us with that music which rights all.

And raised us hand in hand.' And, kneeling there Down in the dreadful dust that once

was man, Dust, as he said, that once was loving

hearts. Hearts that had beat with such a love

as mine-Not such as mine, no, nor for such as her-

He softly put his arm about her neck

And kiss'd her more than once, till helpless death

And silence made him bold-nay, but I wrong him, He reverenced his dear lady even in

death; But, placing his true hand upon her

heart. 'O, you warm heart,' he moan'd, 'not even death

Can chill you all at once:' then starting, thought

His dreams had come again. 'Do I wake or sleep? Or am I made immortal, or my love

Mortal once more?" It beat-the heart-it beat :

Faint-but it beat: at which his own began To pulse with such a vehemence that it

drown'd The feebler motion underneath his

hand. when at last his doubts were But satisfied,

He raised her softly from the sepulchre,

And, wrapping her all over with the cloak

He came in, and now striding fast, and now Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore

Holding his golden burthen in his arms, So bore her thro' the solitary land

Back to the mother's house where she was born.

There the good mother's kindly ministering,

With half a night's appliances, recall'd Her fluttering life; she rais'd an eye

that ask'd 'Where?' till the things familiar to

her youth Had made a silent answer: then she

spoke 'Here I and how came I here?' and

learning it (They told her somewhat rashly as I think) At once began to wander and to

wail, 'Ay, but you know that you must give

me back : Send! bid him come : ' but Lionel was away-

Stung by his loss had vanish'd, none knew where.

'He casts me out,' she wept, and, goes'—a wail

seeming something, yet saw nothing, born That Not from believing mind, but shat-

ter'd nerve, Yet haunting Julian, as her own re-

proof At some precipitance in her burial. Then, when her own true spirit had

return'd. 'Oh yes, and you,' she said, 'and none but you?

For you have given me life and love

And none but you yourself shall tell him of it, And you shall give me back when he

returns. 'Stay then a little,' answer'd Julian,

'here. And keep yourself, none knowing, to

vourself: And I will do your will. I may not stay,







No, not an hour; but send me notice of him When he returns, and then will I return, And I will make a solemn offering of you To him you love.' And faintly she

'And I will do your will, and none shall know.'

Not know? with such a secret to be known.

But all their house was old and loved them both,
And all the house had known the loves of both;
Had died almost to serve them any

way, And all the land was waste and solitary: And then he rode away; but after

this,
An hour or two, Camilla's travail

Upon her, and that day a boy was born, Heir of his face and land, to Lionel.

And thus our lonely lover rode away,

And pausing at a hostel in a marsh, There fever seized upon him: myself was then Travelling that land, and meant to

rest an hour;
And sitting down to such a base repast,

It makes me angry yet to speak of it— I heard a groaning overhead, and climb'd

The moulder'd stairs (for everything was vile) And in a loft, with none to wait on

And in a loft, with none to wait on him, Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton alone, Raving of dead men's dust and beat

ing hearts.

A dismal hostel in a dismal land, A flat malarlan world of reed and rush! But there from fever and my care of him Sprang up a friendship that may help us yet.

us yet.
For while we roam'd along the dreary coast,
And waited for her message, piece by

piece I learnt the drearier story of his

life; And, tho' he loved and honor'd Lionel,

Found that the sudden wail his lady made Dwelt in his fancy: did he know her

worth,
Her beauty even? should he not be
taught,
Ev'n by the price that others set muon

Ev'n by the price that others set upon it,

The value of that jewel he had to guard?

Suddenly came her notice and we past, I with our lover to his native Bay.

This love is of the brain, the mind, the soul: That makes the sequel pure; tho' some of us Beginning at the sequel know no

more.

Not such am I: and yet I say the bird

That will not hear my call, however sweet.

But if my neighbor whistle answers him—
What matter? there are others in the wood.

Yet when I saw her (and I thought him crazed, Tho' not with such a craziness as needs

A cell and keeper), those dark eyes of hers— Oh! such dark eyes! and not her

eyes alone,
But all from these to where she
touch'd on earth,
For such a craziness as Julian's look'd

For such a craziness as Julian's look'd No less than one divine apology. So sweetly and so modestly she came To greet us, her young hero in her

'Kiss him,' she said. 'You gave me

He, but for you, had never seen it once. His other father you! Kiss him, and

then
Forgive him, if his name be Julian

Talk of lost hopes and broken heart! his own Sent such a flame into his face, I

Some sudden vivid pleasure hit him there.

But he was all the more resolved to go, And sent at once to Lionel, praying him

By that great love they both had borne the dead,

To come and revel for one hour with him

Before he left the land for evermore; And then to friends—they were not many—who lived

Scatteringly about that lonely land of his, And bad them to a banquet of fare-

wells.

And Julian made a solemn feast: I

never
Sat at a costlier; for all round his

From column on to column; as in a wood,

Not such as here—an equatorial one, Great garlands swung and blossom'd; and beneath, Heirlooms, and ancient miracles of

Art,
Chalice and salver, wines that,

Chance and salver, wines that,
Heaven knows when,
Had suck'd the fire of some forgotten sun.

And kept it thro' a hundred years of gloom,

Yet glowing in a heart of ruby—cups Where nymph and God ran ever round in gold—
Others of glass as costly—some with

gems

Moveable and resettable at will,

And trebling all the rest in value—Ah heavens!

Why need I tell you all?—suffice to say That whatsoever such a house as his, And his was old, has in it rare or fair

Was brought before the guest: and they, the guests, Wonder'd at some strange light in

Julian's eyes
(I told you that he had his golden

hour), And such a feast, ill-suited as it seem'd

To such a time, to Lionel's loss and his And that resolved self-exile from a

land
He never would revisit, such a feast
So rich, so strange, and stranger ev'n

than rich,
But rich as for the nuptials of a king.

And stranger yet, at one end of the hall Two great funereal curtains, looping

down, Parted a little ere they met the floor, About a picture of his lady, taken Some years before, and falling hid the

frame.
And just above the parting was a lamp:

So the sweet figure folded round with night Seem'd stepping out of darkness with a smile.

Well then—our solemn feast—we ate and drank, And might—the wines being of such

nobleness—
Have jested also, but for Julian's eyes,
And something weird and wild about

it all:
What was it? for our lover seldom spoke,







Scarce touch'd the meats; but ever and anon A priceless goblet with a priceless

A priceless goblet with a priceless wine Arising, show'd he drank beyond his use;

And when the feast was near an end, he said:

'There is a custom in the Orient, friends—

I read of it in Persia—when a man Will honor those who feast with him, he brings And shows them whatsoever he ac-

counts
Of all his treasures the most beautiful,
Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may be.
This custom—,

Pausing here a moment, all The guests broke in upon him with meeting hands

And cries about the banquet—'Beautiful!

Who could desire more beauty at a feast?'

The lover answer'd, 'There is more than one

Here sitting who desires it. Laud me not Before my time, but hear me to the

close.
This custom steps yet further when

the guest
Is loved and honor'd to the uttermost.
For after he hath shown him gems or

gold, He brings and sets before him in rich guise

That which is thrice as beautiful as these,
The beauty that is dearest to his

"O my heart's lord, would I could show you," he says,
"Ev'n my heart too." And I pro-

pose to-night
To show you what is dearest to my

heart, And my heart too. 'But solve me first a doubt.

I knew a man, nor many years ago;
He had a faithful servant, one who loved

His master more than all on earth beside.

beside.

He falling sick, and seeming close on death,

His master would not wait until he died,

But bad his menials bear him from the door, And leave him in the public way to

die. I knew another, not so long ago, Who found the dying servant, took

him home, And fed, and cherish'd him, and saved his life. I ask you now, should this first master

claim
His service, whom does it belong to?

who thrust him out, or him who saved his life?'

This question, so flung down before the guests, And balanced either way by each, at

length
When some were doubtful how the
law would hold,

Was handed over by consent of all To one who had not spoken, Lionel.

Fair speech was his, and delicate of phrase. And he beginning languidly—his loss Weigh'd on him yet—but warming as

he went, Glanced at the point of law, to pass it by, Affirming that as long as either lived,

By all the laws of love and gratefulness,

The service of the one so saved was

The service of the one so saved was due

All to the saver—adding, with a

smile,
The first for many weeks—a semismile

As at a strong conclusion—' body and soul





And life and limbs, all his to work his will.'

Then Julian made a secret sign to me To bring Camilla down before them all. And crossing her own picture as she

And crossing her own picture as she came,

And looking as much lovelier as her-

self
Is lovelier than all others—on her
head
A diamond circlet, and from under

A veil, that seemed no more than gilded air,

Flying by each fine ear, an Eastern gauze With seeds of gold—so, with that

grace of hers, Slow-moving as a wave against the wind.

That flings a mist behind it in the sun— And bearing high in arms the mighty

And bearing high in arms the inighty babe,
The younger Julian, who himself was crown'd

With roses, none so rosy as himself— And over all her babe and her the jewels

Of many generations of his house Sparkled and flash'd, for he had decked them out

As for a solemn sacrifice of love— So she came in:—I am long in telling it,

I never yet beheld a thing so strange, Sad, sweet, and strange together floated in— While all the guests in mute amaze-

ment rose— And slowly pacing to the middle hall, Before the board, there paused and

Before the board, there pansed and stood, her breast Hard-heaving, and her eyes upon her

feet, Not daring yet to glance at Lionel. But him she carried, him nor lights nor feasts

Dazed or amazed, nor eyes of men; who cared

Only to use his own, and staring wide And hungering for the gilt and jewell'd world About him. look'd, as he is like to

When Julian goes, the lord of all he

'My guests,' said Julian. 'you are honor'd now

Ev'n to the uttermost: in her behold

Of all my treasures the most beautiful,

Of all things upon earth the dearest to me.'

Then waving us a sign to seat ourselves, Led his dear lady to a chair of state.

And I, by Lionel sitting, saw his face

Fire, and dead ashes and all fire again Thrice in a second, felt him tremble

too, And heard him muttering, 'So like, so

like; She never had a sister. I knew none. Some cousin of his and hers—O God,

so like!'
And then he suddenly ask'd her if she

were. She shook, and cast her eyes down, and was dumb.

And then some other question'd if she came

From foreign lands, and still she did not speak. Another, if the boy were hers: but

To all their queries answer'd not a word,
Which made the amazement more.

said, shuddering, 'Her spectre!'

But his friend Replied, in half a whisper, 'Not at

least
The spectre that will speak if spoken to.

Terrible pity, if one so beautiful Prove, as I almost dread to find her, dumb!'

3

1

But Julian, sitting by her, answer'd all:

'She is but dumb, because in her you see That faithful servant whom we spoke

about, Obedient to her second master now; Which will not last. I have here

to-night a gnest So bound to me by common love and

What! shall I bind him more? in his

behalf, Shall I exceed the Persian, giving him That which of all things is the dear-

That which of all things is the dearest to me, Not only showing? and he himself

pronounced
That my rich gift is wholly mine to give.

'Now all be dumb, and promise all of you

Not to break in on what I say by word Or whisper, while I show you all my heart.'

And then began the story of his love
As here to-day, but not so wordily—
The passionate moment would not
suffer that—

Past thro' his visions to the burial; thence Down to this last strange hour in his

Down to this last strange hour in his own hall; ' And then rose up, and with him all

Once more as by enchantment; all but he,

Liouel, who fain had risen, but fell again, And sat as if in chains—to whom he

said:
'Take my free gift, my cousin, for

your wife; And were it only for the giver's sake, And tho' she seem so like the one you

Yet cast her not away so suddenly, Lest there be none left here to bring her back:

I leave this land forever.' Here he ceased.

Then taking his dear lady by one hand,

And bearing on one arm the noble

habe, He slowly brought them both to Lio-

nel. And there the widower husband and

dead wife Rush'd each at each with a cry, that rather seem'd

For some new death than for a life renew'd:

Whereat the very babe began to wail; At once they turn'd, and caught and

brought him in
To their charm'd circle, and, half killing him

With kisses, round him closed and claspt again.

But Lionel, when at last he freed himself

From wife and child, and lifted up a face
All over glowing with the sun of life,

All over glowing with the sun of lite, And love, and boundless thanks—the sight of this

So frightened our good friend, that turning to me And saying, 'It is over ' let us go'—

And saying, 'It is over let us go'— There were our horses ready at the doors— We bad them no farewell, but mount-

ing these
He past for ever from his native land;
And I with him, my Julian, back to
mine.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

MY GRANDSON.

GOLDEN-HAIR'D Ally whose name is one with mine,
Crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine,
Now that the flower of a year and a half is thine,

thine,
O little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine,
Glorious poet who never hast written a
line,
Laugh, for the name at the head of my

verse is thine.
May'st thou never be wrong'd by the name that is mine!







TO THE REV. W. H. BROOK-BROOKS, for they call'd you so that

knew you best,

Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes, How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes! How oft the Cantab supper, host and Would echo helpless laughter to your How oft with him we paced that walk of limes, Him, the lost light of those dawngolden times, Who loved you well! Now both are rock-throne

Of Freedom I warriors beating back the swarm Of Turkish Islam for five hundred

years. Great Tsernogora! never since thine

Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm breathed a race of mightier Has

mountaineers.

TO VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR in Drama, Victor in Romance, Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears, French of the French, and Lord of human tears: Child-lover; Bard whose fame-lit laurels glance







As yet unbroken, Stormy voice of France! Who dost not love our England-so

they say:

Yield thee full thanks for thy full

courtesy To younger England in the boy my

TRANSLATIONS, ETC.

BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

CONSTANTINUS, King of the Scots, after having sworn allegiance to Athelstan, allied himself with the Danes of Ireland under Anlaf, and invading England, was defeated by Athelstan and his brother Edmund with great slaughter at Brunanburh in the year 937.

1 ATHELSTAN King, Lord among Earls, Bracelet-bestower and Baron of Barons, He with his brother, Edmund Atheling, Gaining a lifelong Glory in battle. Slew with the sword-edge There by Brunanburh, Brake the shield-wall, Hew'd the lindenwood,2 Hack'd the battleshield. Sons of Edward with hammer'd

Theirs was a greatness Got from their Grandsires-Theirs that so often in

1 I have more or less availed myself of my son's prose translation of this poem in the Contemporary Review (November 1876).

² Shields of lindenwood.

Strife with their enemies Struck for their hoards and their hearths and their homes.

Bow'd the spoiler, Bent the Scotsman, Fell the shipcrews Doom'd to the death.

All the field with blood of the fighters Flow'd, from when first the great Sun-star of morningtide,

Lamp of the Lord God Glode over earth till the glorious

Sank to his setting.

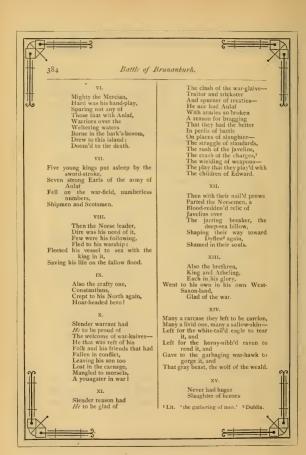
There lay many a man Marr'd by the javelin, Men of the Northland Shot over shield. There was the Scotsman Weary of war.

We the West-Saxons,

Long as the daylight Troubled the track of the host that we hated.

Grimly with swords that were sharp

from the grindstone, Fiercely we hack'd at the flyers before us.



Slain by the sword-edge— Such as old writers Have writ of in histories— Hap in this isle, since Up from the East hither Saxon and Angle from Over the broad billow Broke into Britain with Haughty war-workers who Harried the Welshman, when Earls that were lared by the Hold for the lang at

ACHILLES OVER THE TRENCH.

ILIAD, XVIII, 202. So saying, light-foot Iris pass'd away. Then rose Achilles dear to Zeus; and round The warrior's puissant shoulders Pallas flung Her fringed ægis, and around his The glorious goddess wreath'd a golden cloud, And from it lighted an all-shining flame. As when a smoke from a city goes to heaven Far off from out an island girt by foes, All day the men contend in grievous From their own city, but with set of Their fires flame thickly, and aloft the glare Flies streaming, if perchance the neighbors round May see, and sail to help them in the war:

So from his head the splendor went to heaven.
From wall to dyke he stept, he stood, nor join'd
The Achæans-honoring his wise mother's word—
There standing, shouted, and Pallas far away

Call'd; and a boundless panic shook the foe. For like the clear voice when a trum-

pet shrills, Blown by the fierce beleaguerers of a

town, So rang the clear voice of Æakidês; And when the brazen cry of Æakidês

And when the brazen cry of Æakidês Was heard among the Trojans, all their hearts Were troubled, and the full-maned

horses whirl'd The chariots backward, knowing

griefs at hand; And sheer-astounded were the chariot-

To see the dread, unweariable fire That always o'er the great Peleion's head

head
Burn'd, for the bright-eyed goddess
made it burn.

Thrice from the dyke he sent his mighty shout, Thrice backward reel'd the Trojans

and allies;
And there and then twelve of their noblest died

Among their spears and chariots.

TO PRINCESS FREDERICA ON HER MARRIAGE.

O you that were eyes and light to the King till he past away From the darkness of life—

He saw not his daughter—he blest her: the blind King sees you to-day, He blesses the wife.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

ON THE CENOTAPH IN WESTMINSTER
ABBEY.

NOT here! the white North has thy

bones; and thou, Heroic sailor-soul, Art passing on thine happier voyage

now
Toward no earthly pole.





Of one recalling gracions times, When, in our younger London

days,
You found some merit in my rhymes,
And I more pleasure in your
praise.

TIRESIAS

I WISH I were as in the years of old, While yet the blessed daylight made itself

Ruddy thro' both the roofs of sight, and woke These eyes, now dull, but then so

keen to seek The meanings ambush'd under all

they saw, The flight of birds, the flame of sacrifice.

What omens may foreshadow fate to man And woman, and the secret of the

Gods.

My son, the Gods, despite of

human prayer,
Are slower to forgive than human

kings.
The great God, Arês, burns in anger

still
Against the guiltless heirs of him
from Tyre.

Our Cadmus, out of whom thou art, who found Beside the springs of Dircê, smote,

and still'd
Thro' all its folds the multitudinous
beast,

The dragon, which our trembling fathers call'd The God's own son,

A tale, that told to me, When but thine age, by age as winterwhite As mine is now, amazed, but made

me yearn For larger glimpses of that more than man

Which rolls the heavens, and lifts, and lays the deep, Yet loves and hates with mortal hates

et loves and hates with mortal hates and loves, And moves unseen among the ways of men.

Then, in my wanderings all the

lands that lie Subjected to the Heliconian ridge Have heard this footstep fall, altho'

Have heard this footstep fall, altho

Was more to scale the highest of the heights

With some strange hope to see the nearer God. One naked peak—the sister of the

Would climb from out the dark, and

linger there
To silver all the valleys with her
shafts—

There once, but long ago, five-fold thy term

Of years, I lay; the winds were dead for heat;

The noonday crag made the hand burn; and sick

For shadow—not one bush was near
—I rose

Following a torrent till its myriad falls Found silence in the hollows under-

neath.

There in a secret olive-glade I saw

Pallas Athene climbing from the bath In anger; yet one glittering foot disturb'd The lucid well; one snowy knee was

prest Against the margin flowers; a dreadful light

Came from her golden hair, her golden helm And all her golden armor on the

And from her virgin breast, and virgin

Remaining fixt on mine, till mine grew dark

For ever, and I heard a voice that

said
'Henceforth be blind, for thou hast
seen too much,

And speak the truth that no man may believe.'

believe.'
Son, in the hidden world of sight,
that lives



3

Behind this darkness, I behold her Beyond all work of those who carve

the stone, Beyond all dreams of Godlike woman-

Ineffable beauty, out of whom, at a

And as it were, perforce, upon me

The power of prophesying-but to me No power-so chain'd and coupled with the curse Of blindness and their unbelief, who

heard And heard not, when I spake of

famine, plague, Shrine-shattering earthquake, flood, thunderbolt,

And angers of the Gods for evil done And expiation lack'd-no power on Fate,

Theirs, or mine own! for when the crowd would roar

For blood, for war, whose issue was their doom

To cast wise words among the multi-Was flinging fruit to lions; nor, in

Of civil outbreak, when I knew the

Would each waste each, and bring on both the voke

Of stronger states, was mine the voice to curb The madness of our cities, and their

kings. Who ever turn'd upon his heel to hear

My warning that the tyranny of one Was prelude to the tyranny of all? My counsel that the tyranny of all d backward to the tyranny of one?

This power hath work'd no good to aught that lives. And these blind hands were useless

in their wars. O therefore that the unfulfill'd desire, The grief for ever born from griefs to

boundless yearning of the Prophet's heartCould that stand forth, and like a statue, rear'd To some great citizen, win all praise

from all Who past it, saying, 'That was he!'

Virtue must shape itself in deed, and Whom weakness or necessity have

cramp'd Within themselves, immerging, each,

his urn In his own well, draw solace as he may.

Menœceus, thou hast eyes, and I can hear Too plainly what full tides of onset san

Our seven high gates, and what a weight of war Rides on those ringing axles! jingle

of bits. Shonts, arrows, tramp of the hornfooted horse

That grind the glebe to powder! Stony showers Of that ear-stunning hail of Arês

crash Along the sounding walls. Above, below,

Shock after shock, the song-built towers and gates Reel, bruised and butted with the War-thunder of iron rams; and from

The city comes a murmur void of Lest she be taken captive-maidens,

wives, And mothers with their babblers of the dawn, And oldest age in shadow from the

night, Falling about their shrines before

And wailing 'Save us.' And they wail to thee ! These eyeless eyes, that cannot see

thine own See this, that only in thy virtue lies The saving of our Thebes; for, yester-night.





To me, the great God Arês, whose one bliss Is war, and human sacrifice—himself

Blood-red from battle, spear and helmet tipt With stormy light as on a mast at

sea, Stood out before a darkness, crying

'Thebes, Thy Thebes shall fall and perish, for

I loathe
The seed of Cadmus—yet if one of these

By his own hand—if one of these——'
My son,
No sound is breathed so potent to

coerce,
And to conciliate, as their names who

For that sweet mother land which gave them birth

Nobly to do, nobly to die. Their names, Graven on memorial columns, are a

song
Heard in the future : few, but more

than wall And rampart, their examples reach a

hand Far thro' all years, and everywhere

they meet And kindle generous purpose, and the strength

To mould it into action pure as theirs.

Fairer thy fate than mine, if life's

best end
Be to end well! and thou refusing
this,

Unvenerable will thy memory be While men shall move the lips: but if thou dare—

Thon, one of these, the race of Cadmus—then

No stone is fitted in you marble

girth
Whose echo shall not tongue thy
glorious doom,

Nor in this pavement but shall ring thy name To every hoof that clangs it, and the

springs Of Dircê laving yonder battle-plain, Heard from the roofs by night, will murmur thee To thine own Thebes, while Thebes

thro' thee shall stand Firm-based with all her Gods.

The Dragon's cave Half hid, they tell me, now in flowing

wines—
Where once he dwelt and whence he roll'd himself

At dead of night—thou knowest, and that smooth rock Before it, altar-fashion'd, where of

Before it, altar-fashion'd, where of late The woman-breasted Sphinx, with

The woman-breasted Sphinx, with wings drawn back, Folded her lion paws, and look'd to

There blanch the bones of whom she slew, and these

Mixt with her own, because the fierce beast found A wiser than herself, and dash'd her-

self
Dead in her rage: but thou art wise

enough,
Tho' young, to love thy wiser, blunt
the curse

Of Pallas, hear, and tho' I speak the truth Believe I speak it, let thine own hand strike

Thy youthful pulses into rest and quench The red God's anger, fearing not to

plunge
Thy torch of life in darkness, rather—
thou

Rejoicing that the sun, the moon, the stars
Send no such light upon the ways of

As one great deed.

Thither, my son, and there
Thou, that hast never known the
embrace of love.

Offer thy maiden life.

This useless hand!

I felt one warm tear fall upon it.

Gone!

Gone! He will achieve his greatness. But for me,

I would that I were gather'd to my rest,

7

And mingled with the famous kings of old. whom about their ocean-islets

flash The faces of the Gods-the wise man's word.

Here trampled by the populace under-

crown'd with worship-and these eyes will find The men I knew, and watch the char-

iot whirl About the goal again, and hunters race

The shadowy lion, and the warrior-

In height and prowess more than human, strive

Again for glory, while the golden lyre Is ever sounding in heroic ears Heroic hymns, and every way the

Wind, clouded with the grateful incense-fume

Of those who mix all odor to the Gods On one far height in one far-shining

fire.

'One height and one far-shining fire' And while I fancied that my friend For this brief idyll would require

A less diffuse and opulent end, And would defend his judgment well, If I should deem it over nice-

The tolling of his funeral bell Broke on my Pagan Paradise. And mixt the dream of classic times And all the phantoms of the

dream, With present grief, and made the rhymes

That miss'd his living welcome, seem Like would-be guests an hour too late,

Who down the highway moving on With easy laughter, find the gate Is bolted, and the master gone. Gone into darkness, that full light Of friendship! past, in sleep, away

By night, into the deeper night!

The deeper night? A clearer day Than our poor twilight dawn on earth-

If night, what barren toil to be! What life, so maim'd by night, were worth

Our living out? Not mine to me Remembering all the golden hours Now silent, and so many dead.

And him the last; and laying flowers, This wreath, above his honor'd head And praying that, when I from hence, Shall tade with him into the un-

known. My close of earth's experience May prove as peaceful as his own.

THE WRECK.

HIDE me, Mother! my Fathers be-long'd to the church of old, I am driven by storm and sin aud death to the ancient fold,

I cling to the Catholic Cross once more, to the Faith that saves, My brain is full of the crash of

wrecks, and the roar of waves, My life itself is a wreck, I have sullied a noble name,

I am flung from the rushing tide of the world as a waif of shame I am roused by the wail of a child,

and awake to a livid light, And a ghastlier face than ever has

haunted a grave by night, I would hide from the storm without, I would flee from the storm within.

I would make my life one prayer for a soul that died in his sin, I was the tempter, Mother, and mine

was the deeper fall; I will sit at your feet, I will hide my face, I will tell you all.

He that they gave me to, Mother, a heedless and innocent bridenever have wrong'd his heart, I have only wounded his pride-





Spain in his blood and the Jew— dark-visaged, stately and tall— A princelier-looking man never stept thro' a Prince's hall.

And who, when his anger was kindled, would venture to give him the nay?

And a man men fear is a man to be loved by the women they say.

And I could have loved him too, if the blossom can doat on the

Or the young green leaf rejoice in the frost that sears it at night; He would open the books that I

He would open the books that I prized, and toss them away with a yawn,

Repell'd by the magnet of Art to the which my nature was drawn, The word of the Poet by whom the deeps of the world are stirr'd.

The music that robes it in language beneath and beyond the word! My Shelley would fall from my hands when he cast a contemptuous

glance
From where he was poring over his
Tables of Trade and Finance;
My bands when I heard him coming

My hands, when I heard him coming, would drop from the chords or the keys,

But ever I fail'd to please him, however I strove to please—
All day long far-off in the cloud of the city, and there

Lost, head and heart, in the chances of dividend, consol, and share— And at home if I sought for a kindly caress, being woman and weak, His formal kiss fell chill as a flake of

snow on the cheek: And so, when I bore him a girl, when

I held it aloft in my jov,

He look'd at it coldly, and said to me
'Pity it isn't a bov.'

The one thing given me, to love and to live for, glanced at in scorn! The child that I felt I could die for—as if she were basely born!

I had lived a wild-flower life, I was planted now in a tomb,

The daisy will shut to the shadow, I closed my heart to the gloom;

I threw myself all abroad—I would play my part with the young By the low foot-lights of the world—

y the low foot-lights of the world and I caught the wreath that was flung.

III

Mother, I have not—however their tongues may have babbled of me—

Sinn'd thro' an animal vileness, for all but a dwarf was he, And all but a hunchback too; and I

look'd at him, first, askance, With pity—not he the knight for an

amorous girl's romance!

Tho' wealthy enough to have bask'd
in the light of a dowerless

smile, Having lands at home and abroad in a rich West-Indian isle;

But I came on him once at a ball, the heart of a listening crowd— Why, what a brow was there! he was

To women, the flower of the time, and men at the helm of state—

Flowing with easy greatness and touching on all things great, Science, philosophy, song—till I felt

myself ready to weep
For I knew not what, when I heard
that voice,—as mellow and

As a psalm by a mighty master and peal'd from an organ,—roll

Rising and falling—for, Mother, the voice was the voice of the soul;

And the sun of the soul made day in

the dark of his wonderful eyes. Here was the hand that would help me, would heal me—the heart that was wise!

And he, poor man, when he learnt that I hated the ring I wore, He helpt me with death, and he heal'd me with sorrow for evermore.

IV.

For I broke the bond. That day my nurse had brought me the child. The small sweet face was flush'd, but it coo'd to the Mother and smiled.

'Anything ailing,' I ask'd her, 'with baby?' She shook her head, And the Motherless Mother kiss'd it, and turn'd in her haste and

v

Low warm winds had gently breathed us away from the land—

Ten long sweet summer days upon

deck, sitting hand in hand—
When he clothed a naked mind with
the wisdom and wealth of his
own.

And I bow'd myself down as a slave to his intellectual throne.

When he coin'd into English gold some treasure of classical song, When he flouted a statesman's error.

When he flouted a statesman's error, or flamed at a public wrong, When he rose as it were on the wings

of an eagle beyond me, and past Over the range and the change of the

world from the first to the last, When he spoke of his tropical home

in the canes by the purple tide,
And the high star-crowns of his

palms on the deep-wooded mountain side, And cliffs all robed in lianas that dropt to the brink of his bay,

dropt to the brink of his bay, And trees like the towers of a minster, the sons of a winterless day.

'Paradise there!' so he said, but I seem'd in Paradise then
With the first great love I had felt for

the first and greatest of men; Ten long days of summer and sin—if it must be so—

But days of a larger light than I ever again shall know-

Days that will glimmer, I fear, thro'

life to my latest breath;
'No frost there,' so he said, 'as in truest Love no Death.'

V

Mother, one morning a bird with a warble plaintively sweet Perch'd on the shrouds, and then feli

fluttering down at my feet;

I took it he made it a cage we for

I took it, he made it a cage, we fondied it, Stephen and I,

But it died, and I thought of the child for a moment, I scarce know why.

3777

But if sin be sin, not inherited fate, as many will say,

My sin to my desolate little one found

me at sea on a day, When her orphan wail came borne in

the shriek of a growing wind, And a voice rang out in the thunders of Ocean and Heaven 'Thou

hast sinn'd.'
And down in the cabin were we, for the towering crest of the tides

Plunged on the vessel and swept in a cataract off from her sides, And ever the great storm grew with a

howl and a hoot of the blast In the rigging, voices of hell—then

came the crash of the mast.

'The wages of sin is death,' and there
I began to weep.

'I am the Jonah, the crew should cast me into the deep,

For ah God, what a heart was mine to forsake her even for you.'
'Never the heart among women,' he

said, 'more tender and true.'
'The heart! not a mother's heart,
when I left my darling alone.'

*Comfort yourself, for the heart of the father will care for his own.
*The heart of the father will spurn her,' I cried, 'for the sin of the

wife,
The cloud of the mother's shame will
enfold her and darken her life.'

Then his pale face twitch'd; 'O Stephen, I love you, I love you, and yet'—

As I lean'd away from his arms— 'would God, we had never

till after a little, I yearn'd For his voice again, and he call'd to

me 'Kiss me!' and there-as

'The heart, the heart!' I kiss'd him, I clung to the sinking form, And the storm went roaring above us.

and he-was out of the storm.

And then, then, Mother, the ship stagger'd under a thunderous

That shook us asunder, as if she had struck and crash'd on a rock : For a huge sea smote every soul from the decks of The Falcon but

one: All of them, all but the man that was lash'd to the helm had gone;

And I fell-and the storm and the days went by, but I knew no more-Lost myself-lay like the dead by the

dead on the cabin floor, Dead to the death beside me, and lost to the loss that was mine

With a dim dream, now and then, of a hand giving bread and wine, Till I woke from the trance, and the ship stood still, and the skies

were blue, But the face I had known, O Mother, was not the face that I knew.

The strange misfeaturing mask that I saw so amazed me, that I Stumbled on deck, half mad. would fling myself over and die!

But one-he was waving a flag-the one man left on the wreck-'Woman'-he graspt at my arm-'stay there '-I crouch'd upon

deck-'We are sinking, and yet there's hope: look yonder,' he cried, 'a sail'

In a tone so rough that I broke into passionate tears, and the wail

Of a beaten habe, till I saw that a boat was nearing us-then All on a sudden I thought, I shall look on the child again.

They lower'd me down the side, and there in the boat I lay With sad eyes fixt on the lost sea-

home, as we glided away, And I sigh'd, as the low dark hull

dipt under the smiling main, 'Had I stay'd with him, I had nowwith him-been out of my pain."

They took us aboard: the crew were gentle, the captain kind;

But I was the lonely slave of an often-wandering mind;

For whenever a rougher gust might tumbie a stormier wave.

'O Stephen,' I moan'd, 'I am coming to thee in thine Ocean-grave. And again, when a balmier breeze

curl'd over a peacefuller sea. I found myself moaning again 'O child, I am coming to thee.'

The broad white brow of the Islethat bay with the color'd sand-Rich was the rose of sunset there, as we drew to the land:

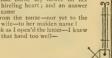
All so quiet the ripple would hardly blanch into spray At the feet of the cliff; and I pray'd

- my child '-for I still could 'May her life be as blissfully calm, be never gloom'd by the curse

Of a sin, not hers! Was it well with the child? I wrote to the nurse Who had borne my flower on her

Not from the nurse-nor vet to the wife-to her maiden name! I shook as I open'd the letter-I knew that hand too well-





And from it a scrap, clipt out of the 'deaths' in a paper, fell.
'Ten long sweet summer days' of

fever, and want of care l And gone-that day of the storm-

O Mother, she came to me there

DESPAIR.

A MAN and his wife having lost faith in a God, and hope of a life to come, and being utterly miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned.

Is it you, that preach'd in the chapel there looking over the sand? Follow'd us too that night, and dogg'd us, and drew me to

What did I feel that night? You are curious. How should I teli? Does it matter so much what I felt? You rescued me-yet-was it well

That you came unwish'd for, uncall'd, between me and the deep and my doom,

Three days since, three more dark days of the Godless gloom Of a life without sun, without health, without hope, without any

In anything here upon earth? but'ah God, that night, that night When the rolling eyes of the light-

house there on the fatal neck Of land running out into rock-they had saved many hundreds from wreck-

Glared on our way toward death, I remember I thought, as we

Does it matter how many they saved? we are all of us wreck'd at

'Do you fear?' and there came thro' the roar of the breaker a whisper, a breath, 'Fear? am I not with you? I am

frighted at life not death.'

111.

And the suns of the limitless Universe sparkled and shone in the sky.

Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew that their light was a

Bright as with deathless hope-but, however they sparkled and shone

The dark little worlds running round them were worlds of woe like our own-

No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the earth below. A fiery scroll written over with lamen-

tation and woe.

See, we were nursed in the drear nightfold of your fatalist creed. And we turn'd to the growing dawn, we had hoped for a dawn

indeed, When the light of a Sun that was coming would scatter the

ghosts of the Past. And the cramping creeds that had madden'd the peoples would

vanish at last, And we broke away from the Christ, our human brother and friend

For He spoke, or it seem'd that He spoke, of a Hell without help, without end.

Hoped for a dawn and it came, but the promise had faded away;

We had past from a cheerless night to the glare of a drearier day; He is only a cloud and a smoke who

was once a pillar of fire, The guess of a worm in the dust and

the shadow of its desire-

Despair.

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the weak trodden down by the strong,

f a dying worm in a world, all massacre, murder, and wrong.

VI.

O we poor orphans of nothing—alone on that louely shore— Born of the brainless Nature who

knew not that which she bore!

Trusting no longer that earthly flower
would be heavenly fruit—

Come from the brute, poor souls—no souls—and to die with the brute—

VIII.

Nay, but I am not claiming your pity: I know you of old— Small pity for those that have ranged from the narrow warmth of

your faith and a God of eternal

Till you flung us back on ourselves, and the human heart, and the Age.

VIII.

But pity-the Pagan held it a vicewas in her and in me,

Helpless, taking the place of the pitying God that should be !

Pity for all that aches in the grasp of an idiot power,

And pity for our own selves on an earth that bore not a flower; Pity for all that suffers on land or in air or the deep,

And pity for our own selves till we long'd for eternal sleep.

tx.

'Lightly step over the sands! the waters—you hear them call! Life with its anguish, and horrors,

and errors—away with it all!'

And she laid her hand in my own—

she laid her hand in my own she was always loyal and sweet—

Till the points of the foam in the dusk
came playing about our feet.
There was a strong sea-current would

There was a strong sea-current would sweep us out to the main. 'Ah God' tho' I felt as I spoke I was

taking the name in vain—

'Ah God' and we turn'd to each
other, we kiss'd, we embraced,

other, we kiss'd, we embraced, she and I, Knowing the Love we were used to

believe everlasting would die:
We had read their know-nothing

books and we lean'd to the darker side— Ah God, should we find Him, per-

Ah God, should we find Him, perhaps, perhaps, if we died, if we died;

We never had found Him on earth, this earth is a fatherless Hell— 'Dear Love, for ever and ever, for ever and ever farewell,'

Never a cry so desolate, not since the world began, Never a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming of man!

x.

But the blind wave cast me ashore, and you saved me, a valueless life. Not a grain of gratitude mine! You have parted the man from the

wife.

I am left alone on the land, she is all alone in the sea;

If a curse meant ought, I would curse you for not having let me be.

Xt.

Visions of youth—for my brain was drunk with the water, it seems; I had past into perfect quiet at length out of pleasant dreams,

And the transient trouble of drowning

-what was it when match'd

with the pains
Of the hellish heat of a wretched life
rushing back thro' the veins?

XII.

Why should I live? one son had forged on his father and fled,





If there be such a God, may the Great God curse bim and bring him to nought!

Blasphemy! whose is the fault? is it mine? for why would you save A madman to vex you with wretched words, who is best in his grave? Blasphemy! ay, why not, being damn'd

beyond hope of grace?

() would I were yonder with her, and away from your faith and your

Blasphemy! true! I have scared you pale with my scandalous talk. But the blasphemy to my mind lies all in the way that you walk.

Hence! she is gone! can I stay? can I breathe divorced from the

You needs must have good lynx-eyes if I do not escape you at last. Our orthodox coroner doubtless will find it a felo-de-se.

And the stake and the cross-road, fool, if you will, does it matter to me?

THE ANCIENT SAGE.

A THOUSAND summers ere the time of Christ

From out his ancient city came a Seer Whom one that loved, and honor'd him, and yet

Was no disciple, richly garb'd, but worn

From wasteful living, follow'd-in his hand A scroll of verse-till that old man

before A cavern whence an affluent fountain

pour'd From darkness into daylight, turn'd and spoke.

This wealth of waters might but seem to draw

From yon dark cave, but, son, the source is higher,

Von summit half-a-league in air-and higher.

The cloud that hides it-higher still, the heavens Whereby the cloud was moulded, and

whereout The cloud descended. Force is from

the heights I am wearied of our city, son, and go To spend my one last year among the

What hast thou there? Some death-

song for the Ghouls To make their banquet relish? let me read

"How far thro' all the bloom and brake

That nightingale is heard! What power but the bird's could make This music in the bird?

How summer-bright are yonder skies, And earth as fair in hue!

And yet what sign of aught that lies Behind the green and blue?

But man to-day is fancy's fool As man hath ever been.

The nameless Power, or Powers, that Were never heard or seen."

If thou would'st hear the Nameless, Into the Temple-cave of thine own

self, There, brooding by the central altar.

May'st haply learn the Nameless hath

By which thou wilt abide, if thou be wise, As if thou knewest, tho' thou canst

not know For Knowledge is the swallow on the

lake That sees and stirs the surface-

shadow there But never yet hath dipt into the

abysm, The Abysm of all Abysms, beneath,

within





The days and hours are ever glancing by,

And seem to flicker past thro' sun and shade, Or short, or long, as Pleasure leads,

or Pain; But with the Nameless is nor Day nor Hour :

Tho' we, thin minds, who creep from thought to thought, Break into 'Thens' and 'Whens' the

Eternal Now: This double seeming of the single

world !-My words are like the babblings in a

nightmare, when the babblings break the dream.

But thou be wise in this dream-world of ours.

Nor take thy dial for thy deity. But make the passing shadow serve

thy will. "The years that made the stripling

Undo their work again, And leave him, blind of heart and eyes, The last and least of men:

Who clings to earth, and once would Hell-heat or Arctic cold, And now one breath of cooler air Would loose him from his hold;

His winter chills him to the root. He withers marrow and mind The kernel of the shrivell'd fruit Is jutting thro' the rind;

The tiger spasms tear his chest, The palsy wags his head; The wife, the sons, who love him best Would fain that he were dead:

The griefs by which he once was Were never worth the while "-

Who knows? or whether this earth-narrow life Be yet but yolk, and forming in the shell?

"The shaft of scorn that once had stung But wakes a dotard smile.

The placid gleam of sunset after storm!

"The statesman's brain that swav'd the past Is feebler than his knees:

The passive sailor wrecks at last In ever-silent seas: The warrior hath forgot his arms,

The Learned all his lore; The changing market frets or charms

The merchant's hope no more; The prophet's beacon burn'd in vain.

And now is lost in cloud: The plowman passes, bent with pain, To mix with what he plow'd

The poet whom his Age would quote As heir of endless fame-

He knows not ev'n the book he wrote, Not even his own name. For man has overlived his day,

And, darkening in the light, Scarce feels the senses break away To mix with ancient Night."

The shell must break before the bird can fly.

"The years that when my Youth began Had set the lilv and rose

By all my ways where'er they ran, Have ended mortal foes;

My rose of love for ever gone, My lily of truth and trust-

They made her lily and rose in one. And changed her into dust.

O rosetree planted in my grief, And growing, on her tomb, Her dust is greening in your leaf, Her blood is in your bloom.

O slender lily waving there, And laughing back the light, In vain you tell me 'Earth is fair ' When all is dark as night,"

My son, the world is dark with griefs and graves,

So dark that men cry out against the Who knows but that the darkness is

in man? The doors of Night may be the gates of Light;



The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,
And past into the Nameless, as a cloud
Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my

cloud
Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my
limbs, the limbs
Were strange not mine—and yet no
shade of doubt,

But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self The gain of such large life as match'd with ours

with ours
Were Sun to spark—unshadowable
in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow-

world

"And idle gleams will come and go,
But still the clouds remain:"

The clouds themselves are children of the Sun.

"And Night and Shadow rule below When only Day should reign."

And Day and Night are children of the Sun, And idle gleams to thee are light to me. Some say, the Light was father of the

Night,
And some, the Night was father of the
Light,
No night no day!—I touch thy world
again—

No ill no good! such counter-terms, my son,

my son,
Are border-races, holding, each its
own
By endless war: but night enough is
there

In you dark city: get thee back: and since
The key to that weird casket, which for thee

But holds a skull, is neither thine nor mine, But in the hand of what is more than

or in man's hand when man is more than man,

Let be thy wail and help thy fellow men, And make thy gold thy vassal not thy

king, And fling tree alms into the beggar's

bowl,
And send the day into the darken'd

heart; Nor list for guerdon in the voice of men,

A dying echo from a fallen wall; Nor care—for Hunger hath the Evil

To vex the noon with fiery gems, or fold

Thy presence in the silk of sumptuous looms;

Nor roll thy viands on a luscious tongue, Nor drown thyself with flies in honied

wine;
Nor thou be rageful, like a handled bee,
And lose thy life by usage of thy

And lose thy life by usage of thy sting; Nor harm an adder thro' the lust for

harm, Nor make a snail's horn shrink for wantonness;

And more—think well! Do-well will follow thought, And in the fatal sequence of this world

An evil thought may soil thy children's blood; But curb the beast would cast thee in

the mire, And leave the hot swamp of voluptuonsness

A cloud between the Nameless and thyself, And lay thine uphill shoulder to the

And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou

Look higher, then—perchance—thou mayest—beyond A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,

And past the range of Night and Shadow—see The high-heaven dawn of more than

mortal day
Strike on the Mount of Vision!

So, farewell.









The priest in horror about his altar." -Page 109.







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That ye'll meet your paärints agin an' yer Danny O'Roon afore God Wid his blessed Marthyrs an' Saints . ' an' she gev him a frindly nod,
'Tomorra, Tomorra,' she says, an'

she didn't intind to desave, But her wits wor dead, an' her hair was as white as the snow an a grave.

Arrah now, here last month they wor diggin' the bog, an' they foun' Dhrownded in black bog-wather a corp lyin' undher groun'.

IX

Yer Honor's own agint, he says to me wanst, at Katty's shebeen, 'The Divil take all the black lan', for a blessin' 'ud come wid the

An' where 'ud the poor man, thin, cut his bit o' turf for the fire? But och ! bad scran to the bogs whin they swallies the man intire! An' sorra the bog that's in Hiven wid

all the light an' the glow, An' there's hate enough, shure, widout thim in the Divil's kitchen below.

x. Thim ould blind nagers in Agypt, I

hard his Riverence say, Could keep their haithen kings in the flesh for the Jidgemint day, An', faix, be the piper o' Moses, they kep the cat an' the dog, But it 'ud 'a been aisier work a they lived be an Irish bog.

How-an-iver they laid this body they foun' an the grass Be the chapel-door, an' the people 'ud

see it that wint in to mass But a frish gineration had riz, an' most of the ould was few, An' I didn't know him meself, an'

none of the parish knew.

But Molly kem limpin' up wid her stick, she was lamed iv a knee.

Thin a slip of a gossoon call'd, 'Div ye know him, Molly Magee?' An' she stood up strait as the Queen of the world-she lifted her

head-'He said he would meet me tomorra!' an' dhropt down dead an the dead.

Och, Molly, we thought, machree, ye would start back agin into life,

Whin we laid yez, aich be aich, at yer wake like husban' an' wife.

Sorra the dhry eye thin but was wet for the frinds that was gone!

Sorra the silent throat but we hard it cryin' 'Ochone!' Shamus O'Shea that has now ten childer, hansome an ' tall,

Him an' his childer wor keenin' as if he had lost thim all.

XIV.

Thin his Riverence buried thim both in wan grave be the dead boor-

tree.1 The young man Danny O'Roon wid his ould woman, Molly Magee.

May all the flowers o' Jeroosilim blossom an' spring from the grass,

Imbrashin' an' kissin' aich other-as ye did-over yer Crass ! An' the lark fly out o' the flowers wid his song to the Sun an' the

Moon. An' tell thim in Hiven about Molly Magee an' her Danny O'Roon, Till Holy St. Pether gets up wid his

kays an' opens the gate! An' shure, be the Crass, that's betther nor cuttin' the Sassenach whate

1 Elder-tree.



To be there wid the Blessed Mother. an' Saints an' Marthyrs galore, An' singin' yer 'Aves' an' 'Pathers' for iver an' ivermore.

An' now that I tould ver Honor whativer I hard an' seen. Yer Honor 'ill give me a thrifle to

dhrink yer health in potheen.

THE SPINSTER'S SWEET-ARTS.

MILK for my sweet-arts, Bess! fur it mun be the time about now When Molly cooms in fro' the far-end close wi' her paails fro' the cow. Eh! tha be new to the plaace-thou'rt

gaäpin'-doesn't tha see I calls' em arter the fellers es once was sweet upo' me?

Naäy to be sewer it be past'er time. What maäkes 'er sa laäte? Goä to the laäne at the back, an' looök thruf Maddison's gaäte!

Sweet-arts! Molly belike may'a lighted to-night upo' one. Sweet-arts! thanks to the Lord that I niver not listen'd to noan So I sits i' my oan armchair wi' my oan kettle theere o' the hob, An' Tommy the fust, an' Tommy the

second, an' Steevie an' Rob.

Rob, coom oop 'ere o' my knee. Thou sees that i' spite o' the men I 'a kep' thruf thick an' thin my two 'conderd a-year to mysen;

Yis! thaw tha call'd me es pretty es ony lass i' the Shere; An' thou be es pretty a Tabby, but Robby I seed thruf ya theere.

Fevther 'ud saav I wur ugly es sin.

an' I beant not vaain, But I niver wur downright hugh, thaw

soom 'ud 'a thowt ma plaäin, An' I wasn't sa plaäin i' pink ribbons,

ye said I wur pretty i' pinks, An' I liked to 'ear it I did, but I beänt sich a fool as ye thinks;

Ye was stroäkin ma down wi' the 'air. as I be a-stroäkin o' you, But whiniver I looöked i' the glass I

wur sewer that it couldn't be true: Niver wur pretty, not I, but ye knaw'd

it wur pleasant to 'ear, Thaw it warn't not me es wur pretty, but my two 'oonderd a-year.

D'ya mind the murnin' when we was a-walkin' togither, an' stood

the claay'd-oop pond, that the be sa scared at, i' foälk Gigglesby wood,

Wheer the poor wrench drowndid hersen, black Sal, es 'ed been disgraaced?

An' I feel'd thy arm es I stood wur acreeapin about my waaist: An' me es wur allus afear'd of a man's gittin' ower fond.

I sidled awaay an' awaay till I plumpt foot fust i' the pond;

And, Robby, I niver 'a liked tha sa well, as I did that daay,

Fur tha joompt in thysen, an' tha hoickt my feet wi' a flop fro' the claav. Ay, stick oop thy back, an' set oop

thy taail, tha may gie me a kiss, Fur I walk'd wi' tha all the way hoam an' wur niver sa nigh saayin' Yis.

But wa boath was i' sich a clat we was shaamed to cross Gigglesby Greean,

Fur a cat may looök at a king thou knaws but the cat mun be clean. Sa we boath on us kep ont o' sight o' o' Gigglesby the winders

Hinn-



The Spinster's Sweet-arts.

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Naäy, but the claws o' tha! quiet! they pricks clean thruf to the skin—

An' wa boath slinkt 'oam by the brokken shed i' the laane at the back,

Wheer the poodle runn'd at tha once, an' thou runn'd oop o' the thack;

An' tha squeedg'd my 'and i' the shed, fur theere we was forced to 'ide, Fur I seed that Steevie wur coomin', and one o' the Tommie's beside.

WII

Theere now, what art'a mewin at, Steevie? for owt I can tell— Robby wur fust to be sewer, or I mowt 'a liked tha as well.

VIII.

But, Robby, I thowt o' tha all the while I wur chaängin' my gown, An' I thowt shall I chaënge my staäte? but, O Lord, upo'

coomin' down—

My bran-new carpet es fresh es a

midder o' flowers i' Maäv—

midder o' flowers i' Maäy— Why 'edn't tha wiped thy shoes? it wur clatted all ower wi' claäy.

An' I could a' cried ammost, fur I seed that it couldn't be,
An' Robby I gied tha a raätin that sattled thy coortin o' me.

sattled thy coortin o' me.
An' Molly an' me was agreed, as we
was a-cleanin' the floor,

That a man be a durty thing an' a trouble an' plague wi' indoor.

But I rued it arter a bit, fur I stuck to tha moor na the rest,

But I couldn't 'a lived wi' a man an' I knaws it be all fur the best.

IX.

Naäy—let ma stroäk tha down till I määkes tha es smooth es silk, But if I 'ed married tha, Kobby, thou'd not 'a been worth thy milk, Thou'd niver 'a cotch'd ony mice but 'a left me the work to do. And 'a taäen to the bottle beside, so es all that I 'ears be true;
But I loovs tha to maäke thysen 'appy,

an' soa purr awaäy. my dear, Thou'ed weilnigh purr'd ma awaay fro' my oan two 'oonderd a-year.

30

Sweärin agean, you Toms, as ye used to do twelve year sin'!

Ye niver 'eard Steevie swear 'cep' it wur at a dog coomin' in. An' boath o' ye mun be fools to be

An' boath o' ye mun be fools to be hallus a-shawin' your claws, Fur I niver cared nothink for neither—

an' one o' ye dead ye knaws! Coom give hoaver then, weant ye?

warrant ye soom fine daäy—
Theere, lig down—I shall hev to gie
one or tother awaäy.

Can't ye taäke pattern by Steevie? ye shant hev a drop fro' the paäil. Steevie be right good manners bang thruf to the tip o' the taäil.

XI.

Robby, git down wi'tha, wilt tha? let Steevie coom oop o' my knee. Steevie, my lad, thou 'ed very nigh

been the Steevie fur me! Robby wur fust to be sewer, 'e wur

burn an' bred i' the 'ouse, But thou be es 'ansom a tabby es iver patted a mouse.

VII.

An' I beant not vaain, but I knaws I 'ed led tha a quieter life

Nor her wi' the hepitaph yonder!

"A faäithful an' looyin' wife!"

An' 'cos o' thy farm by the beck, an'

thy windmill oop o' the croft.

Tha thowt tha would marry ma, did
tha? but that wur a bit ower
soft.

Thaw thou was es soaber es daay, wi a niced red faace, an' es clean Es a shillin' fresh fro' the mint wi' a

Es a shillin' fresh fro' the mint wi' a bran-new 'eäd o' the Queeän. An' thy farmin' es clean es thysen', fur, Steevie, tha kep' it sa neat That I niver not spied sa much es a poppy along wi' the wheāt, An' the wool of a thistle a-flyin' an'

sceädin' tha haäted to see;
'Twur es bad es a battle-twig ¹ 'ere i'
my oan blue chaumber to me.
Av, roob thy whiskers agean ma, fur

I could 'a taäen to tha well, But fur thy bairns, poor Steevie, a bouncin' boy an' a gell.

хии.

An' thou was es fond o' thy bairns es
I be mysen o' my cats,
But I niver not wish'd fur childer, I

hevn't naw likin' fur brats;
Pretty anew when ya dresses 'em oop,

an' they goas fur a walk,
Or sits wi' their 'ands afoor 'em, an'

doesn't not 'inder the talk!

But their bottles o' pap, an' their mucky bibs, an' the clats an'

the clouts,
An' their mashin' their toys to picaces
an' maakin' ma deaf wi' their

shouts, An' hallus a-joompin' about ma as if

they was set upo' springs,
An' a haxin' ma hawkard questions,

an' saäyin' ondecent things,
An' a-callin' ma 'hugly' mavhap to
my faäce, or a teärin' my
gown—

Dear! dear! dear! I mun part them Tommies—Steevie git down.

XIV.

Ye be was nor the men-tommies, you. I tell'd ya, na moor o' that! Tom, lig theere o' the cushion, an'

tother Tom 'ere o' the mat.

v.

Theere! I ha' master'd them! Hed I married the Tommies—O

To loove an' obaäy the Tommies! I couldn't 'a stuck by my word.

Earwig.

To be horder'd about, an' waäked, when Molly 'd put out the light,

By a man coomin' in wi' a hiccup at ony hour o' the night!

An' the taäble staäin'd wi' 'is aäle, an' the mud o' 'is boots o' the stairs, An' the stink o' 'is pipe i' the 'ouse, an' the mark o' 'is 'eäd o' the chairs!

An' noan o' my four sweet-arts 'ud 'a let me 'a hed my oan waay, Sa I likes 'em best wi' taails when they 'evn't a word to saay.

XVt.

An' I sits i' my oan little parlor, an' sarved by my oan little lass, Wi' my oan little garden outside, an'

my oan bed o' sparrow-grass, An' my oan door poorch wi' the woodbine an' jessmine a-dressin' it greeän,

An' my oan fine Jackman i' purple a roabin' the 'ouse like a Queean.

XVII.

An' the little gells bobs to ma hoffens es I be abroad i' the laanes. When I goas fur to coomfut the poor

es be down wi' their haäches an' their paäins: An' a haäf-pot o' jam, or a mossel o' meät when it beänt too dear.

They maakes ma a graater Laady nor 'er'i the mansion theer, Hes 'es hallust o hax of a man how much to spare or to spend; Au' a spinster I be an' I will be, if

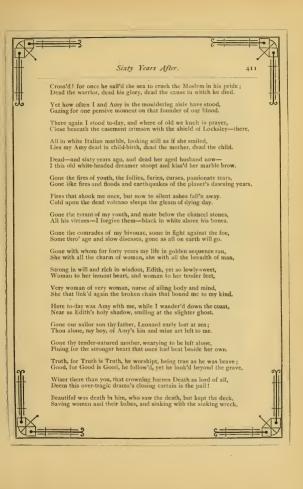
soa please God, to the hend.

Mew! mew!—Bess wi' the milk! what ha maäde our Molly sa laäte?

It should 'a been 'cre by seven, an'
theere—it be strikin' height—
'Cushie wur craäzed fur 'er cauf' well
—I 'eärd 'er a maäkin' 'er

moän,



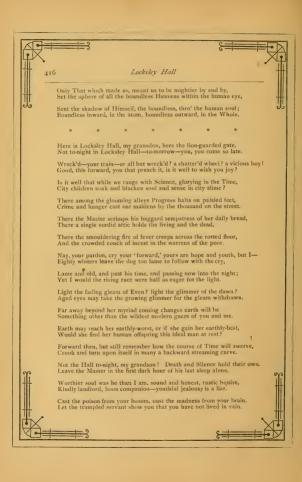




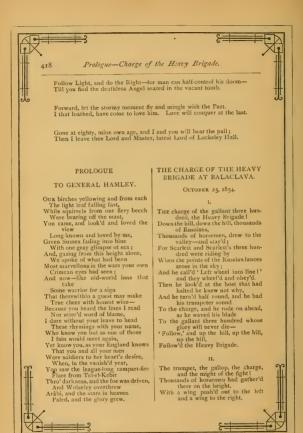












And who shall escape if they close? but he dash'd up alone Thro' the great gray slope of men, Sway'd his sabre, and held his own Like an Englishman there and then; All in a moment follow'd with force Three that were next in their fiery

course,
Wedged themselves in between horse
and horse,

Fought for their lives in the narrow gap they had made— Four amid thousands! and up the

hill, up the hill, Gallopt the gallant three hundred, the Heavy Brigade.

111

Fell like a cannonshot, Burst like a thunderbolt, Crash'd like a hurricane, Broke thro't the miass from below, Drove thro't the midst of the foc, Plunged up and down, to and fro, Rode flashing blow upon blow, Brave Inniskillens and Greys Whirling their sabres in circles of

Whirling their sabres in circles of light! And some of us, all in amaze, Who were held for a while from the

fight, And were only standing at gaze, When the dark-muffled Russian

crowd
Folded its wings from the left and

the right, And roll'd them around like a cloud,—

O mad for the charge and the battle were we, When our own good redcoats sank

from sight,

Like drops of blood in a dark-gray
sea,

And we turn'd to each other, whispering, all dismay'd,

*Lost are the gallant three hundred of Scarlett's Brigade!

..

'Lost one and all' were the words Mutter'd in our dismay; But they rode like Victors and Lords Thro' the forest of lances and swords In the heart of the Russian hordes, They rode, or they stood at bay— Struck with the sword-hand and slew, Down with the bridle-hand drew The foe from the saddle and threw Underfoot there in the fray— Ranged like a storm or stood like a

Ranged like a storm or stood like a rock In the wave of a stormy day;

Till suddenly shock upon shock Stagger'd the mass from without, Drove it in wild disarray, For our men gallopt up with a cheer

and a shout,
And the foeman surged, and waver'd,

Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, out of the field,
And over the brow and away.

v

Glory to each and to all, and the charge that they made!

Glory to all the three hundred, and all the Brigade!

Note.—The 'three hundred' of the 'Heavy Brigade' who made this famous charge were the Scots Greys and the and squadron of Inniskillings; the remainder of the 'Heavy Brigade' subsequently dashing up to their support.

The 'three' were Scarlett's aid-de-camp, Elliot, and the trumpeter and Shegog the orderly, who had been close behind him.

EPILOGUE.

IRENE.

Nor this way will you set your name A star among the stars.

POET.

What way?

IRENE.

You praise when you should blame







421

Hion falling, Rome arising, wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre;

Now thy Forum roars no longer, fallen every purple Cæsar's dome

Landscape-lover, lord of language

Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm sound for ever of Imperial Rome-

more than he that sang the Works and Days, All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden

IX.

phrase: III.

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd, and the Rome of freemen holds her place, I, from out the Northern Island sunder'd once from all the

Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;

human race.

All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely word; v

I salute thee, Mantovano, I that loved thee since my day egan.

Poet of the happy Tityrus piping underneath his beechen bowers: Poet of the poet-satyr whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers:

Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.

Thou that seest Universal

THE DEAD PROPHET. 182-.

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying in the blissful years again to be, Summers of the snakeless meadow, unlaborious earth and oarless sea:

DEAD!

Dead!

And the Muses cried with a stormy 'Send them no more, for evermore.

Nature moved by Universal Mind: Thou majestic in thy sadness

Let the people die.

at the doubtful doom of human kind;

'Is it he then brought so low?' And a careless people flock'd from the fields With a purse to pay for the show.

VII.

Light among the vanish'd ages; star that gildest yet this phantom shore: Golden branch amid the shadows,

Dead, who had served his time, Was one of the people's kings, Had labor'd in lifting them out of

kings and realms that pass to rise no more;

And showing them, souls have wings!

Dumb on the winter heath he lay. His friends had stript him bare, And roll'd his nakedness everyway That all the crowd might stare.

v.

A storm-worn signpost not to be read, And a tree with a moulder'd nest On its barkless bones, stood stark by the dead:

And behind him, low in the West,

VI.

With shifting ladders of shadow and light,

And blurr'd in color and form, The sun hung over the gates of Night, And glared at a coming storm.

VII.

Then glided a vulturous Beldam forth, That on dumb death had thriven;

They call'd her 'Reverence' here upon earth, And 'The Curse of the Prophet' in

Heaven.

vIII.

She knelt—'We worship him'—all but wept—

'So great so noble was he!' She clear'd her sight, she arose, she

swept The dust of earth from her knee.

IX.

'Great! for he spoke and the people heard, And his eloquence caught like a flame

From zone to zone of the world, till his Word Had won him a noble name.

v

Noble! he sung, and the sweet sound ran Thro' palace and cottage door,
For he touch'd on the whole sad
planet of man,
The large and the view and the

The kings and the rich and the poor;

XI.

And he sung not alone of an old sun

But a sun coming up in his youth!

Great and noble—O yes—but yet—

For man is a lover of Truth,

XII.

And bound to follow, wherever she go Stark-naked, and up or down, Thro' her high hill-passes of stainless

Or the foulest sewer of the town-

XIII.

Noble and great—O ay—but then, Tho' a prophet should have his due, Was he noblier-fashion'd than other men?

Shall we see to it, I and you?

XIV.

For since he would sit on a Prophet's seat.

As a lord of the Human soul, We needs must scan him from head to feet

Were it but for a wart or a mole?'

His wife and his child stood by him in tears, But she—she push'd them aside.

But she—she push'd them aside.

'Tho' a name may last for a thousand years,

Yet a truth is a truth,' she cried.

XVI.

And she that had haunted his pathway still, Had often truckled and cower'd When he rose in his wrath, and had

yielded her will To the master, as overpower'd, She tumbled his helpless corpse about.

'Small blemish upon the skin!
But I think we know what is fair
without

Is often as foul within.'

XVIII.

She crouch'd, she tore him part from

And out of his body she drew The red 'Blood-eagle' of liver and

She held them up to the view;

XIX.

She gabbled, as she groped in the dead,

And all the people were pleased; 'See, what a little heart,' she said, 'And the liver is half-diseased!'

XX.

She tore the Prophet after death, And the people paid her well. Lightnings flicker'd along the heath; One shriek'd 'The fires of Hell!'

EARLY SPRING.

.

ONCE more the Heavenly Power Makes all things new, And domes the red-plow'd hills With loving blue;

The blackbirds have their wills, The throstles too.

I.

Opens a door in Heaven; From skies of glass A Jacob's ladder falls On greening grass,

1 Old Viking term for lungs, liver, etc., when torn by the conqueror out of the body of the conquered,

III.

Before them fleets the shower, And burst the buds, And shine the level lands, And flash the floods:

The stars are from their hands Flung thro' the woods,

The woods with living airs How softly fann'd,

Light airs from where the deep, All down the sand, Is breathing in his sleep, Heard by the land.

O follow, leaping blood,

The season's lure!
O heart, look down and up
Screne, secure,
Warm as the crocus cup,

Like snowdrops, pure !

VI.

Past, Future glimpse and fade Thro' some slight spell, A gleam from yonder vale,

A gleam from yonder vale, Some far blue fell, And sympathies, how frail, In sound and smell!

VII.

Till at thy chuckled note, Thou twinkling bird,

The fairy fancies range, And, lightly stirr'd, Ring little bells of change From word to word.

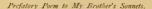
VIII.

For now the Heavenly Power

Makes all things new, And thaws the cold, and fills The flower with dew;

The blackbirds have their valls, The poets too.





PREFATORY POEM TO MY BROTHER'S SONNETS.

424

Midnight, June 30, 1879.

MIDNIGHT-in no midsummer tune The breakers lash the shores: The cuckoo of a joyless June 1s calling out of doors:

And thou hast vanish'd from thine own To that which looks like rest, True brother, only to be known By those who love thee best.

Midnight-and joyless June gone by, And from the deluged park The cuckoo of a worse July Is calling thro' the dark:

But thou art silent underground. And o'er thee streams the rain. True poet, surely to be found When Truth is found again.

And, now to these unsummer'd skies The summer bird is still. Far off a phantom cuckoo cries From out a phantom hill;

And thro' this midnight breaks the sun Of sixty years away, The light of days when life begun, The days that seem to-day,

When all my griefs were shared with thee.

As all my hopes were thine-As all thou wert was one with me, May all thou art be mine!

'FRATER AVE ATOUE VALE.'

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row! So they row'd, and there we landed-'O venusta Sirmio!'

There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow, There beneath the Roman ruin where

the purple flowers grow, Came that 'Ave atque Vale' of the Poet's hopeless woe,

Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen-

hundred years ago, 'Frater Ave atque Vaie'—as we wander'd to and fro Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the

Garda Lake below Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olivesilvery Sirmio !

HELEN'S TOWER.

HELEN'S TOWER, here I stand, Dominant over sea and land. Son's love built me, and I hold Mother's love in letter'd gold. Love is in and out of time. I am mortal stone and lime. Would my granite girth were strong As either love, to last as long! I should wear my crown entire To and thro' the Doomsday fire, And be found of angel eyes In earth's recurring Paradise.

EPITAPH ON LORD STRAT-FORD DE REDCLIFFE.

IN WESTMINSTER ARREY

THOU third great Canning, stand among our best

And noblest, now thy long day's work hath ceased, Here silent in our Minster of the

West Who wert the voice of England in the East.

1 Written at the request of my friend, Lord Dufferin.







ON GENERAL GORDON

IN THE GORDON BOYS' NATIONAL MEMORIAL HOME NEAR WOKING.

WARRIOR of God, man's friend, and tyrant's foe. Now somewhere dead far in the

waste Sondan. Thou livest in all hearts, for all men

know This earth has never borne a nobler man.

EPITAPH ON CANTON.

IN ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

FIAT LUX (his motto).

THY prayer was 'Light-more Lightwhile Time shall last! Thou sawest a glory growing on the

night, But not the shadows which that light would cast.

Till shadows vanish in the Light of Light.

TO THE DUKE OF ARGVILL

O PATRIOT Statesman, be thou wise to know

limits of resistance, and the bounds

Determining concession; still be bold Not only to slight praise but suffer

And be thy heart a fortress to maintain

scorn;

The day against the moment, and the Against the day thy voice, a music

Thro' all the yells and counter-yells of

And faction, and thy will, a power to make This ever-changing world of circum-

stance, In changing, chime with never-chang-

ing Law.

HANDS ALL ROUND.

FIRST pledge our Queen this solemn

Then drink to England, every guest: That man's the best Cosmopolite Who loves his native country best.

May freedom's oak for ever live With stronger life from day to day;

That man's the true Conservative Who lops the monlder'd branch -away

Hands all round! God the traitor's hope confound! To this great cause of Freedom drink. my friends.

And the great name of England, round and round.

To all the loyal hearts who long To keep our English Empire whole ! To all our noble sons, the strong New England of the Southern Pole!

To England under Indian skies, To those dark millions of her realm! To Canada whom we love and prize,

Whatever statesman hold the helm. Hands all round ! God the traitor's hope confound! To this great name of England drink,

my friends, And all her glorious empire, round and round.

To all our statesmen so they be True leaders of the land's desire! To both our Houses, may they see

Beyond the borough and the shire! We sail'd wherever ship could sail, We founded many a mighty state

Pray God our greatness may not fail Thro' craven fears of being great. Hands all round!





God the traitor's hope confound! To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,

And the great name of England, round and round.

FREEDOM.

.

O THOU so fair in summers gone, While yet thy fresh and virgin soul Inform'd the pillar'd Parthenon, The glittering Capitol;

11

So fair in southern sunshine bathed, But scarce of such majestic mien As here with forehead vapor-swathed In meadows ever green;

111.

For thou—when Athens reign'd and
Rome,
Thy glorious eves were dimm'd with

Thy glorious eyes were dimm'd with pain

To mark in many a freeman's home
The slave, the scourge, the chain;

IV.

O follower of the Vision, still In motion to the distant gleam, Howe'er blind force and brainless will May jar thy golden dream

v.

Of Knowledge fusing class with class, Of civic Hate no more to be, Of Love to leaven all the mass, Till every Soul be free;

VI.

Who yet, like Nature, wouldst not mar By changes all too fierce and fast This order of Her Human Star, This heritage of the past; VII.

O scorner of the party cry
That wanders from the public good,
Thou—when the nations rear on high
Their idol smear'd with blood.

VIII.

And when they roll their idol down— Of saner worship sanely prond; Thou loather of the lawless crown

As of the lawless crowd:

How long thine ever-growing mind Hath still'd the blast and strown the wave,

Tho' some of late would raise a wind To sing thee to thy grave,

x

Men loud against all forms of power— Unfurnish'd brows, tempestuous tongues—

Expecting all things in an hour— Brass mouths and iron lungs!

TO H. R. H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Two Suns of Love make day of human life,

Which else with all its pains, and griefs, and deaths, Were utter darkness—one, the Sun of

dawn That brightens thro' the Mother's ten-

der eyes, And warms the child's awakening world—and one

The later-rising Sun of spousal Love, Which from her household orbit draws the child

To move in other spheres. The Mother weeps At that white funeral of the single life,

Her maiden daughter's marriage; and her tears

Are half of pleasure, half of pain—the



Is happy—ev'n in leaving her! but Thou, True daughter, whose all-faithful, filial

True daughter, whose all-faithful, filial eyes Have seen the loneliness of earthly

thrones,
Wilt neither quit the widow'd Crown,
nor let

nor let
This later light of Love have risen in

But moving thro' the Mother's home, between

The two that love thee, lead a summer life,

Sway'd by each Love, and swaying to each Love, Like some conjectured planet in mid

Like some conjectured planet in mid heaven Between two Suns, and drawing down

from both
The light and genial warmth of double day.

THE FLEET,

I.

You, you, if you shall fail to understand

What England is, and what her allin-all, On you will come the curse of all the

Should this old England fall
Which Nelson left so great.

1 The speaker said that 'he should like to be assured that other outlying portions of the Empire, the Crown colonies, and important coaling stations were being as promptly and as thoroughly fortified as the various capitals of the self-governing colonies. He was credibly informed this was not so. It was impossible, also, not to feel some degree of anxiety about the efficacy of present provision to defend and protect, by means of swift well-armed cruisers, the immense mercantile fleet of the Empire. third source of anxiety, so far as the colonies were concerned, was the apparently insufficient provision for the rapid manufacture of armaments and their prompt

..

His isle, the mightiest Ocean-power on earth,

Our own fair isle, the lord of every sea—
Her fuller franchise—what would that

be worth—
Her ancient fame of Free—
Were she . . . a fallen state?

777

Her dauntless army scatter'd, and so

Her island-myriads fed from alien lands— The fleet of England is her all-in-all;

Her fleet is in your hands,
And in her fleet her Fate.

despatch when ordered to their colonial destination. Hence the necessity for manufacturing appliances equal to the requirements. not of Great Britain alone, but of the whole Empire. But the keystone of the whole was the necessity for an overwhelmingly powerful fleet and efficient defence for all necessary coaling stations. This was as essential for the colonies as for Great Britain. It was the one condition for the cootinnance of the Empire. All that Continental Powers did with respect to armies England should effect with her navy. It was essentially a defensive force, and could be moved rapidly from point to point, but it should be equal to all that was expected from it. It was to strengthen the fleet that colonists would first readily tax themselves, because they realized how essential a powerful fleet was to the safety, not only of that extensive commerce sailing in every sea, but ultimately to the security of the distant portions of the Who could estimate the loss Empire. involved in even a brief period of disaster to the Imperial Navy? Any amount of money timely expended in preparation would be quite insignificant when compared with the possible calamity he had referred to.'-Extract from Sir Graham Berry's Speech at the Colonial institute. oth November, 1886



IV.

You, you, that have the ordering of her fleet,

If you should only compass her disgrace,

When all men starve, the wild mob's million feet

Will kick you from your place, But then too late, too late.

OPENING OF THE INDIAN AND COLONIAL EXHIBI-TION BY THE QUEEN.

Written at the Request of the Prince of Wales.

T.

Welcome, welcome with one voice! In your welfare we rejoice, Sons and brothers that have sent, From isle and cape and continent, Produce of your field and flood, Mount and mine, and primal wood; Works of subtle brain and hand, And splendors of the morning land, Gifts from every British zone; Britons, hold your own!

May we find, as ages run, The mother featured in the son; And may yours for ever be That old strength and constancy Which has made your fathers great In our ancient island State, And wherever her flag fly, Glorying between sea and sky, Makes the might of Britain known; Britons, hold your own!

Britain fought her sons of yore-Britain fail'd; and never more, Careless of our growing kin, Shall we sin our fathers' sin, Men that in a narrower day-Unprophetic rulers theyDrove from out the mother's nest That young eagle of the West To forage for herself alone; Britons, hold your own!

Sharers of our glorious past, Brothers, must we part at last? Shall we not thro' good and ill Cleave to one another still? Britain's myriad voices call, 'Sons, be welded each and all, Into one imperial whole, One with Britain, heart and soul

One life, one flag, one fleet, Throne!' Britons, hold your own!

POETS AND THEIR BIBLIO-GRAPHIES.

OLD poets foster'd under friendlier skies,

Virgil who would write ten lines, they say,

At dawn, and lavish all the golden To make them wealthier in his reader's

cvcs And you, old popular Horace, you the wise

Adviser of the nine-years-ponder'd lay,

And you, that wear a wreath of sweeter bay, Catullus, whose dead songster never

dies: If, glancing downward on the kindly sphere

That once had roll'd you round and round the Sun. You see your Art still shrined in

human shelves. You should be jubilant that you flourished here Before the Love of Letters, over-

done,

Had swampt the sacred poets with themselves.





DEMETER

AND OTHER POEMS.

TO THE MARQUIS OF DUF-FERIN AND AVA.

- 1

AT times our Britain cannot rest, At times her steps are swift and rash; She moving, at her girdle clash The golden keys of East and West.

11.

Not swift or rash, when late she lent The sceptres of her West, her East, To one, that ruling has increased Her greatness and her self-content.

III.

Your rule has made the people love Their ruler. Your viceregal days Have added fulness to the phrase Of 'Gauntlet in the velvet glove.'

V.

But since your name will grow with Time, Not all, as honoring your fair fame

Of Statesman, have I made the name A golden portal to my rhyme:

r. .

But more, that you and yours may

From me and mine, how dear a debt We owed you, and are owing yet To you and yours, and still would owe.

VI.

For he—your India was his Fate, And drew him over sea to you— He fain had ranged her thro' and thro,'

To serve her myriads and the State,-

VII.

A soul that, watch'd from earliest youth,

And on thro' many a brightening year,

Had never swerved for craft or fear, By one side-path, from simple truth;

VIII.

Who might have chased and claspt Renown

And caught her chaplet here-and there

In haunts of jungle-poison'd air The flame of life went wavering down;

1X.

But ere he left your fatal shore, And lay on that funereal boat, Dying, 'Unspeakable' he wrote 'Their kindness,' and he wrote no

more;

And sacred is the latest word; And now the Was, the Might-have-

And those lone rites I have not seen, And one drear sound I have not heard,

cı.

Are dreams that scarce will let me be, Not there to bid my boy farewell, When That within the coffin fell, Fell—and flash'd into the Red Sea,

XII.

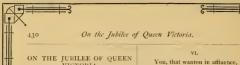
Beneath a hard Arabian moon, And alien stars. To question, why The sons before the fathers die, Not mine! and I may meet him soon;

XIII.

But while my life's late eve endures, Nor settles into hucless gray, My memories of his briefer day Will mix with love for you and yours.







VICTORIA.

FIFTY times the rose has flower'd and faded.

Fifty times the golden harvest fallen, Since our Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre.

She beloved for a kindliness Rare in Fable or History. Queen, and Empress of India, Crown'd so long with a diadem Never worn by a worthier, Now with prosperous auguries Comes at last to the bountous Crowning year of her Jubilee.

III.

Nothing of the lawless, of the Despot, Nothing of the vulgar, or vainglori-

All is gracious, gentle, great and Queenly.

ıv

You then joyfully, all of you, Set the mountain aflame to-night. Shoot your stars to the firmament.

Deck your houses, illuminate All your towns for a festival. And in each let a multitude Loyal, each, to the heart of it, One full voice of allegiance, Hail the fair Ceremonial Of this year of her Jubilee.

Queen, as true to womanhood as Oueenhood,

Glorying in the glories of her people, Sorrowing with the sorrows of the lowest l

Spare not now to be bountiful, Call your poor to regale with you.

All the lowly, the destitute, Make their neighborhood healthfuller,

Give your gold to the Hospital, Let the weary be comforted Let the needy be banqueted, Let the maini'd in his heart At this glad Ceremonial, And this year of her Jubilee.

Henry's fifty years are all in shadow, Gray with distance Edward's fifty summers.

Ev'n her Grandsire's fifty half forgotten.

VIII.

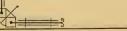
You, the Patriot Architect, You that shape for Eternity, Raise a stately memorial, Make it regally gorgeous, Some Imperial Institute, Rich in symbol, in ornament, Which may speak to the centu-

All the centuries after us, Of this great Ceremonial, And this year of her Inbilee.

Fifty years of ever-broadening Commerce! ever-brightening vears

Science! Fifty years of ever-widening Empire!

You, the Mighty, the Fortunate, You, the Lord-territorial. You, the Lord-manufacturer, You, the hardy, laborious, Patient children of Albion, You, Canadian, Indian,





Australasian, African, All your hearts be in harmony, All your voices in unison, Singing 'Hail to the glorious Golden year of her Jubilee!'

XI.

Are there thunders moaning in the distance?

Are there spectres moving in the dark-

rust the Hand of Light will lead her people.

Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,
And the Light is Victor, and the

darkness

Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages.

TO PROFESSOR JEBB,

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

FAIR things are slow to fade away, Bear witness you, that yesterday¹ From out the Ghost of Pindar in you

Roll'd an Olympian; and they say 2

That here the torpid mummy wheat Of Egypt bore a grain as sweet As that which gilds the glebe of England, Sunn'd with a summer of milder heat.

So may this legend for awhile, If greeted by your classic smile, Tho' dead in its Trinacrian Enna,

Blossom again on a colder isle.

DEMETER AND PERSEPHONE. (In Enna.)

IN ENNA.

FAINT as a climate-changing bird that flies All night across the darkness, and at dawn

¹ In Bologna.

2 They say, for the fact is doubtful.

Falls on the threshold of her native land,
And can no more, thou camest, O my child,
Led upward by the God of ghosts and

Led upward by the God of ghosts and dreams, Who laid thee at Eleusis, dazed and dumb

With passing thro' at once from state to state,

Until I brought thee hither, that the day,
When here thy hands let fall the

gather'd flower,
Might break thro' clouded memories

once again
On thy lost self. A sudden nightingale
Saw thee, and flash'd into a frolic of
song
And welcome; and a gleam as of the

when the welcome; and a gleam as of the moon,
When first she peers along the tremulous deep,

Fled wavering o'er thy face, and chased away
That shadow of a likeness to the

king
Of shadows, thy dark mate. Persephone!

Queen of the dead no more—my child! Thine eyes Again were human-godlike, and the Sun

Burst from a swimming fleece of winter gray,
And robed thee in his day from head

to feet—
'Mother!' and I was folded in thine arms.

Child, those imperial, disimpas-

sion'd eyes
Awed even me at first, thy mother—
eyes
That oft had seen the serpent-wanded

Draw downward into Hades with his drift Of flickering spectres, lighted from

below

By the red race of fiery Phlegethon;
But when before have Gods or men
beheld





The Life that had descended re-arise, And lighted from above him by the Sun ? So mighty was the mother's childless

A cry that rang thro' Hades, Earth, and Heaven!

So in this pleasant vale we stand again, The field of Enna, now once more ablaze

With flowers that brighten as thy

All flowers-but for one black blur of earth Left by that closing chasm, thro' which the car

Of dark Aïdoneus rising rapt thee hence. And here, my child, tho' folded in

thine arms, I feel the deathless heart of mother-

hood Within me shudder, lest the naked

glebe Should yawn once more into the gulf, and thence

The shrilly whinnyings of the team of Ascending, pierce the glad and song-

ful air. And all at once their arch'd necks, mid-

night-maned. Jet upward thro' the mid-day blossom. No!

For, see, thy foot has touch'd it; all the space Of blank earth-baldness clothes itself afresh, And breaks into the crocus-purple

That saw thee vanish.

Child, when thou wert gone, I envied human wives, and nested birds. Yea, the cubb'd lioness; went in search of thee Thro' many a palace, many a cot, and Thy breast to ailing infants in the And set the mother waking in amaze To find her sick one whole; and forth again Among the wail of midnight winds,

and cried. 'Where is my loved one? Wherefore

do ye wail? And out from all the night an answer shrill'd.

'We know not, and we know not why we wail

I climb'd on all the cliffs of all the seas, And ask'd the waves that moan about the world

'Where? do ye make your moaning for my child?

And round from all the world the voices came

'We know not, and we know not why we moan. 'Where'? and I stared from every

eagle-peak, I thridded the black heart of all the

woods,
I peer'd thro' tomb and cave, and in the storms

Of Autumn swept across the city, and The murmur of their temples chanting

me, Me, me, the desolate ! desolate Mother!

And fled by many a waste, forlorn of

And grieved for man thro' all my grief for thec .-

The jungle rooted in his shatter'd hearth. The serpent coil'd about his broken

shaft. The scorpion crawling over naked skulls;

I saw the tiger in the ruin'd fane Spring from his fallen God, but trace of thee I saw not; and far on, and, following

out A league of labyrinthine darkness,

came On three gray heads beneath a gleam-

ing rift.
'Where'? and I heard one voice from all the three







' We know not, for we spin the lives of men, And not of Gods, and know not why we spin!

There is a Fate beyond us.' Nothing knew.

Last as the likeness of a dying man, Without his knowledge, from him flits to warn A far-off friendship that he comes no

A far-off friendship that he comes no more,

So he, the God of dreams, who heard my cry, Drew from thyself the likeness of

thyself Without thy knowledge, and thy shadow past

Before me, crying 'The Bright one in the highest Is brother of the Dark one in the lowest.

Is brother of the Dark one in the lowest, And Bright and Dark have sworn that I, the child

Of thee, the great Earth-Mother, thee, the Power That lifts her buried life from gloom

to bloom, Should be for ever and for evermore The Bride of Darkness.'

So the Shadow wail'd.
Then I, Earth-Goddess, cursed the
Gods of Heaven.
I would not mingle with their feasts;
to me

Their nectar smack'd of hemlock on the lips,

Their rich ambrosia tasted aconite. The man, that only lives and loves an hour.

Seem'd nobler than their hard Eternities. My quick tears kill'd the flower, my

The bird, and lost in utter grief I fail'd To send my life thro' olive-yard and vine And golden grain, my gift to helpless

And golden grain, my gift to helpless man. Rain-rotten died the wheat, the barley-

spears Were hollow-husk'd, the leaf fell, and the sun, Pale at my grief, drew down before his time Sickening, and Ætna kept her winter

snow.
Then He, the brother of this Darkness, He

Who still is highest, glancing from his height

On earth a fruitless fallow, when he miss'd

The wonted steam of sacrifice, the

praise And prayer of men, decreed that thou should'st dwell

For nine white moons of each whole year with me, Three dark ones in the shadow with

thy King.

Once more the reaper in the gleam

of dawn
Will see me by the landmark far
away,
Blessing his field, or seated in the

Blessing his held, or seated in the dusk
Of even, by the lonely threshing-floor,
Rejoicing in the harvest and the

Yet I, Earth-Goddess, am but illcontent

With them, who still are highest.
Those gray heads,
What meant they by their 'Fate

What meant they by their 'Fate beyond the Fates' But younger kindlier Gods to bear us down,

As we bore down the Gods before us?
Gods,
To quench, not hurl the thunderbolt,

to stay,

Not spread the plague, the famine;
Gods indeed,
To send the moon into the night and

break
The sunless halls of Hades into
Heaven?

Till thy dark lord accept and love the Sun, And all the Shadow die into the Light,

When thou shalt dwell the whole bright year with me,

bright year with me, And souls of men, who grew beyond their race, And made themselves as Gods against the fear Of Death and Hell; and thou that

hast from men,
As Queen of Death, that worship
which is Fear,

Henceforth, as having risen from out the dead,

Shalt ever send thy life along with mine

From buried grain thro' springing blade, and bless Their garner'd Autumn also, reap

Their garner'd Autumn also, reap with me, Earth-mother, in the harvest hymns of

Earth
The worship which is Love, and see

The Stone, the Wheel, the dimlyglimmering lawns Of that Elysium, all the hateful

Of torment, and the shadowy warrior

Along the silent field of Asphodel.

OWD ROA.1

NAÄY, noä mander ² o' use to be callin '
'im Roä, Roä, Roä,
Fur the dog's stoän-deäf, an' e's blind,
'e can naither stan' nor goä.

But I meäns fur to maäke 'is owd aäge as 'appy as iver I can, Fur I oäws oäd Roäver moor nor I iver oäwd mottal man.

Thou's rode of 'is back when a babby, afoor thou was gotten too owd, Fur' e'd fetch an' carry like owt, 'e was allus as good as gowd.

Eh, but 'e'd fight wi' a will when 'e fowt; 'e could howd ³ is oan, An' Roa was the dog as knaw'd when an' wheere to bury his boane.

1 Old Rover, 2 Manner. 3 Hold.

An' 'e kep his heäd hoop like a king, an' 'e'd niver not down wi' 'is taäil,

Fur 'e'd niver done nowt to be ashaamed on, when we was i' Howlaby Daale.

An' 'e sarved me sa well when 'e lived, that, Dick, when 'e cooms to be dead.

I thinks as I'd like fur to hev soom

Fur 'e's moor good sense na the Parliament man 'at stans fur us 'ere, An' I'd voät fur 'im, my oän sen, if 'e could but stan fur the Shere.

' Faäithful an' True'—them words be i' Scriptur—an' Faäithful an' True

Ull be fun'1 upo' four short legs ten times fur one upo' two.

An' maäybe they'll walk upo' two but I knaws they runs upo' four 2— Bedtime, Dicky! but waäit till tha 'eärs it be strikin' the hour.

Fur I wants to tell tha o' Roä when we lived i' Howlaby Daäle, Ten year sin—Naäy—naäy! tha mun nobbut hev' one glass of aäle.

Straänge an' owd-farran'd 8 the 'ouse, an' belt⁴ long afoor my daäy Wi' haäfe o' the chimleys a-twizzen'd 8 an' twined like a band o' haäy.

The fellers as maäkes them picturs
'ud coom at the fall o' the year,
An' sattle their ends upo stools to
pictur the door poorch theere,

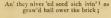
An' the Heagle 'as hed two heads stannin' theere o' the brokken stick; 6

Found. 2' Ou' as in 'house.'
3' Owd-farran'd,' old-fashioned.
4 Built. 5' Twizzen'd,' twisted.

6 On a staff ragulé.







An' theere i' the 'ouse one nightbut it's down, an' all on it now Goan into mangles an' tonups,2 an' raaved slick thruf by the plow-

Theere, when the 'ouse wur a house, one night I wur sittin' aloan, Roaver athurt my feeat, an' sleeapin still as a stoan,

Of a Christmas Eave, an' as cowd as this, an' the midders 8 as white. An' the fences all on 'em bolster'd oop wi' the windle * that night;

An' the cat wur a-sleeapin alongside Roäver, but I wur awaäke,

An' smoakin' an' thinkin' o' things-Doant maake thysen sick wi' the caäke.

Fur the men ater supper 'ed sung their songs an' 'ed 'ed their beer, An' 'ed goan their waays; ther was

nobbut three, an' noan on 'em theere.

They was all on 'em fear'd o' the Ghoäst an' dussn't not sleeap i' the 'ouse, But Dicky, the Ghoäst moästlins b was nobbut a rat or a mouse.

An' I looökt out wonst 6 at the night, an' the daäle was all of a thaw. Fur I seed the beck coomin' down like

a long black snaäke i' the snaw, An' I heärd greät heäps o' the snaw slushin' down fro' the bank to

the beck, An' then as I stood i' the doorwaav, I feeäld it drip o' my neck.

1 Ivy. 2 Mangolds and turnips.

3 Meadows. 4 Drifted snow

Moästlins,' for the most part, generally.

6 Once.

Saw I turn'd in ageän, an' I thowt o' the good owd times 'at was goan,

An' the munney they made by the war, an' the times 'at was coomin' on;

Fur I thowt if the Staate was a gawin' to let in furriners' wheat, Howiver was British farmers to stan' agean o' their feeat.

Howiver was I fur to find my rent an'

to paäy my men? An' all along o' the feller 1 as turn'd 'is back of hissen.

Thou slep i' the chamber above us, we couldn't ha' 'eard tha call Moother 'ed tell'd ma to bring tha down, an' thy craadle an' all;

Fur the gell o' the farm 'at slep wi' tha then 'ed gotten wer leave, Fur to goa that night to 'er foalk by

cause o' the Christmas Eave;

But I clean forgot tha, my lad, when Moother 'ed gotten to bed,

An' I slep i' my chair hup-on-end, an' the Freea Traade runn'd 'i my 'ead.

Till I dream'd 'at Squire walkt in, an' I says to him 'Squire, ya're laäte

Then I seed at 'is faace wur as red as the Yule-block theer i' the graäte.

An' 'e says 'can ya paäy me the rent to-night?' an' I says to 'im · Noa An' 'e cotch'd howd hard o' my hairm 2

"Then hout to-night tha shall

'Tha'll niver,' says I, 'be a-turnin ma

hout upo' Christmas Eave'? Then I waaked an' I fun it was Roaver a-tuggin' an' tearin' my slieäve.

1 Peel

2 Arm.

Owd Roa.

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An' I thowt as 'e'd goan clean-wud', fur I noawaays knaw'd 'is intent;

An' I says 'Git awaäy, ya beäst,' an' I fetcht 'im a kiek an' 'e went.

Then 'e tummled up stairs, fur I 'eard 'im, as if 'e'd 'a brokken 'is neck.

An' I'd clear forgot, little Dicky, thy chaumber door wouldn't sneck;2

An' I slep' i' my chair ageān wi' my hairm hingin' down to the floor, An' I thowt it was Roäver a-tuggin' an' teārin' me wuss nor afoor.

An' I thowt 'at I kick'd 'im agean, but I kick'd thy Moother istead,

'What arta snorin' theere fur? the house is afire,' she said.

Thy Moother 'ed beän a-naggin about the gell o' the farm,

She offens 'ud spy summut wrong when there warn't not a mossel o' harm;

An' she didu't not solidly meän I wur gawin' that waäy to the bad, Fur the gell³ was as howry a trollope as iver traäpes'd i' the squad.

But Moother was free of 'er tongne, as I offens 'ev tell'd 'er mysen, Sa I kep i' my chair, fur I thowt she was nobbut a-rilin' ma then.

An' I says ' I'd be good to tha, Bess, if tha'd onywaays let ma be good,' But she skelpt ma haäfe ower i' the chair, an' screeäd like a Howl gone wud 4—

¹ Mad. ² Latch. ³ The girl was as dirty a slut as ever

trudged in the mud, but there is a sense of slatteruliness in 'tradpes'd' which is not expressed in 'trudged.'

4 She half overturned me and shrieked like an owl gone mad. 'Ya mum run fur the leather.' Git oop, if ya're onywaays good for owt.' And I says 'If I beant noawaays—not

nowadaäys—good fur nowt—

Yit I beant sich a Nowt² of all Nowts as 'ull hallns do as 'e's bid.' 'But the stairs is afire,' she said; then

I seed 'er a-cryin', I did.

An' she beäld 'Ya mun saäve little
Dick, an' be sharp about it an'

Dick, an' be sharp about it an' all,'
Sa I runs to the yard fur a lether, an' sets 'im agean the wall.

An' I claums an' I mashes the winder hin, when I gits to the top,

But the heat druv hout i' my heyes till I feäld mysen ready to drop.

Thy Moother was howdin' the lether, an' tellin' me not to be skeärd, An' I wasn't afeärd, or I thinks leästwaäys as I wasn't afeärd:

But I couldn't see fur the smoäke wheere thou was a-liggin, my lad,

An' Roaver was theere i' the channber a-yowlin' an' yaupin' like mad;

An' thon was a-beälan' likewise, an' asqueälin', as if tha was bit, An' it wasn't a bite but a burn, fur the merk's³ o' thy shon'der yit:

Then I call'd out Roa, Roa, Roa, thaw I didn't haafe think as 'e'd 'car, But 'e coom'd thruf the fire 'wi' my bairn i' 'is mouth to the winder theere!

He coom'd like a Hangel o' marcy as soon as 'e 'eard 'is naame, Or like tother Hangel i' Scriptur 'at summun seed i' the flaame,

² Ladder. ² A thoroughly insignificant or worthless person. ³ Mark.

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When summun 'ed hax'd fur a son, an
'e promised a son to she,
An' Roä was as good as the Hangel i'
saävin' a son fur me.

Sa I browt tha down, an' I says' 'I mun gaw up ageän fur Roä.' 'Gaw up ageän fur the varmint?' I tell'd 'er 'Yes I mun goä.'

tell'd er ' Yes I mun goä.'

An' I claumb'd up ageän to the winder,

än' clemm'd owd Roa by the

an' clemm'd ' owd Roa by the 'ead,
An' 'is 'air coom'd off i' my 'ands an'

I taäked 'im at fust fur deäd;

Fur 'e smell'd like a herse a-singein',

an' seem'd as blind as a poop.

An' haäfe on 'im bare as a bublin'.

I couldn't wakken 'im oop,

But I browt 'im down, an' we got to the barn, fur the barn wouldn't burn

Wi' the wind blawin' hard tother waay, an' the wind wasn't like to turn.

An' I kep a-callin' o' Roä till 'e waggled 'is taäil fur a bit,

But the cocks kep a-crawin' an' crawin' all night, an' I 'ears 'em yit;

An' the dogs was a-yowlin' all round, and thou was a-squeälin' thysen, An' Moother was naggin' an' groanin' an' moanin' an' naggin' agean;

An' I 'eard the bricks an' the baulks 3 rummle down when the roof gev waav.

gev waäy, Fur the fire was a-raägin' an' raävin' an' roarin' like judgment daäy.

Warm enew theere sewer-ly, but the barn was as cowd as owt, An' we cuddled and huddled togither, an' happt 4 wersens oop as we mowt.

¹ Clutched.
² 'Bubbling,' a young unfledged bird.
³ Beams.
⁴ Wrapt ourselves.

An' I browt Roä round, but Moother 'ed bean sa soāk'd wi' the thaw 'At she cotch'd 'er death o' cowd that night, poor soul, i' the straw.

Haafe o' the parish runn'd oop when the rigtree was tummlin' in— Too laāte—but it's all ower now—hall hower—an' ten year sin:

Too laäte, tha mun git tha to bed, but I'll coom an' I'll squench the light,

Fur we moat 'ev naw moor fires—and soa little Dick, good-night.

VASTNESS.

MANY a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after many a vanish'd face,

Many a planet by many a sun may roll with the dust of a vanish'd race.

11.

Raving politics, never at rest—as this poor earth's pale history runs,—
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?

III.

Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, truthless violence mourn'd by the Wise,

Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular torrent of lies upon lies;

IV.

Stately purposes, valor in battle, glorious annals of army and fleet,

Death for the right cause, death for the wrong cause, trumpets of victory, groans of defeat;

¹ The beam that runs along the roof of the house just beneath the ridge.

------ 9





Breaking an old one?

No, for we, my child. Father. Have been till now each other's all-in-

Miriam. And you the lifelong

guardian of the child. Father. I, and one other whom

you have not known. Miriam. And who? what other? Falher Whither are you bound?

For Naples which we only left in May? Miriam. No! father, Spain, but Hubert brings me home

With April and the swallow. me joy! Father.

What need to wish when Hubert weds in you The heart of Love, and you the soul

of Truth In Hubert?

Miriam. Tho' you used to call me The lonely maiden-Princess of the

wood. Who meant to sleep her hundred

summers out Before a kiss should wake her,

Ay, but now Fother. Your fairy Prince has found you, take

this ring Miriam, 'Io t'amo'-and these diamonds-beautiful! ' From Walter,' and for me from you

then?

Father. Well. One way for Miriam. Miriam. Miriam am I not?

Father. This ring bequeath'd you by your mother, child Was to be given you-such her dying

wish Given on the morning when you came

of age Or on the day you married. Both the days

Now close in one. The ring is doubly Why do you look so gravely at the

Miriam. I never saw it yet so all ablaze

With creepers crimsoning to the pinnacles.

As if perpetual sunset linger'd there. And all ablaze too in the lake below! And how the birds that circle round the tower

Are cheeping to each other of their flight

To summer lands!

Father. And that has made you grave? Fly-care not. Birds and brides

must leave the nest. Child, I am happier in your happiness Than in my own.

Miriam. It is not that! What else? Miriam. That chamber in the

tower. Father. What chamber, child? Your nurse is here?

Miriam. My Mother's nurse and mine. She comes to dress me in my bridal

Father. What did she say? Miriam. She said, that you and I

Had been abroad for my poor health She fear'd I had forgotten her, and I

ask'd About my Mother, and she said, 'Thy

Is golden like thy Mother's, not so

Father. What then? what more? Miriam. She said-perhaps indeed She wander'd, having wander'd now

Beyond the common date of death-

that you, When I was smaller than the statuette Of my dear Mother on your bracket

You took me to that chamber in the tower, The topmost-a chest there, by which

you knelt-And there were books and dresses-

left to me, A ring too which you kiss'd, and I, she

I babbled, Mother, Mother-as I used

my hands





As if I saw her; then a woman came And caught me from my nurse. I hear her yet— A sound of anger like a distant storm.

A sound of anger like a distant storm.

Father. Garrulous old crone.

Miriam. Poor nurse!

Father. I bad her keep,

Like a scal'd book, all mention of the ring, For I myself would tell you all to-day.

Miriam. 'She too might speak today,' she mumbled. Still, I scarce have learnt the title of your

book, But you will turn the pages.

Father. Ay, to-day!

I brought you to that chamber on your third September birthday with your nurse,

and felt

An icy breath play on me, while I stoopt To take and kiss the ring.

Miriam. This very ring lo t'amo?

Father. Yes, for some wild hope was mine

That, in the misery of my married life, Miriam your Mother might appear to me.

She came to you, not me. The storm, you hear Far-off, is Muriel—your step-mother's

voice.

Miriam. Vext, that you thought my Mother came to me?
Or at my crying 'Mother?' or to find My Mother's diamonds hidden from

her there, Like worldly beauties in the Cell, not shown

To dazzle all that see them?

Father. Wait a while.

Your Mother and step-mother—Mir-

iam Erne
And Muriel Erne—the two were cousins—lived

With Muriel's mother on the down, that sees

A thousand squares of corn and meadow, far

meadow, far
As the gray deep, a landscape which

Have many a time ranged over when a babe.

Miriam. I climb'd the hill with Hubert yesterday,

And from the thousand squares, one

silent voice Came on the wind, and seem'd to say

'Again.'
We saw far off an old forsaken house,
Then home, and past the ruin'd mill.
Father.
And there

Father. And there I found these cousins often by the brook,

For Miriam sketch'd and Muriel threw the fly;

The girls of equal age, but one was fair, And one was dark, and both were beautiful. No voice for either spoke within my

No voice for either spoke within my heart

Then, for the surface eye, that only

doats
On outward beauty, glancing from the

To the other, knew not that which pleased it most,

pleased it most, The raven ringlet or the gold; but

both Were dowerless, and myself, I used to

walk
This Terrace—morbid, melancholy;

And yet not mine the hall, the farm, the field; For all that ample woodland whisper'd

'debt,'
The brook that feeds this lakelet murmur'd 'debt.'

And in you arching avenue of old elms, Tho' mine, not mine, I heard the sober rook

And carrion crow cry 'Mortgage.'

Miriam.
Father's fault
Visited on the children!
Futher.
Av, but then

A kinsman, dying, summon'd me to
Rome—

He left me wealth—and while I jour-

ney'd hence, And saw the world fly by me like a

dream,
And while I communed with my

nd while I communed with my truest self,



I woke to all of truest in myself, Till, in the gleam of those mid-summer dawns.

The form of Muriel faded, and the

Of Miriam grew upon me, till I knew; And past and future mix'd in Heaven

The rosy twilight of a perfect day.

Miriam. So glad? no tear for him,

who left you wealth, Your kinsman? Father. I had seen the man but

once;
He loved my name not me; and then

I pass'd Home, and thro' Venice, where a jew-

eller, So far gone down, or so far up in life, That he was nearing his own hundred,

sold This ring to me, then laugh'd 'the

ring is weird.'
And weird and worn and wizard-like
was he.

'Why weird?' I ask'd him; and he said 'The souls Of two repentant Lovers guard the

ring;'
Then with a ribald twinkle in his

bleak eyes—

'And if you give the ring to any maid,
They still remember what it cost them

here, And bind the maid to love you by the

ring;
And if the ring were stolen from the

maid, The theft were death or madness to

the thief, So sacred those Ghost Lovers hold the gift.'

And then he told their legend: 'Long ago

Two lovers parted by a scurrilous tale Had quarrell'd, till the man repenting sent

This ring "Io t'amo" to his best beloved, And sent it on her birthday. She in wrath

Return'd it on her birthday, and that

His death-day, when, half-frenzied by the ring,

He wildly fought a rival suitor, him The causer of that scandal, fought and

fell; And she that came to part them all too

late, And found a corpse and silence, drew

the ring From his dead finger, wore it till her death.

Shrined him within the temple of her heart,

Made every moment of her after life A virgin victim to his memory, And dying rose, and rear'd her arms, and cried

"I see him, Io t'amo, Io t'amo."'

Miriam. Legend or true? so tender should be true!

Did he believe it? did you ask him?
Father. Ay l
But that half skeleton, like a barren

ghost From out the fleshless world of spirits, laugh'd:

laugh'd:
A hollow laughter!
Miriam. Vile, so near the ghost

Himself, to laugh at love in death!

But you?

Father. Well, as the bygone lover

thro this ring Had sent his cry for her forgiveness, I Would call thro' this 'Io t'amo' to the

Of Miriam; then I bad the man engrave

'From Walter' on the ring, and send it-wrote Name, surname, all as clear as noon,

but he—
Some younger hand must have engraven the ring—

His fingers were so stiffen'd by the frost

Of seven and ninety winters, that he scrawl'd

A 'Miriam' that might seem a

A 'Miriam' that might seem a 'Muriel'; And Muriel claim'd and open'd what I

meant
For Miriam, took the ring, and flaunted it

Before that other whom I loved and love.

A mountain stay'd me here, a minster there,

A galleried palace, or a battlefield,
Where stood the sheaf of Peace: but—
coming home—

And on your Mother's birthday—all but yours—

A week betwixt—and when the tower as now Was all ablaze with crimson to the

Was all ablaze with crimson to the roof, And all ablaze too plunging in the

lake
Head-foremost—who were those that

stood between
The tower and that rich phantom of
the tower?

Muriel and Miriam, each in white, and like May-blossoms in mid autumn—was it

they?
A light shot upward on them from the

lake.
What sparkled there? whose hand was that? they stood

So close together. I am not keen of sight,

But coming nearer—Muriel had the ring— 'O Miriam! have you given your ring

to her?
O Miriam!' Miriam redden'd, Muriel clench'd

The hand that wore it, till I cried again:
'O Miriam, if you love me take the

ring!'
She glanced at me, at Muriel, and was mute.

'Nay, if you cannot love me, let it be.' Then—Muriel standing ever statuelike—
She turn'd, and in her soft imperial

way
And saying gently: 'Muriel, by your
leave.'

Unclosed the hand, and from it drew the ring, And gave it me, who pass'd it down

her own,
'Io t'amo, all is well then.' Muriel fled.

Miriam. Poor Muriel!

Father. Ay, poor Muriel when you hear What follows! Miriam loved me

from the first,

Not thro' the ring; but on her

marriage-morn
This birthday, death-day, and betrothal ring,

Laid on her table overnight, was gone; And after hours of search and doubt and threats,

And hubbub, Muriel enter'd with it,

'See!—
Found in a chink of that old moulder'd
floor!'

My Miriam nodded with a pitying smile, As who should say 'that those who

lose can find.'
Then I and she were married for a year,

One year without a storm, or even a cloud;

And you my Miriam born within the

year; And she my Miriam dead within the

I sat beside her dying, and she gaspt: 'The books, the miniature, the lace

are hers,
My ring too when she comes of age, or
when
She marries; you—you loved me,

kept your word.

You love me still "Io t'amo."—

Muriel—no—

She cannot love; she loves her own hard self,

Her firm will, her fix'd purpose. Pro-

mise me,
Miriam not Muriel—she shall have
the ring.'
And there the light of other life, which

And there the light of other life, which lives
Beyond our burial and our buried eyes,
Gleam'd for a moment in her own on

earth.

I swore the vow, then with my latest kiss

Upon them, closed her eyes, which would not close,

£===0

But kept their watch upon the ring and you. Your birthday was her death-day.

Your birthday was her death-day.

Miriam. O poor Mother!

And you, poor desolate Father, and
poor me,

The little senseless, worthless, wordless babe, Saved when your life was wreck'd!

Saved when your life was wreck'd!

Peablar.

Desolate? yes!

Desolate as that sailor, whom the storm

Had parted from his comrade in the boat,

And dash'd half dead on barren sands.

was I.

Nay, you were my one solace; only you Were always ailing. Muriel's mother sent, And sure am I, by Muriel, one day came And saw you, shook her head, and

patted yours,
And smiled, and making with a kindly
pinch

Each poor pale cheek a momentary rose—
'That should be fix'd,' she said; 'your

Pract should be fix'd, she said; 'your pretty bud,
So blighted here, would flower into full health

Among our heath and bracken. Let her come! And we will feed her with our moun-

tain air,
And send her home to you rejoicing.'
No—
We could not part. And once when

We could not part. And once, when you my girl Rode on my shoulder home—the tiny fist Had graspt a daisy from your Mother's

grave—
By the lych-gate was Muriel. 'Ay,'
she said,

'Among the tombs in this damp vale of yours! You scorn my Mother's warning, but the child Is paler than before. We often walk

Is paler than before. We often walk in open sun, and see beneath our feet The mist of autumn gather from your lake,
And shroud the tower; and once we

only saw
Your gilded vane, a light above the mist '-

(Our old bright bird that still is veering there

Above his four gold letters) 'and the light,'
She said, 'was like that light'—and

there she paused,
And long, till I believing that the

Lean fancy, groping for it, could not

One likeness, laugh'd a little and found her two— 'A warrior's crest above the cloud of

war'—
'A fiery phœnix rising from the smoke,
The pyre he burnt in.'—'Nay,' she
said, 'the light

That glimmers on the marsh and on the grave.'

And spoke no more, but turn'd and pass'd away. Miriam, I am not surely one of those

Caught by the flower that closes on the fly, But after ten slow weeks her fix'd intent,

In aiming at an all but hopeless mark To strike it, struck; I took, I left you there; I came, I went, was happier day by

for Muriel nursed you with a mother's

Till on that clear and heather-scented height

The rounder cheek had brighten'd into bloom. She always came to meet me carrying

you, And all her talk was of the babe she loved;

So, following her old pastime of the brook, She threw the fly for me; but oftener

left
That angling to the mother. 'Muriel's health

reet



Had weaken'd, nursing little Miriam.
Strange!
She used to shun the wailing babe, and doats

On this of yours.' But when the matron saw That hinted love was only wasted bait,

That hinted love was only wasted bait, Not risen to, she was bolder. 'Ever since You sent the fatal ring'—I told her

'sent To Miriam,' 'Doubtless—ay, but ever

since In all the world my dear one sees but you—

In your sweet babe she finds but you
—she makes

Her heart a mirror that reflects but

You.'

And then the tear fell, the voice broke. Her heart!

I gazed into the mirror, as a man Who sees his face in water, and a

stone,
That glances from the bottom of the

Strike upward thro' the shadow; yet at last,

Gratitude—loneliness—desire to keep So skilled a nurse about you always nay!

Some half remorseful kind of pity too— Well! well, you know I married

Well! well, you know I married Muriel Erne. 'I take thee Muriel for my wedded

wife'— I had forgotten it was your birthday, child—

When all at once with some electric thrill A cold air pass'd between us, and the

hands
Fell from each other, and were join'd
again.

No second cloudless honeymoon was mine. For by and by she sicken'd of the

farce,
She dropt the gracious mask of motherhood,

motherhood, She came no more to meet me, carrying you, Nor ever cared to set you on her knee, Nor ever let you gambol in her sight, Nor ever cheer'd you with a kindly smile,

Nor ever ceased to clamor for the ring;

ring;
Why had I sent the ring at first to her?
Why had I made her love me thro'
the ring,

And then had changed? so fickle are men—the best! Not she—but now my love was hers

Not she—but now my love was hers again, The ring by right, she said, was hers

again.
At times too shrilling in her angrier

moods,
*That weak and watery nature love

you? No!
"Ie t'amo, Ie t'amo"!' flung herself
Against my heart, but often while her
lips

Were warm upon my cheek, an icy breath,

As from the grating of a sepulchre,
Past over both. I told her of my
yow,

No pliable idiot I to break my vow; But still she made her outcry for the ring; For one monotonous fancy madden'd

Till I myself was madden'd with her cry, And even that 'Io t'amo,' those three sweet

Italian words, became a weariness.

My people too were scared with

eerie sounds,
A footstep, a low throbbing in the
walls,
A noise of falling weights that never

fell, Weird whispers, bells that rang without a hand,

Door-handles turn'd when none was at the door, And bolted doors that open'd of them-

And one betwixt the dark and light had seen

Her, bending by the cradle of her babe.





Miriam. And I remember once that being waked By noises in the house-and no one

near-I cried for nurse, and felt a gentle

hand Fall on my forehead, and a sudden face

Look'd in upon me like a gleam and

And I was quieted, and slept again. Or is it some half meniory of a dream?

Father. Your fifth September birthday. Miriam. And the face,

The hand,-my Mother. Miriam, on that day Father. Two lovers parted by no scurrilous

tale-Mere want of gold-and still for

twenty years Bound by the golden cord of their first love-

Had ask'd us to their marriage, and to share

Their marriage-banquet. Muriel, paler then

Than ever you were in your cradle, moan'd.

'I am fitter for my bed, or for my grave, I cannot go, go you.' And then she

rose, She clung to me with such a hard embrace,

So lingeringly long, that half-amazed I parted from her, and I went alone And when the bridegroom murinur'd, 'With this ring,

I felt for what I could not find, the key, The guardian of her relies, of her ring. I kept it as a sacred amulet

About me,-gone! and gone in that embrace! Then, hurrying home, I found her not

in house Or garden-up the tower-an icy air Fled by me.-There, the chest was

open-all The sacred relics tost about the floor-

Among them Muriel lying on her faceI raised her, call'd her 'Muriel, Muriel wake The fatal ring lay near her; the glazed

Glared at me as in horror. Dead! I took

And chafed the freezing hand. A red mark ran All round one finger pointed straight,

the rest Were crumpled inwards. Dead !-

and maybe stung With some remorse, had stolen, worn the ring-

Then torn it from her finger, or as if-

For never had I seen her show remorse-As if-

Miriam. -those two Ghost lovers-Father. Lovers vet-

Yes, yes! Miriam. Father. -but dead so long, gone up so far.

That now their ever-rising life has dwarf'd Or lost the moment of their past on

earth, As we forget our wail at being born. As if-

Miriam. a dearer ghost had-Father. -wrench'd it away. Miriam. Had floated in with sad reproachful eyes

Till from her own hand she had torn the ring

In fright, and fallen dead. And I myself Am half afraid to wear it.

Father. Well, no more l No bridal music this! but fear not you!

You have the ring she guarded; that poor link With earth is broken, and has left her

free, Except that, still drawn downward for an hour,

Her spirit hovering by the church, where she

Was married too, may linger, till she sees





Her maiden coming like a Queen, who leaves

Some colder province in the North to gain Her capital city, where the loyal bells

Her capital city, where the loyal bells Clash welcome—linger, till her own, the babe She lean'd to from her Spiritual

She lean'd to from her Spiritual sphere, Her lonely maiden-Princess, crown'd with flowers.

with flowers, Has enter'd on the larger womanworld

Of wives and mothers.

But the bridal veil— Your nurse is waiting. Kiss me child and go.

FORLORN.

I.

'HE is fled—I wish him dead—
He that wrought my ruin—
O the flattery and the craft
Which were my undoing . . .
In the night, in the night,
When the storms are blowing.

н.

'Who was witness of the crime?
Who shall now reveal it?
He is fled, or he is dead,
Marriage will conceal it . . .
In the night, in the night,
While the gloom is growing.'

III.

Catherine, Catherine, in the night, What is this you're dreaming? There is laughter down in Hell At your simple scheming . . . In the night, in the night, When the ghosts are fleeting.

T 17

You to place a hand in his Like an honest woman's, You that lie with wasted lungs Waiting for your summons . In the night, O the night! O the deathwatch beating!

V.

There will come a witness soon Hard to be confuted, All the world will hear a voice

Scream you are polluted . . . In the night! O the night, When the owls are wailing!

VI.

Shame and marriage, Shame and

Fright and foul dissembling, Bantering bridesman, reddening priest.

Tower and altar trembling
In the night, O the night,
When the mind is failing!

VII.

Mother, dare vou kill your child? How your hand is shaking! Daughter of the seed of Cain, What is this you're taking? In the night, O the night, While the house is sleeping.

37111

Dreadful! has it come to this, O unhappy creature? You that would not tread on a worm For your gentle nature... In the night, O the night, O the night of weeping!

Murder would not veil your sin, Marriage will not hide it, Earth and Hell will brand your name.

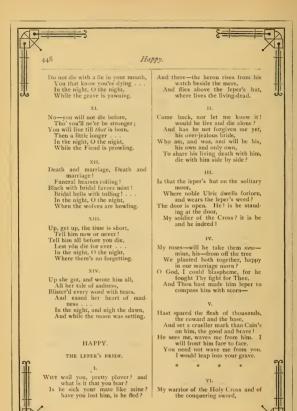
Wretch you must abide it . . . In the night, O the night, Long before the dawning.

x.

Up, get up, and tell him all, Tell him you were lying!







The roses that you cast aside-once more I bring you these, No nearer? do you scorn me when

you tell me, O my lord, You would not mar the beauty of your bride with your disease.

You say your body is so foul-then here I stand apart, Who yearn to lay my loving head

upon your leprous breast. The leper plague may scale my skin

but never taint my heart; Your body is not foul to me, and body is foul at best.

VIII.

I loved you first when young and fair, but now I love you most : The fairest flesh at last is filth on which the worm will feast;

This poor rib-grated dungeon of the holy human ghost, This house with all its hateful needs no cleaner than the beast.

TV

This coarse diseaseful creature which in Eden was divine,

This Satan-haunted ruin, this little city of sewers, This wall of solid flesh that comes be-

tween your soul and mine, Will vanish and give place to the beauty that endures,

The beauty that endures on the Spirit-

When we shall stand transfigured, like Christ on Hermon hill, And moving each to music, soul in soul

and light in light, Shall flash thro' one another in a moment as we will.

Foul! foul! the word was yours not mine, I worship that right hand

Which fell'd the foes before you as the woodman fells the wood, And sway'd the sword that lighten'd

back the sun of Holy land, And clove the Moslem crescent moon, and changed it into blood.

vII

And once I worshipt all too well this creature of decay,
Age will chink the face, and

For Death will freeze the supplest

Yet you in your mid manhood-O the grief when yesterday

They bore the Cross before you to the chant of funeral hymns.

XIII.

'Libera me, Domine!' you sang the Psalm, and when

The Priest pronounced you dead, and flung the mould upon your fcet.

A beauty came upon your face, not that of living men, But seen upon the silent brow when

life has ceased to beat. XIV.

'Libera nos, Domine'-you knew not one was there

Who saw you kneel beside your bier, and weeping scarce could see; May I come a little nearer, I that heard,

and changed the prayer And sang the married 'nos' for the solitary 'me.'

My beauty marred by you? by you! so be it. All is well

If I lose it and myself in the higher beauty, yours. My beauty lured that falcon from his

evry on the (ell. Who never caught one gleam of the

beauty which endures-





Not take them? Still you wave me off -poor roses-must I go-I have worn them year by yearfrom the bush we both had set-What? fling them to you?-well-that Not

were hardly gracious. Your plague but passes by the touch. A little nearer yet!

There, there! he buried you, the Priest; the Priest is not to blame.

He joins us once again, to his either office true:

I thank him. I am happy, happy. Kiss me. In the name Of the everlasting God, I will live and die with you.

[DEAN MILMAN has remarked that the protection and care afforded by the Church to this blighted race of lepers was among the most beautiful of its offices during the Middle Ages. The leprosy of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was supposed to be a legacy of the crusades, but was in all probability the offspring of meagre and unwholesome diet, miserable lodging and clothing, physical and moral degradation. The services of the Church in the seclusion of these unbappy sufferers were most affecting. The stern duty of looking to the public welfare is tempered with exquisite compassion for the victims of this loathsome disease. The ritual for the sequestration of the leprous differed little from the burial After the leper had been sprinkled with holy water, the priest conducted him into the church, the leper singing the psalm 'Libera me domine,' and the crucifix and bearer going before. In the church a black cloth was stretched over two trestles in front of the altar, and the leper leaning at its side devoutly beard mass. The priest, taking up a little earth in his cloak, threw it on one of the leper's feet, and put him out of the church, if it did not rain too heavily; took him to his hut in the midst of the fields, and then uttered the prohibitions: 'I forbid you entering the church

or entering the company of others. I forbid you quitting your home without your leper's dress.' He concluded: 'Take this dress, and wear it in token of humility: take these gloves, take this clapper, as a sign that you are forbidden to speak to any one. You are not to be indignant at being thus separated from others, and as to your little wants, good people will provide for Then you, and God will not desert you,' in this old ritual follow these sad words: When it shall come to pass that the leper shall pass out of this world, he shall be buried in his hut, and not in the churchvard.' At first there was a doubt whether wives should follow their husbands who had been leprous, or remain in the world and marry again. The church decided that the marriage-tie was indissoluble, and so bestowed on these unbappy beings this immense source of consolation. With a love stronger than this living death, lepers were followed into banishment from the haunts of men by their faithful wives. Readers of Sir J. Stephen's Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography will recollect the description of the founder of the Franciscan order, how, controlling his involuntary disgust, St. Francis of Assisi washed the feet and dressed the sores of the lepers, once at least reverently applying his lips to their wounds .- BOUCHER-JAMES.]

This ceremony of quasi-burial varied considerably at different times and in different places. In some cases a grave was dug, and the leper's face was often covered during the service.

TO ULYSSES, 1

ULYSSES, much-experienced man, Whose eyes have known this globe of ours,

Her tribes of men, and trees, and flowers,

From Corrientes to Japan,

1 'Ulysses,' the title of a number of essays by W. G. Palgrave. He died at Monte Video before seeing my poem.



111

In summer if I reach my day-To you, yet young, who breathe the balm

Of summer-winters by the palm And orange grove of Paraguay,

I tolerant of the colder time, Who love the winter woods, to trace On paler heavens the branching

grace Of leafless elm, or naked lime,

And see my cedar green, and there My giant ilex keeping leaf When frost is keen and days are

Or marvel how in English air

My yucca, which no winter quells, Altho' the months have scarce begun,

Has push'd toward our faintest sun A spike of half-accomplish'd bells-

Or watch the waving pine which here The warrior of Caprera set, 1 A name that earth will not forget Till earth has roll'd her latest year-

VIII. I, once half-crazed for larger light

On broader zones beyond the foam, But chaining fancy now at home Among the quarried downs of Wight,

1 Garibaldi said to me, alluding to his barren island, 'I wish I had your trees.'

boo.

The wealth of tropic bower and brake: Your Oriental Eden-isles, Where man, nor only Nature smiles; Your wonder of the boiling lake; 8

Phra-Chai, the Shadow of the Best, 4 Phra-bat 5 the step; your Pontic

Crag-cloister; 6 Anatolian Ghost; 7 Hong-Kong, 8 Karnac, 9 and all the rest

Thro' which I follow'd line by line Your leading hand, and came, my friend,

To prize your various book, and

A gift of slenderer value, mine.

TO MARY BOYLE.

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM.

'SPRING-FLOWERS'! While you still delay to take Your leave of Town,

¹ The tale of Neid. ² The Philippines. 3 In Dominica.

4 The shadow of the Lord. Certain obscure markings on a rock in Siam, which express the image of Buddha to the Buddhist more or less distinctly according to his

5 The footstep of the Lord on another 6 The monastery of Sumelas.

faith and his moral worth

7 Anatolian Spectre stories 8 The Three Cities. 9 Travels in Egypt



XIV.

Let golden youth bewail the friend, the wife,

For ever gone.

He dreams of that long walk thro' desert life
Without the one.

....

The silver year should cease to mourn and sigh—

Not long to wait— So close are we, dear Mary, you and I To that dim gate.

XVI.

Take, read! and be the faults your Poet makes Or many or few.

He rests content, if his young music wakes A wish in you

XVII.

To change our dark Queen-city, all her realm

Of sound and smoke,

For his clear heaven, and these few
lanes of elm
And whispering oak.

THE PROGRESS OF SPRING.

.

THE groundflame of the crocus breaks the mould,

Fair Spring slides hither o'er the Southern sea, Wavers on her thin stem the snow-

drop cold

That trembles not to kisses of the

bee: Come, Spring, for now from all the dripping eaves The spear of ice has wept itself

away,
And hour by hour unfolding woodbine

And hour by hour unfolding woodbine leaves O'er his uncertain shadow droops the day. . She comes! The loosen'd rivulets

The frost-bead melts upon her golden hair;

Her mantle, slowly greening in the Sun, Now wrans her close, now arching

leaves her bare
To breaths of halmier air:

11.

Up leaps the lark, gone wild to welcome her,

About her glance the tits, and shriek the jays, Before her skims the jubilant woodnecker.

pecker, The linner's bosom blushes at her gaze, While round her brows a woodland

culver flits,
Watching her large light eyes and
gracious looks,

And in her open palm a halcyon sits
Patient—the secret splendor of the
brooks.

brooks.
Come, Spring! She comes on waste and wood,

On farm and field: but enter also here, Diffuse thyself at will thro' all my

blood, And, tho' thy violet sicken into sere, Lodge with me all the year!

III.

Once more a downy drift against the brakes, Self-darken'd in the sky, descending slow!

But gladly see I thro' the wavering flakes You blanching apricot like snow in

You blanching apricot like snow in snow. These will thine eyes not brook in

forest-paths,
On their perpetual pine, nor round
the beech;

the beech;
They fuse themselves to little spicy
baths,





Solved in the tender blushes of the peach; They lose themselves and die

On that new life that gems the hawthorn line: Thy gay lent-lilies wave and put them

by, And out once more in varnish'd glory shine Thy stars of celandine.

She floats across the hamlet. Heaven lours. But in the tearful splendor of her

smiles I see the slowly-thickening chestnut towers

Fill out the spaces by the barren tiles. Now past her feet the swallow cir-

cling flies, A clamorous cuckoo stoops to meet

her hand; Her light makes rainbows in my

closing eyes, I hear a charm of song thro' all the land.

Come, Spring . Earth is glad Spring! She comes, and To roll her North below thy deepen-

ing dome, But ere thy maiden birk be wholly clad.

And these low bushes dip their twigs in foam, Make all true hearths thy home.

Across my garden! and the thicket The fountain pulses high in sunnier

jets, The blackcap warbles, and the turtle purrs

The starling claps his tiny castanets. Still round her forehead wheels the woodland dove.

And scatters on her throat the sparks of dew,

The kingcup fills her footprint, and above

Broaden the glowing isles of vernal blue

Hail ample presence of a Queen, Bountiful, beautiful, apparell'd gay, green.

Flies back in fragrant breezes to display A tunic white as May!

She whispers, 'From the South I bring you balm, For on a tropic mountain was I

born, While some dark dweller by the cocopalm

Watch'd my far meadow zoned with airy morn;

From under rose a muffled moan of floods; I sat beneath a soltitude of snow:

There no one came, the turf was fresh, the woods Plunged gulf on gulf thro' all their

vales below. I saw beyond their silent tops

The steaming marshes of the scarlet cranes, The slant seas leaning on the mangrove copse,

And summer basking in the sultry plains About a land of canes;

'Then from my vapor girdle soaring

scaled the buoyant highway of the birds, And drank the dews and drizzle of

the North, That I might mix with men, and

hear their words On pathway'd plains; for-while my hand exults

Within the bloodless heart of lowly flowers

To work old laws of Love to fresh

Thro' manifold effect of simple powers-







456

I too would teach the man Beyond the darker hour to see the

bright,
That his fresh life may close as it began,
The still-fulfilling promise of a

light Narrowing the bounds of night.'

VII

So wed thee with my soul, that I may mark The coming year's great good and varied ills,

And new developments, whatever spark

Be struck from out the clash of warring wills; Or whether, since our nature cannot

rest,
The smoke of war's volcano burst

From hoary deeps that belt the changeful West, Old Empires, dwellings of the kings

of men;
(Or should those fail, that hold the

While the long day of knowledge grows and warms, And in the heart of this most ancient

realm

A hateful voice be utter'd, and

alarms Sounding 'To arms! to arms!'

 $_{\rm IX}$

A simpler, saner lesson might he learn Who reads thy gradual process, Holy Spring.

Thy leaves possess the season in their turn, And in their time thy warblers rise

on wing. How surely glidest thou from March to May,

And changest, breathing it, the sullen wind,

Thy scope of operation, day by day, Larger and fuller, like the human mind! Thy warmths from bud to bud Accomplish that blind model in the seed, And men have hopes, which race the

restless blood,
That after many changes may suc-

ceed
Life, which is Life indeed.

MERLIN AND THE GLEAM.

O YOUNG Mariner,
You from the haven
Under the sea-cliff,
You that are watching
The gray Magician
With eyes of wonder,
/ am Merlin,
And / am dying,
/ am Merlin
Who follow The Gleam.

II.

Mighty the Wizard
Who found me at sunrise
Sleeping, and woke me
And learn'd me Magic!
Great the Master,
And sweet the Magic,
When over the valley,
In early summers,
Over the mountain,
On human faces,
And all around me,
Moving to melody,
Floated The Gicam.

III

Once at the croak of a Raven who crost it, A barbarous people, Ellind to the magic, And deaf to the melody, Snar'ld at and cursed me. A demon vext me, The light retreated, The landskip darken'd, The melody deaden'd, The Master whisper'd 'Follow The Gleam.'

IV.

Then to the melody,
Over a wilderness
Gliding, and glancing at
Elf of the woodland,
Gnome of the cavern,
Griffin and Giant,
And dancing of Fairies
In desolate hollows,
And wraiths of the mountain,
And rolling of dragons
By warble of water,
Or catract music
Of falling torrents,
Flitted The Gleam.

V

Down from the mountain And over the level, And streaming and shining on Silent river, Silvery willow, Pasture and plowland, Innocent maidens, Garrulous children, Garrulous children, Keaper and gleaner, Reaper and gleaner, Silded The Gleam—

VI.

Then, with a melody Stronger and statelier, Led me at length To the city and palace Of Arthur the king; Touch'd at the golden Cross of the churches Flash'd on the Tournament, Flicker'd and bicker'd From helmet to helmet, And last on the forehead Of Arthur the blameless Rested The Gleam.

VII.

Clouds and darkness Closed upon Camelot; Arthur had vanish'd I knew not whither, The king who loved me, And cannot die; For out of the darkness Silent and slowly The Gleam, that had waned to a wintry glimmer On icy fallow And faded forest,

Drew to the valley
Named of the shadow,
And slowly brightening
Out of the glimmer,
And slowly moving again to a
melody
Yearningly tender,

melody
Yearningly tender,
Fell on the shadow,
No longer a shadow,
But clothed with The Gleam.

VIII.

And broader and brighter The Gleam flying onward, Wed to the melody. Sang thro' the world; And slower and fainter. Old and weary, But eager to follow, I saw, whenever In passing it glanced upon Hamlet or city, That under the Crosses The dead man's garden, The mortal hillock. Would break into blossom; And so to the land's Last limit I came-And can no longer, But die rejoicing For thro' the Magic Of Him the Mighty, Who taught me in childhood. There on the border Of boundless Ocean, And all but in Heaven Hovers The Gleam.

Not of the sunlight, Not of the moonlight, Not of the starlight! Oyoung Mariner, Down to the haven, Call your companions, Launch your vessel, And crowd your canvas, And, ere it vanishes Over the margin, After it, follow it, Follow The Gleam,

ROMNEY'S REMORSE.

'I READ Hayley's Life of Romney the other day-Romney wanted but education and reading to make him a very fine painter; but his ideal was not high nor fixed. How touching is the close of his life! He married at nineteen, and because Sir Joshua and others had said that "marriage spoilt an artist " almost immediately left his wife in the North and scarce saw her till the end of his life; when old, nearly mad and quite desolate, he went back to her and she received him and nursed him till he died. This quiet act of hers is worth all Romney's pictures! even as a matter of Art, I am sure.' (Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzverald, vol. i.)

'BEAT, little heart-I give you this and this

Who are you? What! the Lady Hamilton? Good, I am never weary painting you. To sit once more? Cassandra, Hebe, Ioan,

Or spinning at your wheel beside the vine-

Bacchante, what you will; and if I To conjure and concentrate into form

And color all you are, the fault is less In me than Art. What Artist ever Could make pure light live on the canvas? Art!

Why should I so disrelish that short word? Where am I? snow on all the hills!

so hot, So fever'd! never colt would more delight

To roll himself in meadow grass than

To wallow in that winter of the hills. Nurse, were you hired? or came of

your own will To wait on one so broken, so forlorn? Have I not met you somewhere long

ago? I am all but sure I have-in Kendal church-

O yes! I bired you for a season there, And then we parted; but you look so

That you will not deny my sultry throat

One draught of icy water. Thereyou spill The drops upon my forehead. Your

hand shakes I am ashamed. I am a trouble to

Could you, kneel for your forgiveness.

Are they tears? For me-they do me too much grace -for me?

O Mary, Mary Vexing you with words! Words only, born of fever, or the

fumes Of that dark opiate dose you gave me,

-words Wild babble. I have stumbled back again Into the common day, the sounder

self. God stay me there, if only for your sake,

The truest, kindliest, noblest-hearted

That ever wore a Christian marriagering. My curse upon the Master's apothegm,

That wife and children drag an Artist down! seem'd my lodestar in the

Heaven of Art. And lured me from the household fire

on earth. To you my days have been a life-long lie,

Grafted on half a truth; and tho' you say ...



'Take comfort you have won the Painter's fame,' The best in me that sees the worst in me, And groans to see it, finds no comfort

there.
What fame? I am not Raphaël,

Titian—no
Nor even a Sir Joshua, some will cry.
Wrong there! The painter's fame?

Wrong there! The painter's fame? but mine, that grew Blown into glittering by the popular breath.

May float awhile beneath the sun, may roll The rainbow hues of heaven about

The rainbow hues of heaven about it—

There!
The color'd hubble bursts above the

abyss Of Darkness, utter Lethe.

Is it so? Her sad eyes plead for my own fame with me

To make it dearer.

Look, the sun has risen
To flame along another dreary day.

To flame along another dreary day. Your hand. How bright you keep your marriage-ring! Raise me. I thank you.

Has your opiate then Bred this black mood? or am I conscious, more Than other Masters, of the chasm

between Work and Ideal? Or does the gloom of Age

And suffering cloud the height I stand upon
Even from myself? stand? stood . . .

no more.

And yet
The world would lose, if such a wife
as you

Should vanish unrecorded. Might I crave
One favor? I am bankrupt of all claim

On your obedience, and my strongest wish

Falls flat before your least unwillingness.
Still would you—if it please you—sit

1 dream'd last night of that clear summer noon,

Summer noon,
When seated on a rock, and foot to
foot

With your own shadow in the placid lake, You claspt our infant daughter, heart

to heart.

I had been among the hills, and

brought you down
A length of staghorn-moss, and this

you twined
About her cap. I see the picture yet,
Mother and child. A sound from far
away.

away, No louder than a bee among the flowers, A fall of water lull'd the noon asleep.

You still'd it for the moment with a song Which often echo'd in me, while I stood

Before the great Madonna-masterpieces

Of ancient Art in Paris, or in Rome.

Mary, my crayons! if I can, I will.

You should have been—I might have

made you once,
Had I but known you as I know you
now—
The true Alcestis of the time. Your

song— Sit, listen! I remember it, a proof That I—even I—at times remember'd you.

'Beat upon mine, little heart! beat, beat! Beat upon mine! you are mine, my

All mine from your pretty blue eyes to your feet, My sweet.'

Less profile! turn to me—three-quarter face.

'Sleep, little blossom, my honey,

:===

O let me lean my head upon your breast 'Beat little heart' on this fool brain

of mine. I once had friends-and many-none

like you. I love you more than when we mar-

ried. Hope! O yes, I hope, or fancy that, per-

haps, Human forgiveness touches heaven,

and thence-For you forgive me, you are sure of

that-Reflected, sends a light on the forgiven.

What he those two shapes high over the sacred fountain. Taller than all the Muses, and huger

than all the mountain

On those two known peaks they stand ever spreading and heighten-

ing: Poet, that evergreen laurel is blasted by more than lightning!

Look, in their deep double shadow the crown'd ones all disappearing!

Sing like a bird and be happy, nor hope for a deathless hearing! 'Sounding for ever and ever?' pass on! the sight confuses

These are Astronomy and Geology, terrible Muses!

If the lips were touch'd with fire from off a pure Pierian altar,

Tho' their music here be mortal need the singer greatly care?

Other songs for other worlds! the fire within him would not falter; Let the golden Iliad vanish, Homer here is Homer there.

BY AN EVOLUTIONIST.

THE Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man, And the man said 'Am I your

debtor? And the Lord- Not yet: but make it as clean as you can, And then I will let you a better.'

If my body come from brutes, my soul uncertain, or a fable, Why not bask amid the senses while the sun of morning

shines, I, the finer brute rejoicing in my hounds, and in my stable, Youth and Health, and birth and

wealth, and choice of women and of wines?

PARNASSUS.

Exegi monumentum . . . Ouod non . Possit diruere .

. innumerabilis Annorum series et fuga temporum.-HORACE.

WHAT be those crown'd forms high over the sacred fountain? Bards, that the mighty Muses have

raised to the heights of the mountain. And over the flight of the Ages! O Goddesses, help me up thither !

Lightning may shrivel the laurel of Cæsar, but mine would not wither.

Steep is the mountain, but you, you will help me to overcome it, stand with my head in the And zenith, and roll my voice from

the summit, Sounding for ever and ever thro'

Earth and her listening nations, And mixt with the great Sphere-

music of stars and of constellations.

11

What hast thou done for me, grim
Old Age, save breaking my
bones on the rack?
Would I had past in the morning

that looks so bright from afar!

OLD AGE.

Done for thee? starved the wild beast that was linkt with thee eighty years back.

Less weight now for the ladder-ofheaven that hangs on a star.

If my body come from brutes, tho' somewhat finer than their own, I am heir, and this my kingdom. Shall the royal voice be mute?

No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from the throne,

Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule thy Province of the brute.

I.

I have climb'd to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,

Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,

But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last

As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher.

FAR-FAR-AWAY.

(FOR MUSIC.)

WHAT sight so lured him thro' the fields he knew

As where earth's green stole into heaven's own hue,

Far—far—away?

What sound was dearest in his native dells? The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells

Far—far—away.

What vague world-whisper, mystic pain or joy, Thro' those three words would haunt

him when a boy, Far—far—away?

A whisper from his dawn of life? a breath

From some fair dawn beyond the doors of death

Far—far—away?

Far, far, how far? from o'er the gates of Birth.

The faint horizons, all the bounds of earth.

Far-far-away?

What charm in words, a charm no words could give? O dying words, can Music make you live

Far-far-away?

POLITICS.

WE move, the wheel must always

Nor always on the plain, And if we move to such a goal As Wisdom hopes to gain,

Then you that drive, and know your Craft, Will firmly hold the rein,

Nor lend an ear to random cries, Or you may drive in vain, For some cry 'Quick' and some cry

'Slow,'
But, while the hills remain,

Up hill 'Too-slow' will need the whip, Down hill 'Too-quick,' the chain.

BEAUTIFUL CITY.

BEAUTIFUL city, the centre and crater of European confusion,



The Roses on the Terrace-The Throstle.

463

O you with your passionate shrick for the rights of an equal humanity,

How often your Re-volution has proven but E-volution Roll'd again back on itself in the tides

of a civic insanity!

THE ROSES ON THE TERRACE.

Rose, on this terrace fifty years ago, When I was in my June, you in your May, Two words, 'My Rose' set all your

face aglow.

And now that I am white, and you

are gray,
That blush of fifty years ago, my
dear,
Blooms in the Past, but close to me

to-day
As this red rose, which on our terrace

here
Glows in the blue of fifty miles
away.

THE PLAY.

ACT first, this Earth, a stage so gloom'd with woe You all but sicken at the shifting

scenes.
And yet be patient. Our Playwright
may show
In some fifth Act what this wild

Drama means.

ON ONE WHO AFFECTED AN EFFEMINATE MANNER.

While man and woman still are incomplete, I prize that soul where man and woman meet,

Which types all Nature's male and female plan, But, friend, man-woman is not woman-

ut, friend, man-woman is not womanman.

TO ONE WHO RAN DOWN THE ENGLISH.

You make our faults too gross, and thence maintain Our darker future. May your fears

be vain!

At times the small black fly upon the

pane
May seem the black ox of the distant plain.

THE SNOWDROP.

MANY, many welcomes February fair-maid, Ever as of old time, Solitary firstling, Coming in the cold time, Prophet of the gay time, Prophet of the May time, Prophet of the rose, Many, many welcomes February fair-maid!

THE THROSTLE.

Summer is coming, summer is coming.

I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.

Last year you sang it as gladly.

'New, new, new, new'! Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

'Love again, song again, nest again, young again,' Never a prophet so crazy! And hardly a daisy as yet, little

friend, See, there is hardly a daisy.

'Here again, here, here, here, happy year!'









LIVE thy Life, Young and old, Like von oak, Bright in spring, Living gold;

Summer-rich Then : and then Autumn-changed, Soberer-hued Gold again.

All his leaves Fall'n at length, Look, he stands, Trunk and bough, Naked strength.

IN MEMORIAM.

W. G. WARD.

FAREWELL, whose like on earth I shall not find, Whose Faith and Work were bells of full accord.

How loyal in the following of thy Lord!

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moaning of the bar,

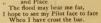
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark! And may there be no sadness of fare-When I embark;

For the' from out our bourne of Time and Place











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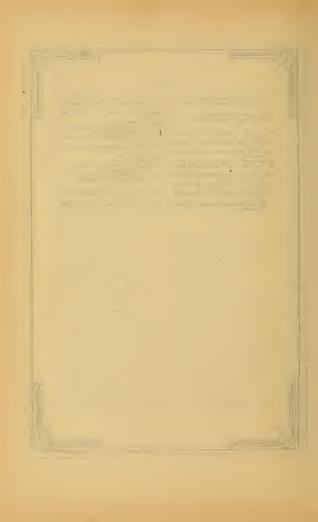
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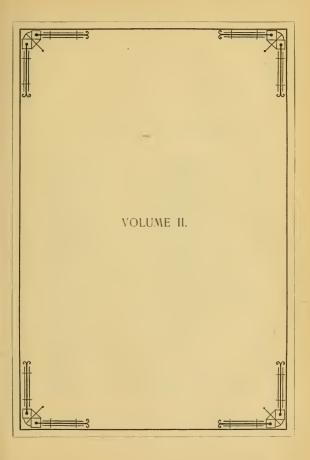


















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THE LADY OF SHALOTT

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the Illies blow

Gazing where the lilies blow Round an island there below, The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, Little breezes dusk and shiver Thro' the wave that runs for ever By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd, Slide the heavy barges trail'd By slow horses; and unhail'd The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd

Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early In among the bearded barley, Hear a song that echoes cheerly From the river winding clearly,

Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott.'

PART IL

THERE she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.

To look down to Camelot.

She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she.

The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear That hangs before her all the year, Shadows of the world appear. There she sees the highway near

Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, An abbot on an ambling pad, Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,

Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad, Goes by to tower'd Camelot; And sometimes thro'the mirror blue The knights come riding two and two; She hath no loyal knight and true, The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights To weave the mirror's magic sights, For often thro' the silent nights A funeral, with plumes and lights

And music, went to Camelot: Or when the moon was overhead, Came two young lovers lately wed; 'I am half sick of shadows,' said

The Lady of Shalott,





A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves. He rode between the barley-sheaves, The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves. And flamed upon the brazen greaves

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd That sparkled on the yellow field,

Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free. Like to some branch of stars we see Hung in the golden Galaxy. The bridle bells rang merrily

As he rode down to Camelot: And from his blazon'd baldric slung A mighty silver bugle hung, And as he rode his armor rung,

Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-

The helmet and the helmet-feather Burn'd like one burning flame together, As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,

Below the starry clusters bright, Some bearded meteor, trailing light, Moves over still Shalott

His broad clear brow in sunlight burnish'd hooves his war-horse

From underneath his helmet flow'd His coal-black curls as on he rode. As he rode down to Camelot. From the bank and from the river He flash'd into the crystal mirror,

'Tirra lirra,' by the river Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom, She made three paces thro' the room, She saw the water-lily bloom,

She saw the helmet and the plume, She look'd down to Camelot. Out flew the web and floated wide: The mirror crack'd from side to side; 'The curse is come upon me,' cried The Lady of Shalott.

In the stormy east-wind straining, The pale yellow woods were waning, The broad stream in his banks com-

Heavily the low sky raining Over tower'd Camelot Down she came and found a boat

Beneath a willow left affoat, And round about the prow she wrote

And down the river's dim expanse Like some bold seer in a trance. Seeing all his own mischance-With a glassy countenance

Did she look to Camelot And at the closing of the day She loosed the chain, and down she

The broad stream bore her far away, The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white That loosely flew to left and right-The leaves upon her falling light-Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot: The willowy hills and fields among, They heard her singing her last song, The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy, Till her blood was frozen slowly, And her eyes were darken'd wholly, Turn'd to tower'd Camelot,

For ere she reach'd upon the tide The first house by the water-side, Singing in her song she died, The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony. By garden-wall and gallery, A gleaming shape she floated by,

Silent into Camelot Out upon the wharfs they came, Knight and burgher, lord and dame, And round the prow they read her



Who is this? and what is here? And in the lighted palace near Died the sound of royal cheer; And they cross'd themselves for fear, All the knights at Camelot:

But Lancelot mused a little space; He said, 'She has a lovely face; God in his mercy lend her grace, The Lady of Shalott.'

MARIANA IN THE SOUTH.

WITH one black shadow at its feet, The house thro' all the level shines, Close-latticed to the brooding heat, And silent in its dusty vines: A faint-blue ridge upon the right,

An empty river-bed before,
And shallows on a distant shore,
In glaring sand and inlets bright.
But 'Ave Mary,' made she moan,
And 'Ave Mary,' night and

morn,
And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all alone,
To live forgotten, and love for-

She, as her carol sadder grew,
From brow and bosom slowly down
Thro' rosy taper fugers drew
Her streaming curls of deepest
brown

lorn.

To left and right, and made appear Still-lighted in a secret shrine, Her melancholy eyes divine.

The home of woe without a tear.

And 'Ave Mary,' was her moan,
 'Madonna, sad is night and
 morn,'

And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all

alone,
To live forgotten, and love for-

Till all the crimson changed, and past Into deep orange o'er the sea, Low on her knees herself she cast, Before Our Lady murmur'd she; Complaining, 'Mother, give me grace To help me of my weary load.' And on the liquid mirror glow'd The clear perfection of her face. 'Is this the form,' she made her

'That won his praises night and

morn?'
And 'Ah,' she said, 'but I wake alone,

I sleep forgotten, I wake for-

Nor bird would sing, nor lamb would bleat,

Nor any cloud would cross the vault, But day increased from heat to heat, On stony drought and steaming salt; Till now at noon she slept again,

And seem'd knee-deep in mountain

And heard her native breezes pass, And runlets babbling down the glen. She breathed in sleep a lower

And mormuring, as at night and morn,

She thought, 'My spirit is here alone.

Walks forgotten, and is forlorn.

Dreaming, she knew it was a dream: She felt he was and was not there. She woke: the babble of the stream Fell, and, without, the steady glare Shrank one sick willow sere and small. The river-bed was dusty-white;

And all the furnace of the light Struck up against the blinding wall. She whisper'd, with a stifled moan More inward than at night or morn.

'Sweet Mother, let me not here alone
Live forgotten and die forlorn.'

And, rising, from her bosom drew Old letters, breathing of her worth, For 'Love,' they said, 'must needs be

To what is loveliest upon earth.' An image seem'd to pass the door, To look at her with slight, and say





The Two Voices.

'But now thy beauty flows away, So be alone for evermore.' 'O cruel heart.' she changed her

tone,
'And cruel love, whose end is

scorn,
Is this the end to be left alone,
To live forgotten, and die forlorn?

But sometimes in the falling day
An image seem'd to pass the door,
To look into her eyes and say,
'But thou shalt be alone no more.'
And flaming downward over all

From heat to heat the day decreased,
And slowly rounded to the east
The one black shadow from the wall.
'The day to night,' she made her

moan, 'The day to night, the night to

And day and night I am left alone
To live forgotten, and love for-

At eve a dry cicala sung,
There came a sound as of the sea;
Backward the lattice-blind she flung,
And lean'd upon the balcony.
There all in spaces rosy-bright

Large Hesper glitter'd on her tears, And deepening thro' the silent spheres

Heaven over Heaven rose the night. And weeping then she made her moan, 'The night comes on that knows not morn,

When I shall cease to be all alone, To live forgotten, and love forlorn.'

THE TWO VOICES.

A STILL small voice spake unto me,

'Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?'

Then to the still small voice I said

Then to the still small voice I said; 'Let me not cast in endless shade What is so wonderfully made.' To which the voice did urge reply; 'To-day I saw the dragon-fly Come from the wells where he did lie

'An inner impulse rent the veil Of his old husk: from head to tail Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

'He dried his wings: like gauze they

Thro' crofts and pastures wet with dew A living flash of light he flew.'

I said, 'When first the world began, Young Nature thro' five cycles ran, And in the sixth she moulded man.

'She gave him mind, the lordliest Proportion, and, above the rest, Dominion in the head and breast.'

Thereto the silent voice replied;
'Self-blinded are you by your pride:
Look up thro' night: the world is wide.

'This truth within thy mind rehearse, That in a boundless universe Is boundless better, boundless worse.

'Think you this mould of hopes and fears Could find no statelier than his peers In yonder hundred million spheres?'

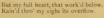
It spake, moreover, in my mind:
'Tho' thou wert scatter'd to the wind,
Yet is there plenty of the kind.'

Then did my response clearer fall: 'No compound of this earthly ball Is like another, all in all.'

To which he answer'd scoffingly; 'Good soul I suppose I grant it thee, Who'll weep for thy deficiency?

'Or will one beam be less intense, When thy peculiar difference Is cancell'd in the world of sense?'

I would have said, 'Thou caust not know,'



- Again the voice spake unto me: 'Thou art so steep'd in misery, Surely 'twere better not to be.
- Thine anguish will not let thee sleep, Nor any train of reason keep: Thou canst not think, but thou wilt weep.'
- 1 said, 'The years with change advance:
- If I make dark my countenance, I shut my life from happier chance.
- 'Some turn this sickness yet might take, Ev'n yet.' But he: 'What drug can make
- A wither'd palsy cease to shake?'

 I wept, 'Tho' I should die, I know
 That all about the thorn will blow
- In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;

 'And men, thro' novel spheres of thought
- Still moving after truth long sought, Will learn new things when I am not.'
 'Yet,' said the secret voice, 'some
- time, Sooner or later, will gray prime
- Make thy grass hoar with early rime.

 Not less swift souls that yearn for
- light, Rapt after heaven's starry flight, Would sweep the tracts of day and
- 'Not less the bee would range her cells, The furzy prickle fire the dells, The foxglove cluster dappled bells.'
- I said that 'all the years invent; Each month is various to present The world with some development.
- 'Were this not well, to bide mine hour, Tho' watching from a ruin'd tower How grows the day of human power?'

- The highest-mounted mind,' he said,
 Still sees the sacred morning spread
 The silent summit overhead.
- Will thirty seasons render plain Those lonely lights that still remain, Just breaking over land and main?
- Or make that morn, from his cold
- And crystal silence creeping down, Flood with full daylight glebe and town?
- Forerun thy peers, thy time, and let Thy feet, millenniums hence, be set In midst of knowledge, dream'd not yet.
- "Thou hast not gain'd a real height, Nor art thou nearer to the light, Because the scale is infinite.
- "Twere better not to breathe or speak, Than cry for strength, remaining weak, And seem to find, but still to seek.
- 'Moreover, but to seem to find Asks what thou lackest, thought resign'd,
- A healthy frame, a quiet mind.'
- I said, 'When I am gone away,
 "He dared not tarry," men will say,
 Doing dishonor to my clay.'
- This is more vile, he made reply,
 To breathe and loathe, to live and sigh,
- Than once from dread of pain to die.
- 'Sick art thou—a divided will Still heaping on the fear of iil The fear of men, a coward still.
- 'Do men love thee? Art thou so bound To men, that how thy name may sound Will yex thee lying underground?
- The memory of the wither'd leaf In endless time is scarce more brief Than of the garner'd Autumn-sheaf.

- 'Go, vexed Spirit, sleep in trust; The right ear, that is fill'd with dust, Hears little of the false or just.
- 'Hard task, to pluck resolve,' I cried, 'From emptiness and the waste wide Of that abyss, or scornful pride!
 - ' Nav-rather yet that I could raise One hope that warm'd me in the days While still I yearn'd for human praise.
 - 'When, wide in soul and bold of
 - tongue. Among the tents I paused and sung, The distant battle flash'd and rung.
 - 'I sung the joyful Pæan clear, And, sitting, burnish'd without fear The brand, the buckler, and the spear-
- 'Waiting to strive a happy strife, To war with falsehood to the knife, And not to lose the good of life-
- 'Some hidden principle to move, To put together, part and prove, And mete the bounds of hate and love-
- ' As far as might be, to carve out Free space for every human doubt, That the whole mind might orb about-
- 'To search thro' all I felt or saw, The springs of life, the depths of awe, And reach the law within the law:
- ' At least, not rotting like a weed, But, having sown some generous seed, Fruitful of further thought and deed,
- 'To pass, when Life her light withdraws, Not void of righteous self-applause, Nor in a merely selfish cause-
- ' In some good cause, not in mine own, To perish, wept for, honor'd, known, And like a warrior overthrown;

- 'Whose eves are dim with glorious tears
- When, soil'd with noble dust, he hears His country's war-song thrill his ears:
- 'Then dying of a mortal stroke, What time the foeman's line is broke, And all the war is roll'd in smoke.'
- 'Yeal' said the voice, 'thy dream was good. While thou abodest in the bud.
- It was the stirring of the blood. 'If Nature put not forth her power About the opening of the flower, Who is it that could live an hour?
- 'Then comes the check, the change, the fall.
- Pain rises up, old pleasures pall. There is one remedy for all.
- 'Yet hadst thou, thro' enduring pain, Link'd month to month with such a chain
- Of knitted purport, all were vain.
- 'Thou hadst not between death and Dissolved the riddle of the earth. So were thy labor little-worth.
- 'That men with knowledge merely play'd,
- I told thee-hardly nigher made, Tho' scaling slow from grade to grade;
- 'Much less this dreamer, deaf and blind. Named man, may hope some truth to
- That bears relation to the mind.
- 'For every worm beneath the moon Draws different threads, and late and
- Spins, toiling out his own cocoon. 'Cry, faint not: either Truth is born
- Beyond the polar gleam forlorn, Or in the gateways of the morn.

- 'Cry, faint not, climb: the summits slope Beyond the furthest flights of hope, Wrapt in dense cloud from base to
- 'Sometimes a little corner shines, As over rainy mist inclines
- A gleaming crag with belts of pines.

 'I will go forward, sayest thou,
 I shall not fail to find her now.
- Look up, the fold is on her brow.

 'If straight thy track, or if oblique,
- Thou know'st not. Shadows thou dost strike,
- Embracing cloud, Ixion-like;
- 'And owning but a little more Than beasts, abidest lame and poor, Calling thyself a little lower
- 'Than angels. Cease to wail and brawl! Why inch by inch to darkness crawl? There is one remedy for all.'
- 'O dull, one-sided voice,' said I,
 'Wilt thou make everything a lie,
 To flatter me that I may die?
- 'I know that age to age succeeds, Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds, A dust of systems and of creeds.
- 'I cannot hide that some have striven, Achieving calm, to whom was given The joy that mixes man with Heaven:
- 'Who, rowing hard against the stream, Saw distant gates of Eden gleam, And did not dream it was a dream;
- 'But heard, by secret transport led, Ev'n in the charnels of the dead, The murmur of the fountain-head—
- Which did accomplish their desire, Bore and forebore, and did not tire, Like Stephen, an unquenched fire.

- 'He heeded not reviling tones, Nor sold his heart to idle moans, Tho' cursed and scorn'd, and bruised with stones:
- 'But looking upward, full of grace, He pray'd, and from a happy place God's glory smote him on the face.'
- The sullen answer slid betwixt:
 'Not that the grounds of hope were
- The elements were kindlier mix'd.'
- I said, 'I toil beneath the curse, But, knowing not the universe, I fear to slide from bad to worse.
- 'And that, in seeking to undo One riddle, and to find the true, I knit a hundred others new:
- 'Or that this anguish fleeting hence, Unmanacled from bonds of sense, Be fix'd and froz'n to permanence:
- 'For I go, weak from suffering here: Naked I go, and void of cheer: What is it that I may not fear?'
- 'Consider well,' the voice replied,
 'His face, that two hours since hath
- Wilt thou find passion, pain or pride?
- 'Will he obey when one commands? Or answer should one press his hands? He answers not, nor understands.
- 'His palms are folded on his breast: There is no other thing express'd But long disquiet merged in rest.
- 'His lips are very mild and meek: Tho' one should smite him on the cheek,
- And on the mouth, he will not speak.
- 'His little daughter, whose sweet face He kiss'd, taking his last embrace, Becomes dishonor to her race—



honor, some shame. But he is chill to praise or blame.

'He will not hear the north-wind rave. Nor, moaning, household shelter crave From winter rains that beat his grave.

'High up the vapors fold and swim: About him broods the twilight dim: The place he knew forgetteth him.

'If all be dark, vague voice,' I said, 'These things are wrapt in doubt and dread.

Nor canst thou show the dead are dead.

'The sap dries up: the plant declines. A deeper tale my heart divines. Know I not Death? the outward signs?

'I found him when my years were few:

A shadow on the graves I knew, And darkness in the village vew.

'From grave to grave the shadow In her still place the morning wept: Touch'd by his feet the daisy slept.

'The simple senses crown'd his head:
"Omega! thou art Lord," they said,

"We find no motion in the dead."

' Why, if man rot in dreamless ease Should that plain fact, as taught by these, cease?

' Who forged that other influence, That heat of inward evidence, By which he doubts against the sense?

' He owns the fatal gift of eyes, That read his spirit blindly wise, Not simple as a thing that dies.

'That type of Perfect in his mind In Nature can he nowhere find. He sows himself on every wind.

'He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend, And thro' thick veils to apprehend A labor working to an end.

'The end and the beginning vex His reason: many things perplex, With motions, checks, and counterchecks.

' He knows a baseness in his blood At such strange war with something He may not do the thing he would.

' Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn, Vast images in glimmering dawn, Half shown, are broken and withdrawn.

'Ah! sure within him and without, Could his dark wisdom find it out, There must be answer to his doubt,

But thou canst answer not again. With thine own weapon art thou

Or thou wilt answer but in vain.

'The doubt would rest, I dare not

In the same circle we revolve. Assurance only breeds resolve.'

As when a billow, blown against, Falls back, the voice with which I

A little ceased, but recommenced.

'Where wert thou when thy father

In his free field, and pastime made, A merry boy in sun and shade?

'A merry boy they call'd him then, He sat upon the knees of men In days that never come again.





To feed thy bones with lime, and ran Their course, till thou wert also man:

'Who took a wife, who rear'd his race. Whose wrinkles gather'd on his face,

Whose troubles number with his days:

'A life of nothings, nothing-worth, From that first nothing ere his birth To that last nothing under earth!'

'These words,' I said, 'are like the No certain clearness, but at best A vague suspicion of the breast:

'But if I grant, thou mightst defend The thesis which thy words intend-That to begin implies to end;

'Yet how should I for certain hold, Because my memory is so cold, That I first was in human mould?

'I cannot make this matter plain, But I would shoot, howe'er in vain, A random arrow from the brain.

'It may be that no life is found, Which only to one engine bound Falls off, but cycles always round.

'As old mythologies relate,

Some draught of Lethe might await The slipping thro' from state to state. 'As here we find in trances, men

Forget the dream that happens then, Until they fall in trance again. 'So might we, if our state were such'

As one before, remember much, For those two likes might meet and touch.

But, if I lapsed from nobler place, Some legend of a fallen race Alone might hint of my disgrace:

Some yearning toward the lamps of night;

'Or if thro' lower lives I came-Tho' all experience past became Consolidate in mind and frame-

'I might forget my weaker lot; For is not our first year forgot? The haunts of memory echo not.

' And men, whose reason long was From cells of madness unconfined, Of lose whole years of darker mind.

'Much more, if first I floated free, As naked essence, must I be Incompetent of memory:

'For memory dealing but with time, And he with matter, could she climb Beyond her own material prime?

'Moreover, something is or seems, That touches me with mystic gleams, Like glimpses of forgotten dreams-

'Of something felt, like something something done, I know not where; Such as no language may declare.'

The still voice laugh'd. 'I talk,' said 'Not with thy dreams. Suffice it

thee Thy pain is a reality.'

'But thou,' said I, 'hast missed thy Who sought'st to wreck my mortal ark'

By making all the horizon dark.

'Why not set forth, if I should do This rashness, that which might ensue

With this old soul in organs new?



The True Voices.

Has ever truly long'd for death.

"Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant. Oh life, not death, for which we pant; More life, and fuller, that I want

I ceased, and sat as one forlorn. Then said the voice, in quiet scorn, 'Behold, it is the Sabbath morn.'

And I arose, and I released The casement, and the light increased With freshness in the dawning east.

Like soften'd airs that blowing steal, When meres begin to uncongeal, The sweet church bells began to peal.

On to God's house the people prest: Passing the place where each must rest, Each enter'd like a welcome guest.

One walk'd between his wife and .child,

With measured footfall firm and mild, And now and then he gravely smiled.

The prudent partner of his blood Lean'd on him, faithful, gentle, good, Wearing the rose of womanhood.

And in their double love secure, The little maiden walk'd demure, Pacing with downward eyelids pure.

These three made unity so sweet, My frozen heart began to beat, Remembering its ancient heat.

I blest them, and they wander'd on: I spoke, but answer came there none: The dull and bitter voice was gone.

A second voice was at mine ear, A little whisper silver-clear, A murmur, 'Be of better cheer.'

As from some blissful neighborhood, A notice faintly understood, 'I see the end, and know the good.'

A little hint to solace woe, A hint, a whisper breathing low, 'I may not speak of what I know.'

Like an Æolian harp that wakes No certain air, but overtakes Far thought with music that it makes:

Such seem'd the whisper at my side:
'What is it thou knowest, sweet
voice?' I cried. ' A hidden hope,' the voice replied:

So heavenly-toned, that in that hour From out my sullen heart a power Broke, like the rainbow from the shower.

To feel, altho' no tongue can prove, That every cloud; that spreads above And veileth love, itself is love.

And forth into the fields I went, And Nature's living motion lent The pulse of hope to discontent.

I wonder'd at the bounteous hours, The slow result of winter showers: You scarce could see the grass for flowers.

I wonder'd, while I paced along: The woods were fill'd so full with song There seem'd no room for sense of wrong;

And all so variously wrought, I marvell'd how the mind was brought To anchor by one gloomy thought;

And wherefore rather I made choice To commune with that barren voice, Than him that said, 'Rejoice ! Rejoice!







THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

I SEE the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget

The busy wrinkles round his eyes? The slow wise smile that, round about His dusty forehead drily curl'd, Seem'd half-within and half-without,

eem'd half-within and half-without, And full of dealings with the world?

In yonder chair I see him sit,
Three fingers round the old silver
cup—

I see his gray eyes twinkle yet
At his own jest—gray eyes lit up
With summer lightnings of a soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad
So healthy, sound, and clear an

whole, His memory scarce can make me sad.

Yet fill my glass: give me one kiss: My own sweet Alice, we must die. There's somewhat in this world amiss Shall be unriddled by and by.

There's somewhat flows to us in life, But more is taken quite away. Pray, Alice, pray, my darling wife, That we may die the self-same day.

Have I not found a happy earth?
I least should breathe a thought of

pain.
Would God renew me from my birth
I'd almost live my life again.
So sweet it seems with thee to walk,

And once again to woo thee mine— It seems in after-dinner talk Across the walnuts and the wine—

To be the long and listless boy Late-left an orphan of the squire, Where this old mansion mounted

Looks down upon the village spire: For even here, where I and you Have lived and loved alone so long,

Each morn my sleep was broken thro' By some wild skylark's matin song. And oft I heard the tender dove In firry woodlands making moan; But ere I saw your eyes, my love, I had no motion of my own.

For scarce my life with fancy play'd
Before I dream'd that pleasant
dream—

Still hither thither idly sway'd
Like those long mosses in the
stream.

Or from the bridge I lean'd to hear The milldam rushing down with noise,

And see the minnows everywhere In crystal eddies glance and poise, The tall flag-flowers when they sprung Below the range of stepping-stones,

Or those three chestnuts near, that hung In masses thick with milky cones.

But, Alice, what an hour was that, When after roving in the woods (Twas April then), I came and sat

(Twas April then), I came and sat Below the chestnuts, when their buds Were glistening to the breezy blue:

And on the slope, an absent fool, I cast me down, nor thought of you, But angled in the higher pool.

 A love-song I had somewhere read, An echo from a measured strain, Beat time to nothing in my head From some odd corner of the hrain.

It haunted me, the morning long,
With weary sameness in the rhymes,
The phantom of a silent song,

That went and came a thousand times.

Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood I watch'd the little circles die;
They past into the level flood,
And there a vision caught my ey

And there a vision caught my eye; The reflex of a beauteous form, A glowing arm, a gleaming neck, As when a sunbeam wavers warm Within the dark and dimpled beck





For you remember, you had set, That morning, on the casement-edge

A long green box of mignonette, And you were leaning from the ledge:

And when I raised my eyes, above They met with two so full and bright—

Such eyes! I swear to you, my love, That these have never lost their light.

I loved, and love dispell'd the fear That I should die an early death: For love possess'd the atmosphere.

And fill'd the breast with purer breath.

My mother thought, What ails the boy?

For I was alter'd, and began To move about the house with joy, And with the certain step of man.

I loved the brimming wave that swam Thro' quiet meadows round the mill, The sleepy pool above the dam, The pool beneath it never still,

The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping
wheel,

The very air about the door Made misty with the floating meal.

And oft in ramblings on the wold,
When April nights began to blow,
And April's crescent glimmer'd cold,
I saw the village lights below;
I knew your taper far away.

And full at heart of trembling hope, From off the wold I came, and lay Upon the freshly-flower'd slope.

The deep brook groan'd beneath the mill; And 'by that lamp,' I thought, 'she

The white chalk-quarry from the hill Gleam'd to the flying moon by fits. 'O that I were beside her now! O will she answer if I call?

O would she give me vow for vow, Sweet Alice, if I told her all? Sometimes I saw you sit and spin; And, in the pauses of the wind, Sometimes I heard you sing within;

Sometimes your shadow cross'd the blind. At last you rose and moved the light,

And the long shadow of the chair Flitted across into the night,

And all the casement darken'd there.

But when at last I dared to speak, The lanes, you know, were white with may,

Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek

Flush'd like the coming of the day; And so it was—half-sly, half-shy, You would, and would not, little one!

Although I pleaded tenderly, And you and I were all alone.

And slowly was my mother brought To yield consent to my desire: She wish'd me happy, but she thought

I might have look'd a little higher; And I was young—too young to wed: 'Yet must I love her for your sake; Go fetch your Alice here,' she said:

Her eyelid quiver'd as she spake.

And down I went to fetch my bride: But, Alice, you were ill at ease; This dress and that by turns you tried, Too fearful that you should not

please.
I loved you better for your fears,
I knew you could not look but well;
And dews, that would have fall'n in

I kiss'd away before they fell.

I watch'd the little flutterings, The doubt my mother would not see; She spoke at large of many things, And at the last she spoke of me; And turning look'd upon your face, As near this door you sat apart,

And rose, and, with a silent grace Approaching, press'd you heart to heart.



Ah, well—but sing the foolish song I gave you, Alice, on the day When, arm in arm, we went along, A pensive pair, and you were gay With bridal flowers—that I may seem, As in the nights of old, to lie Beside the mill-wheel in the stream,

While those full chestnuts whisper by.

It is the miller's daughter,

And she is grown so dear, so dear, That I would be the jewel That trembles in her ear: For bid in ringlets day and night, I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me,
In sorrow and in rest:
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace.
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

A trifle, sweet! which true love spells— True love interprets—right alone.

His light upon the letter dwells,
For all the spirit is his own.
So, if I waste words now, in truth
You must blame Love. His early

Had force to make me rhyme in youth, And makes me talk too much in age.

And now those vivid hours are gone, Like mine own life to me thou art, Where Past and Present, wound in

Do make a garland for the heart: So sing that other song I made, Half-anger'd with my happy lot, The day, when in the chestnut shade I found the blue Forget-me-not. Love that bath us in the net. Can be pass, and we torget? Many suns arise and set. Many a chance the years beget. Love the gift is Love the debt.

Love is hurt with jar and fret. Love is made a vague regret. Eyes with idle tears are wet. Idle babit links us yet. What is love? for we forget: Ab, no! no!

Look thro' mine eyes with thine. True

Round my true heart thine arms entwine

My other dearer life in life,

My other dearer life in life,
Look thro' my very soul with thine!
Untouch'd with any shade of years,
May those kind eyes torever dwell!

They have not shed a many tears, Dear eyes, since first 1 knew them well.

Yet tears they shed: they had their

Of sorrow: for when time was ripe, The still affection of the heart Became an outward breathing type, That into stillness passed again,

And left a want unknown before; Although the loss had brought us pain, That loss but made us love the more,

With farther lookings on. The kiss,
The woven arms, seem but to be
Weak symbols of the settled bliss,
The comfort, I have found in these.

The comfort, I have found in thee: But that God bless thee, dear—who wrought

Two spirits to one equal mind—
With blessings beyond hope or
thought,
With blessings which no words can

Arise, and let us wander forth,

To you old mill across the wolds; For look, the sunset, south and north-Winds all the vale in rosy folds,



And fires your narrow casement glass, Touching the sullen pool below: On the chalk-hill the bearded grass Is dry and dewless. Let us go.

FATIMA.

O Love, Love, Love! O withering

O sun, that from thy noonday height Shudderest when I strain my sight, Throbbing thro' all thy heat and light, Lo, falling from my constant mind Lo, parch d and wither'd, deat and

blind. I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

Last night I wasted hateful hours Below the city's eastern towers: I thirsted for the brooks, the showers: I roll'd among the tender flowers: I crush'd them on my breast, my

mouth: I look'd athwart the burning drouth Of that long desert to the south.

Last night, when some one spoke his name.

From my swift blood that went and

A thousand little shafts of flame Were shiver'd in my narrow frame. O Love, O fire! once he drew With one long kiss my whole soul thro

My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Before he mounts the hill, I know He cometh quickly: from below Sweet gales, as from deep gardens, blow

Before him, striking on my brow. In my dry brain my spirit soon, Down-deepening from swoon to swoon.

Faints like a dazzled morning moon.

The wind sounds like a silver wire, And from beyond the noon a fire Is pour'd upon the hills, and nigher The skies stoop down in their desire; And, isled in sudden seas of light, My heart, pierced thro' with fierce delight, Bursts into blossom in his sight.

My whole coul waiting silently,

All naked in a sultry sky, Droops blinded with his shining eye: I will possess him or will die

I will grow round him in his place, Grow, live, die looking on his face, Die, dying clasped in his embrace.

CENONE.

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier Than all the valleys of Ionian hills. The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,

Puts forth an arm, and creeps from

And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand

The lawns and meadow-ledges midway down Hang rich in flowers, and far below

them roars The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine

In cataract after cataract to the sea. Behind the valley topmost Gargarus Stands up and takes the morning:

but in front The gorges, opening wide apart, re-

Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel, The crown of Troas

Hither came at noon Mournful (Enone, wandering forlorn Of Paris, once her playmate on the hills

Her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck Floated her hair or seem'd to float in

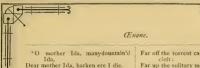
with vine, Sang to the stillness, till the mountain-

Sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.









For now the noonday quiet holds the The grasshopper is silent in the grass:

The lizard, with his shadow on the stone. Rests like a shadow, and the winds

are dead. The purple flower droops: the golden hee

Is lily-cradled: I alone awake. My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love.

My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim. And I am all aweary of my life.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd

Ida. Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die, Hear me, O Earth, hear me, O Hills,

O Caves That house the cold crown'd snake!

O mountain brooks, I am the daughter of a River-God, Hear me, for I will speak, and build

up all My sorrow with my song, as yonder

Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed, A cloud that gather'd shape: for it may be

That, while I speak of it, a little while My heart may wander from its deeper woe.

'O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. I waited underneath the dawning

Aloft the mountain lawn was dewydark, And dewy-dark aloft the mountain

Beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris, Leading a jet-black goat white-horn'd,

white-hooved, Came up from reedy Simois all alone.

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die.

Far off the torrent call'd me from the

Far up the solitary morning smote The streaks of virgin snow. With down-dropt eves

I sat alone: white-breasted like a star Fronting the dawn he moved: a leop-

ard skin Droop'd from his shoulder, but his suppy hair

Cluster'd about his temples like a

And his cheek brighten'd as the foambow brightens

When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart Went forth to embrace him coming

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. He smiled, and opening out his milk-

white palm Disclosed a fruit of pure Hesperian gold, That smelt ambrosially, and while I

look'd And listen'd, the full-flowing river of speech

ere he came.

Came down upon my heart.
"My own Œnone, Beautiful-brow'd Œnone, my own soul Behold this fruit, whose gleaming rind ingrav'n

'For the most fair,' would seem to award it thine, As lovelier than whatever Oread

haunt The knolls of Ida, loveliest in all grace Of movement, and the charm of married brows."

' Dear mother Ida, harken ere 1 die. He prest the blossom of his lips to

And added "This was cast upon the When all the full-faced presence of

the Gods Ranged in the halls of Peleus; where-

Rose feud, with question unto whom 'twere due:





But light-foot Iris brought it vester-

Delivering, that to me, by common Elected umpire, Herè comes to-day,

Pallas and Aphrodite, claiming each This meed of fairest. Thou, within the cave

Behind von whispering tuft of oldest pine,

Mayst well behold them unbeheld, unheard Hear all, and see thy Paris judge of Gods.'

Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. It was the deep midnoon: one silvery cloud

Had lost his way between the piney Of this long glen. Then to the bower

they came, Naked they came to that smooth-

swarded bower, And at their feet the crocus brake like

fire, Violet, amaracus, and asphodel, Lotos and lilies: and a wind arose, And overhead the wandering ivy and

vine. This way and that, in many a wild festoon

Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs

With bunch and berry and flower thro' and thro'.

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die. On the tree-tops a crested peacock lit, And o'er him flow'd a golden cloud, and lean'd Upon him, slowly dropping fragrant

dew Then first I heard the voice of her, to

whom Coming thro' Heaven, like a light

that grows Larger and clearer, with one mind the Gods

Rise up for reverence. She to Paris made Proffer of royal power, ample rule

Unquestion'd, overflowing revenue

Wherewith to embellish state, "from And river-sunder'd champaign clothed

with corn, Or labor'd mine undrainable of ore. Honor," she said, "and homage, tax

and toll. From many an inland town and haven

large, Mast-throng'd beneath her shadowing

In glassy bays among her tallest towers.

'O mother Ida, harken ere I die. Still she spake on and still she spake of power,

"Which in all action is the end of all:

Power fitted to the season; wisdom-bred And throned of wisdom-from all

neighbor crowns Alliance and allegiance, till thy hand Fail from the sceptre-staff.

boon from me. From me, Heaven's Queen, Paris, to thee king-born,

A shepherd all thy life but vet king-

Should come most welcome, seeing men, in power

Only, are likest gods, who have attain'd Rest in a happy place and quiet seats Above the thunder, with undving bliss In knowledge of their own suprem-

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. She ceased, and Paris held the costly fruit

Out at arm's-length, so much the thought of power Flatter'd his spirit; but Pallas where

she stood Somewhat apart, her clear and bared limbs O'erthwarted with the brazen-headed

spear Upon her pearly shoulder leaning

The while, above, her full and carnest

Over her snow-cold breast and angry cheek Kept watch, waiting decision, made

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge,

self-control, These three alone lead life to sovereign

Yet not for power (power of herself Would come uncall'd for) but to live by law.

Acting the law we live by without fear;

And, because right is right, to follow right Were wisdom in the scorn of conse-

Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

' Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. Again she said: "I woo thee not with gifts. Sequel of guerdon could not alter me To fairer. Judge thou me by what I

So shalt thou find me fairest. Yet, indeed.

If gazing on divinity disrobed
Thy mortal eyes are frail to judge of
fair,

Unbias'd by self-profit, oh! rest thee sure

That I shall love thee well and cleave to thee, So that my vigor, wedded to thy blood,

So that my vigor, wedded to thy blood, Shall strike within thy pulses, like a God's, To push thee forward thro' a life of

shocks, Dangers, and deeds, until endurance

Sinew'd with action, and the fullgrown will,

Circled thro' all experiences, pure law, Commeasure perfect freedom."

'Here she ceas'd, And Paris ponder'd, and I cried, "O

Give it to Pallas!" but he heard me

Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me! O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,

Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die. Idalian Aphroditè beautiful, Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells.

With rosy slender fingers backward drew

From her warm brows and bosom her deep hair Ambrosial, golden round her lucid

throat

And shoulder: from the violets her

light foot Shone rosy-white, and o'er her rounded

form Between the shadows of the vinebunches

bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

'Dear mother Ida, harken ere I die She with a subtle smile in her mild eyes,

The herald of her triumph, drawing nigh Half-whisper'd in his ear, " I promise

thee
The fairest and most loving wife in
Greece,"

She spoke and laugh'd: I shut my sight for fear:

But when I look'd, Paris had raised his arm, And I beheld great Herè's angry eyes,

As she withdrew into the golden cloud, And I was left alone within the bower;

And I shall be alone until I die.

'Yet, mother Ida, harken ere I die. Fairest—why fairest wife? am I not fair? My love hath told me so a thousand

times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,
When I past by, a wild and wanton

pard, Eyed like the evening star, with play-

ful tail
Crouch'd fawning in the weed. Most
loving is she?





Ah me, my mountain shepherd, that my arms Were wound about thee, and my hot lips prest Close, close to thine in that quick-

falling dew
Of fruitful kisses, thick as Autumn
rains
Flash in the pools of whirling Simois.

'O mother, hear me yet before I

die.
They came, they cut away my tallest pines,
My tall dark pines, that plumed the craggy ledge
High over the blue gorge, and all

High over the blue gorge, and all between The snowy peak and snow-white cata-

ract
Foster'd the callow eaglet—from
beneath

Whose thick mysterious boughs in the dark morn The panther's roar came muffled,

while I sat
Low in the valley. Never, never more
Shall lone Œnone see the morning

mist
Sweep thro' them; never see them
overlaid

With narrow moon-lit slips of silver cloud, Between the loud stream and the trembling stars.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die. I wish that somewhere in the ruin'd folds, Among the fragments tumbled from

the glens,
Or the dry thickets, I could meet

with her
The Abominable, that uninvited came
Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall,
And cast the golden fruit mon the

And cast the golden fruit upon the board, And bred this change; that I might

speak my mind,
And tell her to her face how much I
hate

Her presence, hated both of Gods and men.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die. Hath he not sworn his love a thou-

sand times, In this green valley, under this green hill, Ev'n on this hand, and sitting on this

Even on this hand, and sitting on this stone?
Seal'd it with kisses? water'd it with tears?

O happy tears, and how unlike to these!

O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face? O happy earth, how canst thou bear

my weight?
() death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,

There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to

I pray thee, pass before my light of life.

And shadow all my soul, that I may die.

Thou weighest heavy on the heart

Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die.

'O mother, hear me yet before I die. I will not die alone, for fiery thoughts Do shape themselves within me, more

and more, Whereof I catch the issue, as I hear Dead sounds at night come from the

inmost hills, Like footsteps upon wool. I dimly see My far-off doubtful purpose, as a

mother Conjectures of the features of her child

Ere it is born: her child!—a shudder comes

Across me: never child be born of

me, Unblest, to vex me with his father's

'O mother, hear me yet before I die.

Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone, Lest their shrill happy laughter come

to me Walking the cold and starless road of

Death
Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
With the Greek woman. I will rise

and go
Down into Troy, and ere the stars
come forth

Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says

says
A fire dances before her, and a sound
Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not, but I

know
That, wheresoe'er I am by night and
day.

All earth and air seem only burning fire.'

THE SISTERS.

WE were two daughters of one race: She was the fairest in the face: The wind is blowing in turret and tree.

They were together, and she fell; Therefore revenge became me well. O the Earl was fair to see!

She died: she went to burning flame: She mix'd her ancient blood with

shame.
The wind is howling in turret and tree.

Whole weeks and months, and early and late,

To win his love I lay in wait: O the Earl was fair to see!

I made a feast; I bad him come; I won his love, I brought him home. The wind is roaring in turret and tree.

And after supper, on a bed,' Upon my lap he laid his head O the Earl was fair to see!

I kiss'd his eyelids into rest: His ruddy cheek upon my breast. The wind is raging in turret and tree.

I hated him with the hate of hell, But I loved his beauty passing well. O the Earl was fair to see!

I rose up in the silent night: I made my dagger sharp and bright. The wind is raving in turret and

As half-asleep his breath he drew, Three times I stabb'd him thro' and thro'.

O the Earl was fair to see!

I curl'd and comb'd his comely head, He look'd so grand when he was dead.

The wind is blowing in turret and tree.

I wrapt his body in the sheet, And laid him at his mother's feet. O the Earl was fair to see!

TO ____.

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM,

I send you here a sort of allegory, (For you will understand it) of a soul, A sinful soul possess'd of many gifts, A spacious garden full of flowering weeds,

A glorious Devil, large in heart and brain,

That did love Beauty only, (Beauty seen In all varieties of mould and mind) And Knowledge for its beauty; or if

Good, Good only for its beauty, seeing not That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge,

are three sisters
That doat upon each other, friends to man,

Living together under the same roof, And never can be sunder'd without tears.

And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be

Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie







* * * *

Full of long-sounding corridors it was, That over-vaulted grateful gloom, Thro' which the livelong day my soul did pass,

Well-pleased, from room to room.

Full of great rooms and small the palace stood, All various, each a perfect whole From living Nature, fit for every mood

And change of my still soul.

For some were hung with arras green

and blue,
Showing a gaudy summer-morn,
Where with puff'd cheek the belted

His wreathed bugle-horn.

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand, And some one pacing there alone,

Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low large moon.

One show'd an iron coast and angry waves. You seem'd to hear them climb and

And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves, Beneath the windy wall.

And one, a full-fed river winding slow By herds upon an endless plain, The ragged rims of thunder brooding low.

With shadow-streaks of rain.

And one, the reapers at their sultry toil.

In front they bound the sheaves. Behind Were realms of upland, prodigal in

oil, And hoary to the wind.

And one a foreground black with stones and slags,

Beyond, a line of heights, and higher All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,

And highest, snow and fire.

And one, an English home—gray twilight pour'd

On dewy pastures, dewy trees, Softer than sleep—all things in order stored, A haunt of ancient Peace.

Nor these alone, but every landscape fair,

As fit for every mood of mind, Or gay, or grave, or sweet, or stern, was there Not less than truth design'd.

* * * *

Or the maid-mother by a crucifix, In tracts of pasture sunny-warm, Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx Sat smiling, babe in arm.

Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea, Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair Wonnd with white roses, slept St. Cecily;

An angel look'd at her.

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise A group of Houris bow'd to see The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes That said, We wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded

In some fair space of sloping greens Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon, And watch'd by weeping queens.

Or hollowing one hand against his

To list a foot-fall, ere he saw The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian king to hear Of wisdom and of law.



Or over hills with peaky tops engrail'd, And many a tract of palm and rice, The throne of Indian Cama slowly

sail'd A summer fann'd with spice.

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd, From off her shoulder backward

borne: From one hand droop'd a crocus: one hand grasp'd The mild bull's golden horn.

Or else flush'd Ganymede, his rosy thigh

Half-buried in the Eagle's down, Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky Above the pillar'd town.

Nor these alone: but every legend fair Which the supreme Caucasian mind Carved out of Nature for itself, was there.

Not less than life, design'd.

* * * *

Then in the towers I placed great

bells that swung,

Moved of themselves, with silver
sound:

And with choice paintings of wise men I hung The royal dais round.

For there was Milton like a seraph

Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild; And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song,

And somewhat grimly smiled

And there the Ionian father of the rest; A million wrinkles carved his skin:

A hundred winters snow'd upon his breast,

From cheek and throat and chin.

Above, the fair hall-ceiling stately-set Many an arch high up did lift, And angels rising and descending met With interchange of gift.

Below was all mosaic choicely plann'd With cycles of the human tale Of this wide world, the times of every

So wrought, they will not fail.

The people here, a beast of burden slow,
Toil'd onward, prick'd with goads

and stings;
Here play'd, a tiger, rolling to and fro
The heads and crowns of kings:

Here rose, an athlete, strong to break

And here once more like some sick man declined, And trusted any cure.

But over these she trod: and those great bells Began to chime. She took her

throne: She sat betwixt the shining Oriels, To sing her songs alone.

And thro' the topmost Oriels' colored flame

Two godlike faces gazed below;
Plato the wise, and large-brow'd
Verulam,
The first of those who know.

And all those names, that in their motion were

Full-welling fountain-heads of change, Betwixt the slender shafts were

blazon'd fair In diverse raiment strange:

Thro' which the lights, rose, amber, emerald, blue, Flush'd in her temples and her

eyes,
And from her lips, as morn from
Memnon, drew
Rivers of melodies.





No nightingale delighteth to prolong Her low preamble all alone, More than my soul to hear her echo'd song

Throb thro' the ribbed stone :

Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth.

Joying to feel herself alive, Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible earth. Lord of the senses five :

Communing with herself: 'All these

And let the world have peace or wars, 'Tis one to me.' She-when young

night divine Crown'd dying day with stars,

Making sweet close of his delicious Lit light in wreaths and anadems,

And pure quintessences of precious

In hollow'd moons of gems,

To mimic heaven; and clapt her hands and cried, 'I marvel if my still delight In this great house so royal-rich, and

wide, Be flatter'd to the height.

O all things fair to sate my various eyes O shapes and hues that please me well!

O silent faces of the Great and Wise, My Gods, with whom I dwell!

'O God-like isolation which art mine, I can but count thee perfect gain, What time I watch the darkening droves of swine

That range on yonder plain.

'In filthy sloughs they roll a prurient skin, They graze and wallow, breed and

And oft some brainless devil enters And drives them to the deep.'

Then of the moral instinct would she

And of the rising from the dead, As hers by right of full-accomplish'd

And at the last she said :

'I take possession of man's mind and deed. I care not what the sects may

brawl. I sit as God holding no form of creed,

But contemplating all.

Full oft the riddle of the painful

Flash'd thro' her as she sat alone. Yet not the less held she her solemn

And intellectual throne.

And so she throve and prosper'd: so three years

She prosper'd: on the fourth she fell, Like Herod, when the shout was in Struck thro' with pangs of hell.

Lest she should fail and perish utterly, God, before whom ever lie bare The abysmal deeps of Personality, Plagued her with sore despair.

When she would think, where'er she turn'd her sight The airy hand confusion wrought,

Wrote, 'Mene, mene,' and divided quite The kingdom of her thought.

Deep dread and loathing of her solitude

Fell on her, from which mood was born Scorn of herself; again, from out

that mood Laughter at her self-scorn. What! is not this my place of strength,' she said, 'My spacious mansion built for me,

'My spacious mansion built for me, Whereof the strong foundation-stones were laid Since my first memory?'

But in dark corners of her palace

But in dark corners of her palace stood Uncertain shapes; and unawares On white-eved phantasms weening

On white-eyed phantasms weeping tears of blood, And horrible nightmares,

And hollow shades enclosing hearts of flame, And, with dim fretted foreheads all,

On corpses three-months-old at noon she came,

That stood against the wall.

t nat stood against the wall,

A spot of dull stagnation, without light Or power of movement, seem'd my

'Mid onward-sloping motions infinite Making for one sure goal.

A still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand, Left on the shore; that hears all

night
The plunging seas draw backward
from the land
Their moon-led waters white.

A star that with the choral starry dance Join'd not, but stood, and standing saw

The hollow orb of moving Circumstance
Roll'd round by one fix'd law.

Back on herself her serpent pride had curl'd. 'No voice,' she shrick'd in that

lone hall,
'No voice breaks thro' the stillness of
this world:

One deep, deep silence all!'

She, mouldering with the dull earth's mouldering sod,

Inwrapt tenfold in slothful shame, Lay there exiled from eternal God, Lost to her place and name;

And death and life she hated equally, And nothing saw, for her despair, But dreadful time, dreadful eternity, No comfort anywhere;

Remaining utterly confused with fears,

And ever worse with growing time, And ever unrelieved by dismal tears, And all alone in crime:

Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round

With blackness as a solid wall, Far off she seem'd to hear the dully sound Of human footsteps fall.

As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,

In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moon-rise hears the
low
Moon of an unknown sea:

And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound

Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry Of great wild beasts; then thinketh, 'I have found

A new land, but I die.'

She howl'd aloud, 'I am on fire with-

There comes no murmur of reply.

What is it that will take away my sin,

And save me lest I die?

So when four years were wholly finished,

She threw her royal robes away.

'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,

'Where I may mourn and pray.

Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are So lightly, beautifully built:







Perchance I may return with others there

When I have purged my guilt.'

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown:
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired:
The dauerher of a hundred Earls.

You are not one to be desired.'

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Vour pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence
I came.

Nor would I break for your sweet sake A heart that doats on truer charms. A simple maiden in her flower Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, Some meeker pupil you must find, For were you queen of all that is, I could not stoop to such a mind. Vou sought to prove how I could love, And my disdain is my reply. The lion on your old stone gates Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, You put strange memories in my head.

Not thrice your branching limes have blown

Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies:
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat'
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, When thus he met his mother's view, She had the passions of her kind, She spake some certain truths of you.

Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de
Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, There stands a spectre in your hall:

The guilt of blood is at your door:
You changed a wholesome heart to

You held your course without remorse, To make him trust his modest worth, And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare, And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere, From you blue heavens above us

The gardener Adam and his wife Smile at the claims of long descent. Howe'er it be, it seems to me, 'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere, You pine among your halls and towers:

The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless
wealth.

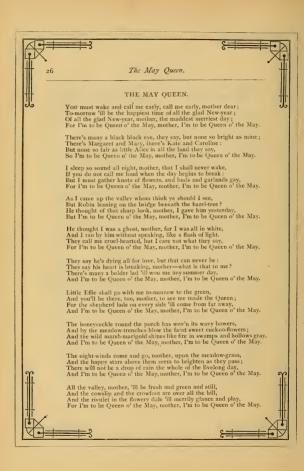
But sickening of a vague disease, You know so ill to deal with time, You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vcre, If time be heavy on your hands, Are there no beggars at your gate, Nor any poor about your lands? Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,

Or teach the orphan-girl to sew, Pray Heaven for a human heart, And let the foolish yeoman go.









NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

IF you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear, For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year. It is the last New-year that I shall ever see, Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind; And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day; Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May; And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel copse, Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

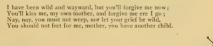
There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on the pane: I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again: I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high: I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

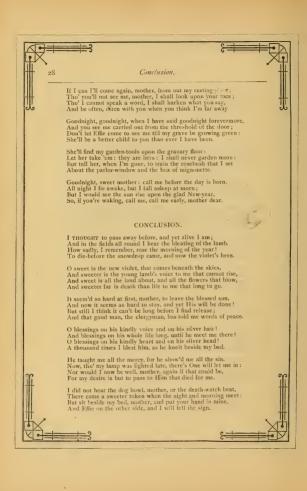
The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm-tree, And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea, And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave, But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine, In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine, Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill, When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night; When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade, And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid. I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass, With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.



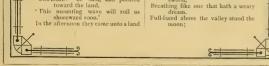




"IN YONDER CHAIR I SEE HIM SIT," - Page 11







swoon

'COURAGE!' he said, and pointed





things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another

Still from one sorrow to another thrown: Nor ever fold our wings,

And cease from wanderings, Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm; Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,

'There is no joy but calm!'
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

111

Lo! in the middle of the wood, The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud

With winds upon the branch, and there

Grows green and broad, and takes no care, Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon

Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow Falls, and floats adown the air. Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light, The full-juiced apple, waxing overmellow.

Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath
no toil.

Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky, Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. Death is the end of life; ah, why Should life all labor be Let us alone. Time driveth onward

fast, And in a little while our lips are dumb. Let us alone. What is it that will last? All things are taken from us, and become All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave

In silence; ripen, fall and cease: Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

v.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,

With half-shut eyes ever to seem Falling asleep in a half-dream! To dream and dream, like yonder

amber light, Which will not leave the myrrh-bnsh on the height;

To hear each other's whisper'd speech; Eating the Lotos day by day,

To watch the crisping ripples on the beach, And tender curving lines of creamy

spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;

To muse and brood and live again in memory,

With those old faces of our infancy Heap'd over with a mound of grass, Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

VI.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives, And dear the last embraces of our

wives
And their warm tears; but all hath

suffer'd change: For surely now our household hearths

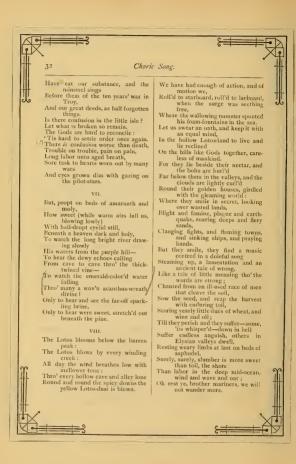
are cold: Our sons inherit us: our looks are

strange:
And we should come like ghosts to
trouble joy.

Or else the island princes over-bold









A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,

'The Legend of Good Women,' long

Sung by the morning star of song, who made His music heard below:

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath Preluded those melodious bursts

that fill The spacious times of great Elizabeth With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art

Held me above the subject, as strong gales Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho'

my heart, Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears.
In every land
I saw, wherever light illumineth,

Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient

Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,

And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong, And trumpets blown for wars;

And clattering flints batter'd with clanging hoofs;

And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries; And forms that pass'd at windows and

And forms that pass'd at windows and on roofs Of marble palaces;

Corpses across the threshold: heroes tall

Dislodging pinnacle and parapet Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall; Lances in ambush set; And high shrine-doors burst thro' with heated blasts That run before the fluttering

tongues of fire;
White surf wind-scatter'd over sails

White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and masts, And ever climbing higher;

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates, Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers

Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates, And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land Bluster the winds and tides the self-

same way, Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level

Torn from the fringe of spray.

Istarted once, or seem'd to start in pain,

Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak,

As when a great thought strikes along the brain, And flushes all the check.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down A cavalier from off his saddle-bow,

That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town;
And then, I know now not how.

All those sharp fancies, by downlapsing thought

Stream'd onward, lost their edges,

and did creep
Roll'd on each other, rounded,
smooth'd, and brought
Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wander'd
far
In an old wood: fresh-wash'd in

In an old wood: fresh-wash'd in coolest dew The maiden splendors of the morn-

ing star Shook in the stedfast blue,



Enormous elm-tree-boles did stoop and lean Upon the dusky brushwood under-

neath Their broad curved branches, fledged

with clearest green, New from its silken sheath.

The dim red morn had died, her journev done, And with dead lips smiled at the

twilight plain. Half-fall'n across the threshold of the

sun. Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air, Not any song of bird or sound of

Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of iasmine turn'd

Their humid arms festooning tree to tree, And at the root thro' lush green grasses

burn'd The red anemone.

I knew the flowers. I knew the leaves, I knew The tearful glimmer of the languid

dawn On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drench'd in dew, Leaning from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame

The times when I remember to have been Joyful and free from blame.

And from within me a clear under-tone Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime, 'Pass freely thro': the wood is all

thine own, Until the end of time.' At length I saw a lady within call, Stiller than chisell'd marble, stand-

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with

Froze my swift speech : she turning on my face The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes Spoke slowly in her place.

'I had great beauty; ask thou not my name: No one can be more wise than des-

Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came I brought calamity.

'No marvel, sovereign lady: in fair Myself for such a face had boldly

answer'd free: and turning I appeal'd To one that stood beside.

But she, with sick and scornful looks averse. To her full height her stately stat-

ure draws; 'My youth,' she said, 'was blasted with a curse : This woman was the cause.

'I was cut off from hope in that sad Which men call'd Aulis in those

iron years My father held his hand upon his face; I, blinded with my tears,

'Still strove to speak: my voice was thick with sighs

As in a dream. Dimly I could descry The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes, Waiting to see me die.

'The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat;









The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and the shore;

The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat; Touch'd; and I knew no more.'

Whereto the other with a downward brow:

'I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam, Whit!'d by the wind, had roll'd me

deep below, Then when I left my home.'

Her slow full words sank thro' the silence drear, As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping

Sudden I heard a voice that cried,
'Come here,
That I may look on thee.'

I turning saw, throned on a flowery

One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll'd;

A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes, Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began:

'I govern'd men by change, and so I sway'd All moods. 'Tis long since I have

seen a man.
Once, like the moon, I made

'The ever-shifting currents of the blood According to my humor ebb and flow.

I have no men to govern in this
wood:
That makes my only woe.

'Nav—vet it chafes me that I could

not bend
One will; nor tame and tutor with
mine eye
That dull cold-blooded Carsar.

That dull cold-blooded Cæsar Prythee, friend, Where is Mark Antony? '[The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime

On Fortune's neck: we sat as God by God: The Nilus would have risen before his

The Nilus would have risen before his time
And flooded at our nod.

'We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit Lamps which out-burn'd Canopus.

O my life
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife,

'And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms, My Hercules, my Roman Antony, My mailed Bacchus leapt into my

arms,

'And there he died: and when I heard my name Sigh'd forth with life I would not

brook my fear
Of the other: with a worm I balk'd
his fame.

What else was left? look here!'

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half The polish'd argent of her breast to sight

Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh, Showing the aspick's bite.)

'I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found Me lying dead, my crown about my

A name for ever!—lying robed and crown'd, Worthy a Roman spouse.'

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance

From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change

Of liveliest utterance.





When she made pause I knew not for delight; Because with sudden motion from

Because with sudden motion from the ground

She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light The interval of sound.

Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts;
As once they drew into two burn-

ing rings
All beams of Love, melting the mighty

Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
A noise of some one coming thro'

the lawn, And singing clearer than the crested

That claps his wings at dawn.

'The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon.

Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell, Far-heard beneath the moon.

'The balmy moon of blessed Israel Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine:

All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell With spires of silver shine.

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves

The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door

Hearing the holy organ rolling waves Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied To where he stands,—so stood I,

when that flow Of music left the lips of her that died To save her father's yow;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,

A maiden pure; as when she went along From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with wel-

come light, With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth: 'Heaven heads the count of crimes With that wild oath.' She render'd answer high:

'Not so, nor once alone; a thousand times I would be born and die.

 Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root
 Creeps to the garden water-pipes

beneath, Feeding the flower; but ere my flower to fruit

Changed, I was ripe for death.

'My God, my land, my father—these did move Me from my bliss of life, that Na-

ture gave,
Lower'd softly with a threefold cord
of love
Down to a silent grave.

"And I went mourning, "No fair Hebrew boy Shall smile away my maiden blame

among
The Hebrew mothers "—emptied of
all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,

'Leaving the olive-gardens far below, Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,

The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow Beneath the battled tower.

The light white cloud swam over us.

Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den:

We saw the large white stars rise one by one, Or, from the darken'd glen,





'Saw God divide the night with flying flame, And thunder on the everlasting

hills.
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief
became
A solemn scorn of ills.

'When the next moon was roll'd into the sky, Strength came to me that equall'd my desire.

How beautiful a thing it was to die For God and for my sire!

'It comforts me in this one thought to dwell, That I subdued me to my father's

will;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

' Moreover it is written that my race Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer

On Arnon unto Minneth.' Here her face Glow'd, as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips: she left me where I stood: 'Glory to God,' she sang, and past

afar, Thridding the sombre boskage of the

wood, Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively, As one that from a casement leans his head,

his head, When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,

And the old year is dead.

'Alas! alas!' a low voice, full of care, Murmur'd beside me: 'Turn and look on me: 1 am that Rosamond, whom men call fair.

If what I was 1 be.

'Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor! O me, that I should ever see the light! Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor Do hunt me, day and night.'

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust:

To whom the Egyptian: 'O, you tamely died!

Vou should have clung to Fulvia's waist, and thrust The dagger thro' her side.'

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams, Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery

Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark, Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her

last trance Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc,

A light of ancient France;

Or her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,

Who kneeling, with one arm about her king, Drew forth the poison with her balmy

Sweet as new buds in Spring.

No memory labors longer from the deep Gold-mines of thought to lift the

hidden ore
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep

To gather and tell o'er

Each little sound and sight. With what dull pain

Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike

Into that wondrous track of dreams again! But no two dreams are like.





As when a soul laments, which hath been blest, Desiring what is mingled with past

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years, In yearnings that can never be exprest By signs or groans or tears;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art, Failing to give the bitter of the

Sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat.

THE BLACKBIRD.

O BLACKBIRD! sing me something well: While all the neighbors shoot thee

round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful

ground, Where thou may'st warble, eat and dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all Are thine; the range of lawn and park:

The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,

All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring, Thy sole delight is, sitting still, With that gold dagger of thy bill To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill! the silver tongue, Cold February loved, is dry: Plenty corrupts the melody That made thee famous once, when young:

And in the sultry garden-squares, Now thy flute-notes are changed to coarse.

coarse,
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse
As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning! he that will not sing While you sun prospers in the blue, Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,

Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow, And the winter winds are wearily sighing: Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,

And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,

You came to us so readily, You lived with us so steadily, Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move: He will not see the dawn of day. He hath no other life above. He gave me a friend, and a true true-

love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with

us, Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim; A jollier year we shall not see. But tho' his eyes are waxing dim, And tho' his foes speak ill of nim, He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die; We did so laugh and cry with

you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest, But all his merry quips are o'er. To see him die, across the waste His son and heir doth ride post-haste, But he'll be dead before. Every one for his own.

The night is starry and cold, my friend,

And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend, Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow I heard just now the crowing cock. The shadows flicker to and fro: The cricket chirps: the light burns

low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die

Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin. Alack! our friend is gone. Close up his eyes: tie up his chin: Step from the corpse, and let him in That standeth there alone.

And waiteth at the door.'
There's a new foot on the floor, my
friend.

And a new face at the door, my friend.

A new face at the door.

TO J. S.

THE wind, that beats the mountain,

More softly round the open wold, And gently comes the world to those That are cast in gentle mould.

And me this knowledge bolder made, Or else I had not dared to flow In these words toward you, and invade Even with a verse your holy woe.

'Tis strange that those we lean on most, Those in whose laps our limbs

are nursed,
Fall into shadow, soonest lost:
Those we love first are taken first.

God gives us love. Something to love He lends us; but, when love is grown

To ripeness, that on which it throve Falls off, and love is left alone. This is the curse of time. Alas!
In grief I am not all unlearu'd;
Once thro' mine own doors Death did

pass; One went, who never hath return'd.

He will not smile—not speak to me Once more. Two years his chair

Empty before us. That was he Without whose life I had not been.

Your loss is rarer; for this star Rose with you thro' a little arc Of heaven, nor having wander'd far Shot on the sudden into dark.

I knew your brother: his mute dust I honor and his,living worth: A man more pure and bold and just Was never born into the earth.

I have not look'd upon you nigh, Since that dear soul hath fall'n

Great Nature is more wise than I: I will not tell you not to weep.

And the mine own eyes fill with dew, Drawn from the spirit thre the brain,

I will not even preach to you, 'Weep, weeping dulls the inward pain.'

Let Grief be her own mistress still, She loveth her own anguish deep More than much pleasure. Let her will

Be done-to weep or not to weep.

I will not say, 'God's ordinance Of Death is blown in every wind;' For that is not a common chance That takes away a noble mind.

His memory long will live alone In all our hearts, as mournful light That broods above the fallen sun, And dwells in heaven half the

night.





You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease, Within this region I subsist, Whose spirits falter in the mist, And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,

That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land, where girt with friends
or foes

A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government, A land of just and old renown, Where Freedom slowly broadens

down From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head, But by degrees to fullness wrought,

The strength of some diffusive thought Hath time and space to work and

spread.

Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time

When single thought is civil crime, And individual freedom mute;

Tho' Power should make from land to

The name of Britain trebly great— Tho' every channel of the State Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbor-mouth, Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky, And I will see before I die The palms and temples of the South.

OF old sat Freedom on the heights, The thunders breaking at her feet: Above her shook the starry lights: She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice, Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind, But fragments of her mighty voice Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field

To mingle with the human race, And part by part to men reveal'd The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works, From her isle-altar gazing down, Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks, And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.

The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,

Make bright our days and light our dreams,

Turning to scorn with lips divine The falsehood of extremes!

LOVE thou thy land, with love farbrought From out the storied Past, and

used Within thePresent, but transfused Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles, Love, that endures not sordid ends, For English natures, freemen, friends.

Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time, Nor feed with crude imaginings The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings

That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might To weakness, neither hide the ray From those, not blind, who wait for day,

Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.





England and America in 1782-The Goose.

Would love the gleams of good that broke From either side, nor veil his eyes:

And if some dreadful need should rise Would strike, and firmly, and one

stroke:

To-morrow yet would reap to-day, As we bear blossom of the dead; Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed

Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782. O THOU, that sendest out the man

To rule by land and sea, Strong mother of a Lion-line, Be proud of those strong sons of thine Who wrench'd their rights from

thee !

What wonder, if in noble heat Those men thine arms withstood, Retaught the lesson thou hadst taught, And in thy spirit with thee fought-Who sprang from English blood!

But Thou rejoice with liberal joy, Lift up thy rocky face, And shatter, when the storms are

black, In many a streaming torrent back, The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law The growing world assume, Thy work is thine—The single note From that deep chord which Hampden smote

Will vibrate to the doom.

THE GOOSE.

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor, Her rags scarce held together; There strode a stranger to the door, And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm, He utter'd rhyme and reason, 'Here, take the goose, and keep you warm.

It is a stormy season.'

She caught the white goose by the leg, A goose—'twas no great matter. The goose let fall a golden egg

With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf, And ran to tell her neighbors; And bless'd herself, and cursed her-

And rested from her labors. And feeding high, and living soft, Grew plump and able-bodied; Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,

The parson smirk'd and nodded. So sitting, served by man and maid, She felt her heart grow prouder : But ah! the more the white goose

It clack'd and cackled louder.

laid

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there; It stirr'd the old wife's mettle: She shifted in her elbow-chair, And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

' A quinsy choke thy cursed note!' Then wax'd her anger stronger. 'Go, take the goose, and wring her throat. I will not bear it longer.'

Then velo'd the cur, and vawl'd the

Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer, The goose flew this way and flew that, And fill'd the house with clamor.

As head and heels upon the floor They flounder'd all together, There strode a stranger to the door, And it was windy weather:









God knows: he has a mint of reasons: ask. It pleased me well enough.' 'Nay, nay,' said Hall,

sweeps,

Now harping on the church-commissioners, Now hawking at Geology and schism; Why take the style of those heroic times? For nature brings not back the Mas-

Nor we those times; and why should any man

Remodel models? these twelve books of mine Were faint Homeric echoes, nothing-

worth, Mere chaff and draff, much better burnt.' 'But I,'

Said Francis, 'pick'd the eleventh from this hearth

And have it: keep a thing, its use will come.

I hoard it as a sugar-plum for Holmes. He laugh'd, and I, tho' sleepy, like a

That hears the corn-bin_open, prick'd my ears;

For I remember'd Everard's college fame

When we were Freshmen: then at my request He brought it; and the poet little

urged, But with some prelude of disparage-

Read, monthing out his gollow oes and aes, Deep-chested music, and to this result.

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle Among the mountains by the winter

Until King Arthur's table, man by man, Had fallen in Lyonnesse about their

King Arthur: then, because his wound was deen. The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him, Sir Bedivere, the last of all his

knights, And bore him to a chapel nigh the A broken chancel with a broken That stood on a dark strait of barren land

On one side lay the Ocean, and on Lay a great water, and the moon was

Then spake King Arthur to Sir

Bedivere: 'The seguel of to-day unsolders all . The goodliest fellowship of famous knights

Whereof this world holds record,

They sleep-the men I loved. I think that we Shall never more, at any future time,

Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds, Walking about the gardens and the

Of Camelot, as in the days that were I perish by this people which I

made,-Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again

To rule once more-but let what will be, be, I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm

That without help I cannot last ti'l mora Thou therefore take my brand Ex-

calibur, Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how In those old days, one summer noon,

an arm Rose up from out the bosom of the lake

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful. Holding the sword-and how I row'd

across And took it, and have worn it, like a king And, wheresoever I a.n sung or told

In aftertime, this also shall be known: But now delay not: take Excalibur, And fling him far into the middle mere:

Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."









Should blind my purpose, for I never saw, Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I

Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die, Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,

So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him,
wheeling him;

But when I look'd again, behold an arm,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

That caught him by the hilt, and bran-

dish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in

the mere.' And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:

'My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.

Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight, And bear me to the margin; yet I fear

My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,

Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue

eyes As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere

Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears, And would have spoken, but he found not words, Then took with care, and kneeling on

one knee, O'er both his shoulders drew the lan-

guid hands, And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard, like one that feels a nightmare on his

Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed

When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,

Muttering and murmuring at his ear,
'Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die.'
But the other swiftly strode from

the other swiftly strode for ridge to ridge,

Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,

Larger than human on the frozen hills. He heard the deep behind him, and a cry

Cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.

like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves

And barren chasms, and all to left and right The bare black cliff clang'd round

him, as he based His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang

Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—

And on a sudden, lo! the level lake, And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky harge, Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to

stern, Beneath them; and descending they were ware

That all the decks were dense with stately forms Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a

dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—

and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling
stars,

And, as it were one voice an agony Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills

All night in a waste land, where no one comes, Or hath come, since the making of the

world.
Then murmur'd Arthur, 'Place me

in the barge,'
And to the barge they came. There
those three Queens

Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept. But she, that rose the tallest of them

all And fairest, laid his head upon her

And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,

summer sea,

ing loud.

face was white

brow

moon

loose.

King:

in rest,

ment.

charged

Bedivere,

my eyes?

I go?

dead.

chance,

knight.

myrrh.

world.

The

light that led

fringed his lips.

ing east;

with drops

Where I will heal me of my grievous wound. So said he, and the barge with oar

and sail Moved from the brink, like some fullbreasted swan

That, fluting a wild carol ere her death, Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes

the flood With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere

Revolving many memories, till the hull

Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn, And on the mere the wailing died away.

HERE ended Hall, and our last light, that long Had wink'd and threaten'd darkness,

flared and fell: At which the Parson, sent to sleep with sound.

And waked with silence, grunted 'Good!' but we Sat rapt: it was the tone with which

he read-Perhaps some modern touches here and there

Redeem'd it from the charge of nothingness

Or else we loved the man, and prized his work; know not: but we sitting, as I

said. The cock crew loud; as at that time

of year The lusty bird takes every hour for dawn: Then Francis, muttering, like a man

ill-used, 'There now-that's nothing!' drew a little back.

And drove his heel into the smoulder'd log, That sent a blast of sparkles up the

flue: And so to bed; where yet in sleep I seem'd

To sail with Arthur under looming shores.

Point after point; till on to dawn, when dreams Begin to feel the truth and stir of day, To me, methought, who waited with a

crowd. There came a bark that, blowing forward, bore

King Arthur, like a modern gentleman

Of stateliest port; and all the people 'Arthur is come again: he cannot

Then those that stood upon the hills behind Repeated-' Come again, and thrice as

fair: And, further inland, voices echo'd-

'Come With all good things, and war shall be no more. At this a hundred bells began to peal, That with the sound I woke, and

heard indeed The clear church-bells ring in the Christmas-morn.

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER:

OR, THE PICTURES.

THIS morning is the morning of the When I and Eustace from the city went

To see the Gardener's Daughter; 1 and he Brothers in Art; a friendship so com-

Portion'd in halves between us, that we gre The fable of the city where we dwelt. My Eustace might have sat for Her-

cules: So muscular he spread, so broad of breast. He, by some law that holds in love,

and draws The greater to the lesser, long de-



A certain miracle of symmetry, A miniature of loveliness, all grace Summ'd up and closed in little;—Juliet, she

So light of foot, so light of spirit—oh, she To me myself, for some three careless

moons,
The summer pilot of an empty heart
Unto the shores of nothing! Know

you not Such touches are but embassies of love, To tamper with the feelings, ere he

To tamper with the ieelings, ere he found

Empire for life? but Eustace painted

And said to me, she sitting with us then,
'When will you paint like this?' and

'When will you paint like this?' and I replied, (My words were half in earnest, half

in jest,)

'Tis not your work, but Love's.
Love, unperceived,
A more ideal Artist he than all.

Came, drew your pencil from you, made those eyes

Darker than darkest pansies, and that

More black than ashbuds in the front of March.'

And Juliet answer'd laughing, 'Go and see' The Gardener's daughter: trust me,

after that, You scarce can fail to match his master-piece.'

And up we rose, and on the spur we went.

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.

News from the humming city comes to it In sound of funeral or of marriage

bells;
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves,
you hear

The windy clanging of the minster clock;
Although between it and the garden

Although between it and the garden lies

A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream, That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the

oar, Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps

Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge

Crown'd with the minster-towers.

The fields between Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deepudder'd kine, And all about the large lime feathers

low,
The lime a summer home of murmur-

ous wings.
In that still place she, hoarded in

herself,
Grew, seldom seen; not less among us

Her fame from lip to lip. Who had not heard

Of Rose, the Gardener's daughter?

Where was he, So blunt in memory, so old at heart,

At such a distance from his youth in grief,
That, having seen, forgot? The com-

mon mouth,
So gross to express delight, in praise
of her

Grew oratory. Such a lord is Love, And Beauty such a mistress of the world. And if I said that Fancy, led by

Love, Would play with flying forms and images,

Yet this is also true, that, long before I look'd upon her, when I heard her name
My heart was like a prophet to my

heart, And told me I should love. A crowd of hopes,

That sought to sow themselves like winged seeds, Born out of everything I heard and saw.

saw,
Flutter'd about my senses and my soul;
And varue desires like fitful blasts of

And vague desires, like fitful blasts of balm





To one that travels quickly, made the Of Life delicious, and all kinds of

thought, That verged upon them, sweeter than

Dream'd by a happy man, when the dark East.

Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn.

And sure this orbit of the memory folds

For ever in itself the day we went To see her. All the land in flowery

Beneath a broad and equal-blowing

wind. Smelt of the coming summer, as one large cloud

Drew downward: but all else of heaven was pure

Up to the Sun, and May from verge to verge. And May with me from head to heel,

And now, As tho' 'twere yesterday, as tho' it were The honr just flown, that morn with

all its sound, (For those old Mays had thrice the

life of these,) Rings in mine ears. The steer forgot

to graze, And, where the hedge-row cuts the pathway, stood,

Leaning his horns into the neighbor field.

And lowing to his fellows. From the woods voices of the well-contented Came

doves lark could scarce get out his

notes for joy, But shook his song together as he near'd

His happy home, the ground. To left and right, The cuckoo told his name to all the

The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm; The redcap whistled; and the nightin-

Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of day.

And Eustace turn'd, and smiling said to me. 'Hear how the bushes echo! by my

life,

These birds have joyful thoughts. Think you they sing Like poets, from the vanity of song? Or have they any sense of why they

sing And would they praise the beavens for what they have?

And I made answer, 'Were there nothing else

For which to praise the heavens but only love. That only love were cause enough for

Lightly he laugh'd, as one that read

my thought And on we went; but ere an hour had

pass'd, We reach'd a meadow slanting to the North:

Down which a well-worn pathway courted us

To one green wicket in a privet This, yielding, gave into a grassy

walk Thro' crowded lilac-ambush trimly

prnned; And one warm gust, full-fed with perfume, blew Beyond us, as we enter'd in the cool.

The garden stretches southward, the midst A cedar spread his dark-green layers

of shade The, garden-glasses shone, and mo-

The twinkling lanrel scatter'd silver

lights. 'Eustace,' I said, 'this wonder keeps the house.

He nodded, but a moment afterwards He cried, 'Look! look!' Before he ceased I turn'd.

And, ere a star can wink, beheld her there For np the porch there grew an

That, flowering high, the last night's gale had caught,

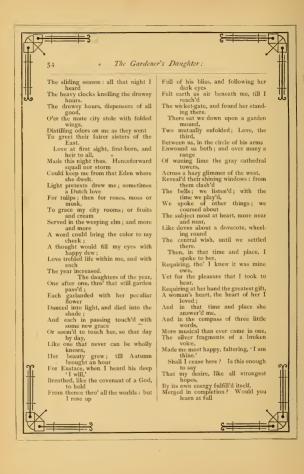




"WITH DOWN-DROPT EYES I SAT ALONE,"-Page 15.









To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.

She is my brother's daughter: he and I Had once hard words, and parted.

and he died In foreign lands; but for his sake I

bred His daughter Dora: take her for your wife:

For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day, For many years.' But William an-

swer'd short;
'I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora; Then the

I will not marry Dora. Then the old man Was wroth, and doubled up his

hands, and said:
'You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!

But in my time a father's word was law, And so it shall be now for me. Look

to it;

Consider, William: take a month to

think, And let me have an answer to my

wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,

And never more darken my doors again.'

But William answer'd madly; bit his lips, And broke away. The more he

And broke away. The more he look'd at her The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh:

But Dora bore them meekly. Then before The month was out he left his father's

house, And hired himself to work within the fields;

And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed

A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison. Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd

His niece and said: 'My girl, I love you well;
But if you sneak with him that was

But if you speak with him that was my son, Or change a word with her he calls his wife,

My home is none of yours. My will is law.'

And Dora promised, being meek.

She thought,
'It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change.'

And days went on, and there was born a boy

To William; then distresses came on him; And day by day he pass'd his father's

gate, Heart-broken, and his father help'd

him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,

And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know Who sent it; till at last a fever seized On William, and in harvest time he

died.
Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy,
and thought

Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:

'I have obey'd my uncle until now, And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me

This evil came on William at the first. But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,

And for your sake, the woman that he chose, And for this orphan, I am come to

you:
Vou know there has not been for these five years

So full a harvest: let me take the boy, And I will set him in my uncle's eye Among the wheat; that when his

heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,

And bless him for the sake of him that's gone.' And Dora took the child, and went

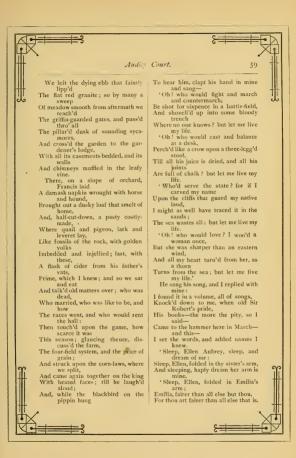
her way Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound



<u>~</u>







'Sleep, breathing health and peace upon her breast: Sleep, breathing love and trust against

her lip

l go to-night : l come to-morrow morn. 'I go, but I return : l would I were The pilot of the darkness and the dream.

Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, love, and dream of me.'

So sang we each to either, Francis Hale. The farmer's son, who lived across

the bay, My friend; and I, that having where-

And in the fallow leisure of my life A rolling stone of here and every-

Did what I would; but ere the night we rose And saunter'd home beneath a moon.

that, just In crescent, dimly rain'd about the leaf

Twilights of airy silver, till we reach'd The limit of the hills; and as we sank

From rock to rock upon the glooming quay, The town was hush'd beneath us: lower down

The bay was oily calm; the harborbuoy, Sole star of phosphorescence in the

calm, With one green sparkle ever and anon Dipt by itself, and we were glad at

heart.

joins

WALKING TO THE MAIL.

John. I'm glad I walk'd. How fresh the meadows look Above the river, and, but a month ago, The whole hill-side was redder than a Is you plantation where this byway The turnpike? Yes. James.

John. And when does this come by :

James. The mail? At one o'clock. What is it now? Inmes. A quarter to. Whose house is that I see?

No, not the County Member's with the vane

Up higher with the yew-tree by it, and half

A score of gables.

James. That? Sir Edward Head's: But he's abroad: the place is to be sold. John. Oh, his. He was not

broken. James. No, sir, he, Vex'd with a morbid devil in his

blood That veil'd the world with jaundice. hid his face

From all men, and commercing with himself,

He lost the sense that handles daily life-That keeps us all in order more or

And sick of home went overseas for change.

John. And whither? James. Nay, who knows? he's here and there. But let him go; his devil goes with him,

As well as with his tenant, Jocky John. What's that? James. You saw

the man-on Monday, was it ?-There by the humpback'd willow; half stands up
And bristles; half has fall'n and @made a bridge;

And there he caught the younker tickling trout-Caught in flagrante—what's Latin word?— Delicto: but his house, for so they

say, Was haunted with a jolly ghost, that

shook







With hand and rope we haled the groaning sow, And on the leads we kept her till she

pigg'd.

Large range of prospect had the

mother sow,
And but for daily loss of one she loved

As one by one we took them—but for this— As never sow was higher in this

world— Might have been happy: but what

lot is pure?
We took them all, till she was left

Upon her tower, the Niobe of swine,
And so return'd unfarrow'd to her sty.

John. They found you out?

James. Not they.

John. Well—after all— What know we of the secret of a man?

His nerves were wrong. What ails us, who are sound, That we should mimic this raw fool

That we should mimic this raw fool the world, Which charts us all in its coarse

blacks or whites, As ruthless as a baby with a worm, As cruel as a schoolboy ere he grows

As cruel as a schoolboy ere he grows
To Pity—more from ignorance than
will.

But put your best foot forward or

But put your best foot forward, or I fear
That we shall miss the mail: and

here it comes
With five at top: as quaint a four-in-

hand
As you shall see—three pyebalds and
a roan.

EDWIN MORRIS;

OR, THE LAKE.

O ME, my pleasant rambles by the lake, My sweet, wild, fresh three quarters of a year, My one Oasis in the dust and drouth Of city life! I was a sketcher then: See here, my doing: curves of mountain, bridge,

Boat, island, ruins of a castle, built When men knew how to build, upon a rock

With turrets lichen-gilded like a rock: And here, new-comers in an ancient hold,

New-comers from the Mersey, millionaires,

Here lived the Hills—a Tudor-chimnied bulk
Of mellow brickwork on an isle of

bowers.
O me, my pleasant rambles by the lake

With Edwin Morris and with Edward Bull The curate; he was fatter than his cure.

But Edwin Morris, he that knew the names, Long learned names of agaric, moss

and fern,
Who forged a thousand theories of
the rocks.

Who taught me how to skate, to row, to swim,

Who read me rhymes elaborately good, His own—I call'd him Crichton, for

he seem'd All-perfect, finish'd to the finger nail.

And once I ask'd him of his early life,

And his first passion; and he answer'd me;
And well his words became him: was

A full-cell'd honeycomb of eloquence Stored from all flowers? Poet-like he spoke.

'My love for Nature is as old as 1;
But thirty moons, one honeymoon to
that,

And three rich sennights more, my love for her.

love for her.

My love for Nature and my love for her,





Of different ages, like twin-sisters grew.

Twin-sisters differently beautiful. To some full music rose and sank the sun.

And some full music seem'd to move and change With all the varied changes of the

dark. And either twilight and the day be-

tween: For daily hope fulfill'd, to rise again Revolving toward fulfilment, made it

To walk, to sit, to sleep, to wake, to breathe.

Or this or something like to this he spoke. Then said the fat-faced curate Ed-

ward Bull, 'I take it, God made the woman

for the man. And for the good and increase of the

world. A pretty face is well, and this is well, To have a dame indoors, that trims

And keeps us tight; but these unreal wavs

Seem but the theme of writers, and indeed

Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid stuff I say, God made the woman for the

man. And for the good and increase of the world.

' Parson,' said I, 'you pitch the pipe too low But I have sudden touches, and can

run

My faith beyond my practice into his: Tho' if, in dancing after Letty Hill, I do not hear the bells upon my cap, I scarce have other music : yet say on. What should one give to light on such a dream?'

I ask'd him half-sardonically.

Give all thou art,' he answer'd, and a light

Of laughter dimpled in his swarthy cheek: 'I would have hid her needle in my heart.

To save her little finger from a scratch

No deeper than the skin: my ears could hear

Her lightest breath: her least remark was worth The experience of the wise. I went

and came Her voice fled always thro' the summer land:

spoke her name alone. Thricehappy days

The flower of each, those moments when we met, The crown of all, we met to part no

more.

Were not his words delicious, I a

To take them as I did? but something jarr'd; Whether he spoke too largely; that

there seem'd A touch of something false, some self-conceit.

Or over-smoothness: howsoe'er it was.

He scarcely hit my humor, and ! w':

' Friend Edwin, do not think yourself alone Of all men happy. Shall not Love to me,

As in the Latin song I learnt at school, Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right

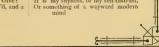
and left? But you can talk: yours is a kindly vein:

I have, I think,-Heaven knows-as much within; Have, or should have, but for a thought or two,

That like a purple beech among the greens

Looks out of place: 'tis from no want in her:

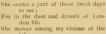
It is my shyness, or my self-distrust, mind











lake, While the prime swallow dips his wing, or then While the gold-lily blows, and over-

head The light cloud smoulders on the summer crag.

ST. SIMEON STYLITES.

ALTHO' I be the basest of mankind. From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin.

Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet For troops of devils, mad with blas-

phemy, I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold

Of saintdom, and to clamor, mourn and sob.

Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer, Have mercy, Lord, and take away my

sin. Let this avail, just, dreadful, mighty

This not be all in vain, that thrice ten years. Thrice multiplied by superhuman

In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and

In coughs, aches, stitches, alcerons throes and cramps,

A sign betwixt the meadow and the cloud. Patient on this tall pillar I have borne Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and

sleet, and snow; And I had hoped that ere this period closed

Thou wouldst have caught me up into thy rest,

Denying not these weather-beaten

The meed of saints, the white robe and the palm, O take the meaning, Lord: I do not

Not whisper, any murmur of complaint.

Pain heap'd ten-hundred-fold to this. were still

Less burthen, by ten-hundred-fold, to bear, Than were those lead-like tons of sin.

that crush'd My spirit flat before thee

O Lord, Lord, Thou knowest I bore this better at the first,

For I was strong and hale of body then;

And tho' my teeth, which now are dropt away.

Would chatter with the cold, and all my beard Was tagg'd with icy fringes in the

moon, I drown'd the whoopings of the owl

with sound Of pious hymns and psalms, and sometimes saw

An angel stand and watch me, as I sang. Now am I feeble grown; my end

draws nigh; I hope my end draws nigh: half deaf I am,

So that I scarce can hear the people bum About the column's base, and almost

blind. And scarce can recognize the fields I know;

And both my thighs are rotted with the dew; Yet cease I not to clamor and to cry,

While my stiff spine can hold my weary head Till all my limbs drop piecemeal from

the stone, Have mercy, mercy: take away my

O Jesus, if thou wilt not save my

Who may be saved? who is it may be







Enjoy themselves in heaven, and men on earth

House in the shade of comfortable Sit with their wives by fires, eat whole-

some food, And wear warm clothes, and even

I, 'tween the spring and downfall of the light, Bow down one thousand and two

hundred times. To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the

Or in the night, after a little sleep, I wake: the chill stars sparkle; I am

wet With drenching dews, or stiff with crackling frost. I wear an undress'd goatskin on my

back; grazing iron collar grinds my neck .

And in my weak, lean arms I lift the

And strive and wrestle with thee till I die:

O mercy, mercy! wash away my sin. O Lord, thou knowest what a man I am:

A sinful man, conceived and born in sin: 'Tis their own doing; this is none of

mine: Lay it not to me. Am I to blame for

That here come those that worship me? Ha! ha!

They think that I am somewhat. What am I? The silly people take me for a saint,

And bring me offerings of fruit and flowers: And I, in truth (thou wilt bear witness

here) Have all in all endured as much, and more

Than many just and holy men, whose name Are register'd and calendar'd for

Good people, you do ill to kneel to

me

What is it I can have done to merit

I am a sinner viler than you all. It may be I have wrought some miracles.

And cured some halt and maim'd; but what of that?

It may be, no one, even among the saints,

May match his pains with mine; but what of that?

Yet do not rise; for you may look on

And in your looking you may kneel to Speak! is there any of you halt or

maim'd? I think you know I have some power with Heaven

From my long penance: let him speak his wish. Yes, I can heal him. Power goes

forth from me. They say that they are heal'd. Ah.

hark! they shout 'St. Simeon Stylites.' Why, if so, God reaps a harvest in me. O my

soul. God reaps a harvest in thee. If this

Can I work miracles and not be saved? This is not told of any. They were It cannot be but that I shall be saved;

Yea, crown'd a saint. They shout, 'Behold a saint!' And lower voices saint me from above

Courage, St. Simeon! This dull chrysalis Cracks into shining wings, and hope

ere death Spreads more and more and more, that

God hath now Sponged and made blank of crimeful My mortal archives.

O my sons, my sons, I, Simeon of the pillar, by surname Stylites, among men; I, Simeon

The watcher on the column till the

I, Simeon, whose brain the sunshine







That stand within the chace.

Beyond the lodge the city lies, Beneath its drift of smoke: And ah! with what delighted eyes I turn to yonder oak

For when my passion first began, Ere that, which in me burn'd, The love, that makes me thrice a man,

Could hope itself return'd:

To vonder oak within the field I spoke without restraint. And with a larger faith appeal'd Than Papist unto Saint

For oft I talk'd with him apart, And told him of my choice, Until he plagiarized a heart, And answer'd with a voice

Tho' what he whisper'd under Heaven None else could understand: I found him garrulously given, A babbler in the land.

But since I heard him make reply Is many a weary hour; 'Twere well to question him, and try If yet he keeps the power.

Hail, hidden to the knees in fern. Broad Oak of Sumner-chace, Whose topmost branches can discern The roofs of Sumner-place!

Say thou, whereon I carved her name. If ever maid or spouse, As fair as my Olivia, came To rest beneath thy boughs .-

'O Walter, I have shelter'd here Whatever maiden grace The good old Summers, year by year Made ripe in Sumner-chace:

'Old Summers, when the monk was

Would twist his girdle tight, and pat

'Ere vet, in scorn of Peter's-pence, And number'd bead, and shrift, Bluff Harry broke into the spence And turn'd the cowls adrift:

' And I have seen some score of those Fresh faces, that would thrive When his man-minded offset rose To chase the deer at five:

'And all that from the town would stroll,

Till that wild wind made work In which the gloomy brewer's soul Went by me, like a stork:

'The slight she-slips of loval blood. Strait-laced, but all-too-full in bud For puritanic stays:

'And I have shadow'd many a group Of beauties, that were born In teacup-times of hood and hoop, Or while the patch was worn;

'And, leg and arm with love-knots gay,

About me leap'd and laugh'd The modish Cupid of the day, And shrill'd his tinsel shaft.

'I swear (and else may insects prick Each leaf into a gall) This girl, for whom your heart is sick, Is three times worth them all;

' For those and theirs, by Nature's law, But in these latter springs I saw

Your own Olivia blow. 'From when she gamboli'd on the

greens A baby-germ, to when

The maiden blossoms of her teens Could number five from ten.







'Then flush'd her cheek with rosy light, She glanced across the plain; But not a creature was in sight:

She kiss'd me once again.

' Her kisses were so close and kind, That, trust me on my word, Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind, But yet my sap was stirr'd:

And even into my inmost ring A pleasure I discern'd, Like those blind motions of Spring,

That show the year is turn'd.

' Thrice-happy he that may caress The ringlet's waving balm-The cushions of whose touch may press The maiden's tender palm.

'I, rooted here among the groves But languidly adjust My vapid vegetable loves With anthers and with dust:

'For ah! my friend, the days were Whereof the poets talk, When that, which breathes within the

Colud slip its bark and walk.

' But could I, as in times foregone, From spray, and branch, and stem, Have suck'd and gather'd into one The life that spreads in them,

'She had not found me so remiss; But lightly issuing thro' I would have paid her kiss for kiss, With usury thereto.

O flourish high, with leafy towers, And overlook the lea, Pursue thy loves among the bowers But leave thou mine to me.

"Tis little more; the day was warm: At last, tired out with play, She sank her head upon her arm And at my feet she lay.

'Her eyelids dropp'd their silken eaves. I breathed upon her eyes Thro' all the summer of my leaves

A welcome mix'd with sighs, 'I took the swarming sound of

life-The music from the town-The murmurs of the drum and fife And lull'd them in my own.

'Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip. To light her shaded eye: A second flutter'd round her lin Like a golden butterfly;

'A third would glimmer on her neck To make the necklace shine;

Another slid, a sunny fleck, From head to ancle fine, 'Then close and dark my arms I

And shadow'd all her rest-Dropt dews upon her golden head, An acorn in her breast.

'But in a pet she started up, And pluck'd it out, and drew My little oakling from the cup, And flung him in the dew.

'And yet it was a graceful gift-I felt a pang within As when I see the woodman lift His axe to slay my kin.

'I shook him down because he was The finest on the tree. He lies beside thee on the grass. O kiss him once for me.

O kiss him twice and thrice for me, That have no lips to kiss, For never yet was oak on lea Shall grow so fair as this.'

Step deeper yet in herb and fern,
Look further thro' the chace,
Spread upward till thy boughs discern
The front of Sumner-place.

This fruit of thine by Love is blest, That but a moment lay Where fairer fruit of Love may rest Some happy future day.

I kiss it twice, I kiss it thrice, The warmth it thence shall win To riper life may magnetize The baby-oak within.

But thou, while kingdoms overset, Or lapse from hand to hand, Thy leaf shall never fail, nor yet Thine acorn in the land.

May never saw dismember thee, Nor wielded axe disjoint, That art the fairest-spoken tree From here to Lizard-point.

O rock upon thy towery-top All throats that gurgle sweet! All starry culmination drop Balm-dews to bathe thy feet!

All grass of silky feather grow—
And while he sinks or swells
The full south-breeze around thee
blow
The sound of minster bells.

The fat earth feed thy branchy root, That under deeply strikes! The northern morning o'er thee shoot, High up, in silver spikes!

Nor ever lightning char thy grain, But, rolling as in sleep, Low thunders bring the mellow rain, That makes thee broad and deep!

And hear me swear a solemn oath, That only by thy side Will I to Olive plight my troth, And gain her for my bride.

And when my marriage morn may fall, She, Dryad-like, shall wear Alternate leaf and acorn-ball In wreath about her hair.

And I will work in prose and rhyme, And praise thee more in both Than bard has honor'd beech or lime, Or that Thessalian growth,

In which the swarthy ringdove sat, And mystic sentence spoke; And more than England honors that, Thy famous brother-oak.

Wherein the younger Charles abode Till all the paths were dim, And far below the Roundhead rode, And humm'd a surly hymn.

LOVE AND DUTY.

OF love that never found his earthly close,

What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts? Or all the same as if he had not been? Not so. Shall Error in the round

of time Still father Truth? O shall the braggart shout

For some blind glimpse of freedom work itself Thro' madness, hated by the wise, to

law System and empire? Sin itself be

The cloudy porch oft opening on the Sun?

And only he, this wonder, dead, become

Mere highway dust? or year by year alone Sit brooding in the ruins of a life,

Nightmare of youth, the spectre of himself?

If this were thus, if this, indeed, were all,









The lights of sunset and of sunrise

In that brief night; the summer night, that paused Among her stars to hear us; stars

that hung Love-charm'd to listen; all the wheels

of Time Spun round in station, but the end had come

O then like those, who clench their

Upon their dissolution, we two rose, There-closing like an individual life

In one blind cry of passion and of pain, Like bitter accusation ev'n to death. Caught up the whole of love and utter'd it.

And bade adieu for ever. sharpest pathos blight us, knowing all Live-vet live-

Life needs for life is possible to will-Live happy; tend thy flowers; be tended by

lessing! Should my Shadow

Too sadly for their peace, remand it

For calmer hours to Memory's dark-

If not to be forgotten-not at once-

O might it come like one that looks

With quiet eyes unfaithful to the

Or seem to lift a burthen from thy And leave thee freer, till thou wake

Then when the first low matin-chirp

hath grown Full quire, and morning driv'n her plow of pearl Far furrowing into light the mounded

Beyond the fair green field and eastern sea.

THE GOLDEN YEAR

WELL, you shall have that song which Leonard wrote: It was last summer on a tour in

Wales: Old James was with me: we that day

had been Up Snowdon; and I wish'd for Leon-

And found him in Llanberis: then we Between the lakes, and clamber'd half

way up The counter side; and that same song

He told me; for I banter'd him, and swore They said he lived shut up within

himself. A tongue-tied Poet in the feverous

That, setting the how much before the

Cry, like the daughters of the horseleech, 'Give Cram us with all,' but count not me

the herd! To which 'They call me what they will,' he said:

I was born too late: the fair new forms, That float about the threshold of an

Like truths of Science waiting to be caught-

Catch me who can, and make the catcher crown'd-Are taken by the forelock. But if you care indeed to listen, hear These measured words, my work of

vestermorn 'We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move; The Sun flies forward to his brother

The dark Earth follows wheel'd in her ellipse; And human things returning on them-

Sun:

selves Move onward, leading up the golden





Ulysses.

75

'Ah, tho' the times, when some new thought can bud, Are but as poets' seasons when they

flower, Yet oceans daily gaining on the land, Have ebb and flow conditioning their

Have ebb and flow conditioning their march, And slow and sure comes up the

golden year.
'When wealth no more shall rest

'When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps, But smit with freër light shall slowly

melt In many streams to fatten lower lands, And light shall spread, and man be liker man

liker man
Thro' all the season of the golden
year.

'Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens? If all the world were falcons, what of

that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle. Happy

Roll onward, leading up the golden year.

'Fly, happy happy sails, and bear the Press; Fly happy with the mission of the

Cross;
Knit land to land, and blowing haven-

With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toll,

Enrich the markets of the golden year.

'But we grow old. Ah! when shall all men's good

Be each man's rule, and universal Peace

Lie like a shaft of light across the land, And like a lane of beams athwart the

Thro' all the circle of the golden year?'
Thus far he flow'd, and ended;

whereupon
'Ah, folly!' in mimic cadence answer'd James—

'Ah, folly! for it lies so far away, Not in our time, nor in our children's time, 'Tis like the second world to us that live;
'Twere all as one to fix our hopes on

Heaven
As on this vision of the golden year.'

With that he struck his staff against the rocks

And broke it.—James,—you know

him,—old, but full
Of force and choler, and firm upon his

And like an oaken stock in winter woods,

O'erflourish'd with the hoary clematis:

Then added, all in heat:
'What stuff is this!

Old writers push'd the happy season back,—

The more fools they,—we forward: dreamers both: You most, that in an age, when every

hour Must sweat her sixty minutes to the

Live on, God love us, as if the seedsman, rapt

Upon the teeming harvest, should not plunge His hand into the bag: but well I

know
That unto him who works, and feels

he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors.

He spoke; and, high above, I heard them blast The steep slate-quarry, and the great

echo flap

And buffet round the hills, from bluff
to bluff.

ULVSSES.

IT little profits that an idle king. By this still hearth, among these barren crags,

Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole

Unequal laws unto a savage race, That hoard, and sleep, and fee 1 a know not me.



-- Page 29.



in old days

Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are

One equal temper of heroic hearts, Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to

TITHONIIS

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall. The vapors weep their burthen to the ground,

Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,

And after many a summer dies the swan.

Me only cruel immortality Consumes: I wither slowly in thine

arms, Here at the quiet limit of the world. A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream

The ever-silent spaces of the East, Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man-So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,

Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd

To his great heart none other than a I ask'd thee, 'Give me immortality.' Then didst thou grant mine asking

with a smile, Like wealthy men who care not how

they give. thy strong Hours indignant But thy And beat me down and marr'd and

wasted me, And tho' they could not end me, left

me maim'd

To dwell in presence of immortal Immortal age beside immortal youth, And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love

Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now.

Close over us, the silver star, thy

Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:

Why should a man desire in any

To vary from the kindly race of Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes

A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.

Once more the old mysterious glim-From thy pure brows, and from thy

shoulders pure. And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.

Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom. Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,

Ere yet they blind the stars, and the Which love thee, yearning for thy

yoke, arisc, And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes.

And beat the twilight into flakes of

Lo! ever thus thou growest beauti-In silence, then before thine answer

Departest, and thy tears are on my

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears.

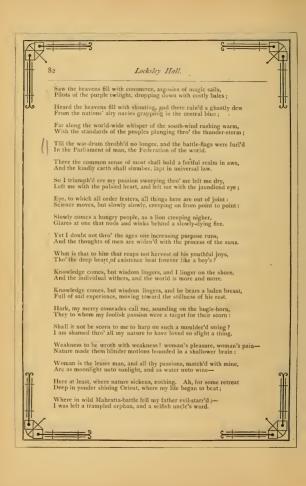




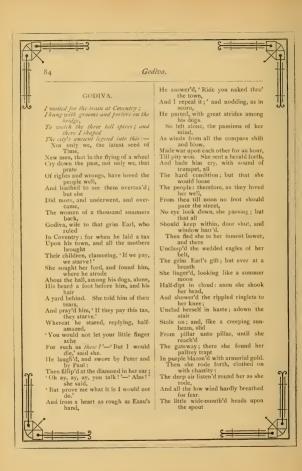




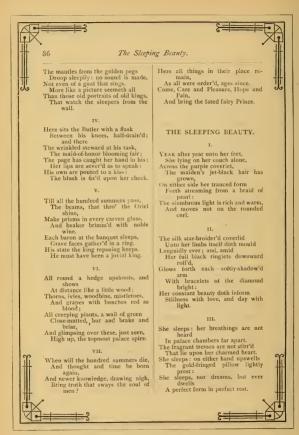












THE ARRIVAL.

ALL precious things, discover'd late, To those that seek them issue forth; For love in sequel works with fate, And draws the veil from hidden worth.

He travels far from other skies-His mantle glitters on the rocks-A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,

And lighter-footed than the fox.

11

The bodies and the bones of those That strove in other days to pass, Are wither'd in the thorny close,

Or scatter'd blanching on the grass. He gazes on the silent dead: 'They perish'd in their daring

deeds This proverb flashes thro' his head, 'The many fail: the one succeeds.'

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks:

He breaks the hedge: he enters there The color flies into his cheeks:

He trusts to light on something fair For all his life the charm did talk

About his path, and hover near With words of promise in his walk, And whisper'd voices at his ear.

More close and close his footsteps wind:

The Magic Music in his heart Beats quick and quicker, till he find The quiet chamber far apart. His spirit flutters like a lark,

He stoops-to kiss her-on his knee

'Love, if thy tresses be so dark, How dark those hidden eyes must be!

THE REVIVAL.

A TOUCH, a kiss! the charm was snapt.

There rose a noise of striking clocks, And feet that ran, and doors that

And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;

A fuller light illumined all, A breeze thro' all the garden swept, A sudden hubbub shook the hall. And sixty feet the fountain leapt,

The hedge broke in, the banner blew, The butler drank, the steward scrawl'd,

The fire shot up, the martin flew, The parrot scream'd, the peacock

squall'd, maid and page renew'd their

strife, The palace bang'd, and buzz'd and clackt

And all the long-pent stream of life Dash'd downward in a cataract.

TIT.

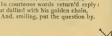
And last with these the king awoke, And in his chair himself uprear'd, And yawn'd, and rubb'd his face, and spoke, 'By holy rood, a royal beard!

How say you? we have slept, my

My beard has grown into my lap.' The barons swore, with many words, 'Twas but an after-dinner's nap.

'Pardy,' return'd the king, 'but still My joints are somewhat stiff or so. My lord, and shall we pass the bill I mention'd half an hour ago?'

The chancellor, sedate and vain, In courteous words return'd reply: But dallied with his golden chain



AND on her lover's arm she leant, And round her waist she felt it fold.

And far across the hills they went In that new world which is th old:

Across the hills, and far away Beyond their utmost purple rim, And deep into the dying day The happy princess follow'd him.

'I'd sleep another hundred years, O love, for such another kiss; 'O wake for ever, love,' she hears, O love, 'twas such as this and

this And o'er them many a sliding star, And many a merry wind was borne, And, stream'd thro' many a golden

bar. The twilight melted into morn.

'O eyes long laid in happy sleep!' 'O happy sleep, that lightly fled!' 'O happy kiss, that woke thy sleep!'

love, thy kiss would wake the dead ! ! And o'er them many a flowing range Of vapor buoy'd the crescent-bark, And, rapt thro' many a rosy change,

The twilight died into the dark.

'A hundred summers! can it be? And whither goest thou, tell me where ?

'O seek my father's court with me, For there are greater wonders And o'er the hills, and far away

Beyond their utmost purple rim, Beyond the night, across the day, all the world she follow'd him.

MORAL

So, Lady Flora, take my lay, And if you find no moral there, Go, look in any glass and say, What moral is in being fair.

Oh, to what uses shall we put The wildweed-flower that simply blows?

And is there any moral shut Within the bosom of the rose?

But any man that walks the mead. In bud or blade, or bloom, may find.

According as his humors lead, A meaning suited to his mind. And liberal applications lie In Art like Nature, dearest friend;

So 'twere to cramp its use, if I Should hook it to some useful end.

L'ENVOI.

You shake your head. A random

Your finer female sense offends. Well-were it not a pleasant thing

To fall asleep with all one's friends; To pass with all our social ties To silence from the paths of men; And every hundred years to rise And learn the world, and sleep

again: To sleep thro' terms of mighty wars, And wake on science grown to more.

On secrets of the brain, the stars, As wild as aught of fairy lore; And all that else the years will show,

The Poet-forms of stronger hours,

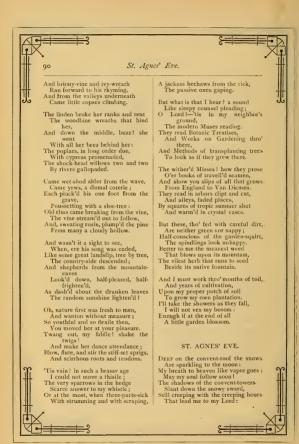
The vast Republics that may grow, The Federations and the Powers; Titanic forces taking birth In divers seasons, divers climes:

For we are Ancients of the earth, And in the morning of the times.









Make Thou my spirit pure and clear As are the frosty skies, Or this first snowdrop of the year

That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark, To yonder shining ground; As this pale taper's earthly spark,

As this pale taper's earthly spark, To youder argent round; So shows my soul before the Lamb, My spirit before Thee;

So in mine earthly house I am, To that I hope to be.

Break up the heavens, O Lord! and

Thro' all yon starlight keen, Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star, In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
Roll back and far within

Roll back, and far within

For me the Heavenly Bridegroom

waits,

To make we have of sin.

To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men,

men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high, The hard brands shiver on the steel, The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and

fly, The horse and rider reel:

They reel, they roll in clanging lists, And when the tide of combat stands, Perfume and flowers fall in showers, That lightly rain from ladies' hands. How sweet are looks that ladies bend On whom their favors fall! For them I battle till the end.

To save from shame and thrall: But all my heart is drawn above,

My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:

I never felt the kiss of love, Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam, Me mightier transports move and thrill:

So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes, A light before me swims,

Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:

Then by some secret shrine I ride; I hear a voice but none are there; The stalls are void, the doors are wide,

The tapers burning fair.

Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The strill bell rings the concer swings

The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres I find a magic bark;

l leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light! Three angels bear the holy Grail: With folded feet, in stoles of white,

On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars.
As down dark tides the glory slides,

And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,

The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,

And, ringing, springs from brand and mail; But o'er the dark a glory spreads,

And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height;



92 Edward Gray-Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.

No branchy thicket shelter yields; But blessed forms in whistling storms Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given Such hope, I know not fear; I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven

That often meet me here.

I muse on joy that will not cease,

Pure spaces clothed in living beams, Pure lilies of eternal peace, Whose odors haunt my dreams;

And, stricken by an angel's hand, This mortal armor that I wear, This weight and size, this heart and

Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky, And thro' the mountain-walls

A rolling organ-harmony Swells up, and shakes and falls. Then move the trees, the copses nod, Wings flutter, voices hover clear:

O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near.'
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and

pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

EDWARD GRAY.

SWEET Emma Moreland of yonder town

Met me walking on yonder way, 'And have you lost your heart?' she said;

'And are you married yet, Edward Gray?'

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me: Bitterly weeping I turn'd away: 'Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more

Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

Ellen Adair she loved me well, Against her father's and mother's will: To-day I sat for an hour and wept. By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

Shy she was, and I thought her cold; Thought her proud, and fled over the sea:

Fill'd I was with folly and spite, When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

'Cruel, cruel the words I said!

Cruelly came they back to-day:
"You're too slight and fickle," I said,
"To trouble the heart of Edward
Gray."

"There I put my face in the grass— Whisper'd, "Listen to my despair: I repent me of all I did: Speak a little, Ellen Adair!"

'Then I took a pencil, and wrote On the mossy stone, as I lay, "Here lies the body of Ellen Adair; And here the heart of Edward Gray!"

Love may come, and love may go, And fly, like a bird, from tree to

But I will love no more, no more, Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

'Bitterly wept I over the stone:
Bitterly weeping I turn'd away:
There lies the body of Ellen Adair!
And there the heart of Edward
Gray!'

WILL WATERPROOF'S LYRICAL MONOLOGUE.

MADE AT THE COCK.

O PLUMP head-waiter at The Cock, To which I most resort, How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.

Go fetch a pint of port: But let it not be such as that You set before chance-comers, But such whose father-grape grew fat On Lusitanian summers.

No vain libation to the Muse, But may she still be kind, And whisper lovely words, and use Her influence on the mind, To make me write my rando

rhymes, Ere they be half-forgotten; Nor add and alter, many times, Till all be ripe and rotten.

I pledge her, and she comes and dips Her laurel in the wine, And lays it thrice upon my lips, These favor'd lips of mine; Until the charm have power to make New lifeblood warm the bosom, And barren commonplaces break

In full and kindly blossom.

I pledge her silent at the board;
Her gradual fingers steal

And touch upon the master-chord
Of all 1 felt and feel.
Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans
And phantom hopes assemble;
And that child's heart within the
man's

Begins to move and tremble.

Thro' many an hour of summer suns, By many pleasant ways, Against its fountain upward runs The current of my days:

I kiss the lips I once have kiss'd; The gas-light wavers dimmer; And softly, thro'a vinous mist, My college friendships glimmer.

I grow in worth, and wit, and sense, Unboding critic-pen,

Or that eternal want of pence, Which vexes public men, Who hold their bands to all, and cry For that which all deny them— Who sweep the crossings, wet or dry, And all the world go by them.

Ah yet, tho' all the world forsake, Tho' fortune clip my wings, I will not cramp my heart, nor take Half-views of men and things. Let Whig and Tory stir their blood; There must be stormy weather; But for some true result of good All parties work together.

Let there be thistles, there are grapes; If old things, there are new; Ten thousand broken lights and shapes,

Yet glimpses of the true.

Let raffs be rife in prose and rhyme,
We lack not rhymes and reasons,
As on this whirligig of Time
We circle with the seasons.

This earth is rich in man and maid; With fair horizons bound: This whole wide earth of light and shade

Comes out a perfect round. High over roaring Temple-bar, And set in Heaven's third story, I look at all things as they are, But thro' a kind of glory.

Head-waiter, honor'd by the guest Half-mused, or reeling ripe, The pint, you brought me, was the best That ever came from pipe. But tho'the port surpasses praise, My nerves have dealt with stiffer. Is there some magic in the place?

For since I came to live and learn,
No pint of white or red
Had ever half the power to turn
This wheel within my head,
Which bears a season'd brain about,
Unsubject to confusion,
Tho' soak'd and saturate, out and out,
Thro' every convolution.

Or do my peptics differ?

For I am of a numerous house, With many kinsmen gay, Where long and largely we carouse As who shall say me nay: Each month, a birth-day coming on,

We drink defying trouble, Or sometimes two would meet in one, And then we drank it double;



Go, therefore, thou! thy betters went Long since, and came no more; With peals of genial clamor sent From many a tavern-door, With twisted quiets and happy hits

With twisted quirks and happy hits, From misty men of letters; The tavern-hours of mighty wits— Thine elders and thy betters.

Hours, when the Poet's words and looks

Had yet their native glow: Nor yet the fear of little books Had made him talk for show; But, all his vast heart sherris-warm'd, He flash'd his random speeches, Ere days, that deal in ana, swarm'd His literary leeches.

So mix for ever with the past, Like all good things on earth! For should I prize thee, couldst thou last, At half thy real worth?

I hold it good, good things should pass: With time I will not quarrel:

It is but yonder empty glass
That makes me mandlin-moral.

Head-waiter of the chop-house here, To which I most resort, I too must part. I hold thee dear For this good pint of port. For this, thou shalt from all things

suck
Marrow of mirth and laughter;
And wheresoe'er thou move, good

Shall fling her old shoe after.

But thon wilt never move from hence, The sphere thy fate allots: Thy latter days increased with pence Go down among the pots:

Thou battenest by the greasy gleam In haunts of hungry sinners, Old boxes, larded with the steam Of thirty thousand dinners,

We fret, we fume, would shift our

Would quarrel with our lot; Thy care is, under polish'd tins, To serve the hot-and-hot;

To come and go, and come again, Returning like the pewit, And watch'd by silent gentlemen, That trifle with the cruet.

Live long, ere from thy topmost head The thick-set hazel dies; Long, ere the hateful crow shall tread The corners of thine eyes:

Live long, nor feel in head or chest Our changeful equinoxes,

Till mellow Death, like some late guest,

Shall call thee from the boxes.

But when he calls, and thou shalt cease

To pace the gritted floor, And, laying down an unctuous lease Of life, shalt earn no more;

No carved cross-bones, the types of Death, Shall show thee past to Heaven: But carved cross-pipes, and, under-

A pint-pot neatly graven.

LADY CLARE,

IT was the time when lilies blow, And clouds are highest up in air, Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn: Lovers long-betroth'd were they: They too will wed the morrow morn: God's blessing on the day!

'He does not love me for my birth, Nor for my lands so broad and fair; He loves me for my own true worth, And that is well,' said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse, Said, 'Who was this that went from thee?'

'It was my consin,' said Lady Clare,
'To-morrow he weds with me.'



'The old Earl's daughter died at my brought breast: I speak the truth, as I live by bread! Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,

I buried her like my own sweet child, And put my child in her stead.'

'I speak the truth : you are my child.

' Falsely, falsely have ye done, O mother,' she said, 'if this be true. To keep the best man under the sun

'Nay now, my child,' said Alice the

'But keep the secret for your life, And all you have will be Lord Ron-

When you are man and wife.

'If I'm a beggar born,' she said, 'I will speak out, for I dare not lie. Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold, And fling the diamond necklace by.

'Nay now, my child,' said Alice the 'But keep the secret all ye can.' She said, 'Not so: but I will know

If there be any faith in man. 'Nay now, what faith?' said Alice the

'The man will cleave unto his right.' 'And he shall have it,' the lady replied,
'Tho' I should die to-night.'

'Yet give one kiss to your mother Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee.'

down.

With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had Leapt up from where she lay,

And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower: 'O Lady Clare, you shame your

worth! Why come you drest like a village

That are the flower of the earth?' 'If I come drest like a village maid,

I am a beggar born,' she said, 'And not the Lady Clare.'

' Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald, ' For I am yours in word and in deed. Play me no tricks,' said Lord Ronald, Your riddle is hard to read.

O and proudly stood she up! Her heart within her did not fail: She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes, And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn: He turn'd and kiss'd her where she 'If you are not the heiress born,

And I,' said he, 'the next in blood-

'If you are not the heiress born, And I,' said he, 'the lawful heir, We two will wed to-morrow morn. And you shall still be Lady Clare.'





THE CAPTAIN

A LEGEND OF THE NAVY.

He that only rules by terror
Doeth grievous wrong.
Deep as Hell I count his error.
Let him hear my song.

Brave the Captain was: the seamen Made a gallant crew,

Gallant sons of English freemen, Sailors bold and true. But they hated his oppression.

Stern he was and rash; So for every light transgression Doom'd them to the lash.

Doom'd them to the lash.
Day by day more harsh and cruel
Seem'd the Captain's mood.
Secret wrath like smother'd fuel
Burnt in each man's blood.

Vet he hoped to purchase glory, Hoped to make the name

Of his vessel great in story, Wheresoc'er he came. So they past by capes and islands,

Many a harbor-mouth, Sailing under palmy highlands

Far within the South.
On a day when they were going
O'er the lone expanse,

In the north, her canvas flowing, Rose a ship of France. Then the Captain's color heighten'd,

Joyful came his speech:
But a cloudy gladness lighten'd
In the eyes of each.

In the eyes of each.
'Chase,' he said: the ship flew forward,

And the wind did blow; Stately, lightly, went she Norward, Till she near'd the foe. Then they look'd at him they hated,

Had what they desired:
Mute with folded arms they waited—
Not a gun was fired.

Not a gun was fired. But they heard the foeman's thunder Roaring out their doom;

All the air was torn in sunder, Crashing went the boom. Spars were splinter'd, decks were shatter'd.

shatter'd, Bull ets fell like rain; Blood and brains of men.

Spars were splinter'd; decks were

Every mother's son—

Down they dropt—no word was spoken— Each beside his gun.

On the decks as they were lying, Were their faces grim. In their blood, as they lay dying,

Did they smile on him.

Those, in whom he had reliance

For his noble name,
With one smile of still defiance

Sold him unto shame. Shame and wrath his heart con-

founded, Pale he turn'd and red,

Till himself was deadly wounded Falling on the dead. Dismal error! fearful slaughter!

Years have wander'd by, Side by side beneath the water

Crew and Captain lie; There the sunlit ocean tosses O'er them mouldering, And the lonely seabird crosses With one waft of the wing.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

In her ear he whispers gaily,

'If my heart by signs can tell, Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily, And I think thou lov'st me well.'

'There is none I love like thee.'
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.

He to lips, that fondly falter, Presses his without reproof: Leads her to the village altar,

And they leave her father's roof.
'I can make no marriage present:
Little can I give my wife.

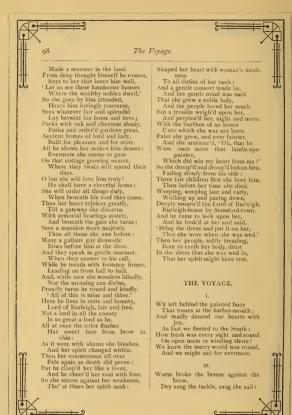
Little can I give my wife.

Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life.'

They by parks and lodges going See the lordly castles stand: Summer woods, about them blowing,







The Lady's-head upon the prow Caught the shrill salt, and sheer'd the gale.

The broad seas swell'd to meet the keel,

And swept behind: so quick the

run,
We felt the good ship shake and reel,
We seem'd to sail into the Sun!

III.

How oft we saw the Sun retire, And burn the threshold of the night,

Fall from his Ocean-lane of fire, And sleep beneath his pillar'd

light!
How oft the purple-skirted robe
Of twilight slowly downward drawn,
As thro' the slumber of the globe
Again we dash'd into the dawn!

1V.

New stars all night above the brim Of waters lighten'd into view; They climb'd as quickly, for the rim Changed every moment as we flew.

Far ran the naked moon across
The houseless ocean's heaving
field,
Or flying shone, the silver boss
Of her own halo's dusky shield;

The peaky islet shifted shapes, High towns on hills were dimly seen.

We past long lines of Northern capes And dewy Northern meadows green. We came to warmer waves, and deep

Across the boundless east we drove, Where those long swells of breaker sweep The nutmen rocks and isles of

The nutmeg rocks and isles of clove.

VI.

By peaks that flamed, or, all in shade, Gloom'd the low coast and quivering brine With ashy rains, that spreading made Fantastic plume or sable pine; By sands and steaming flats, and floods

Of mighty mouth, we scudded fast, And hills and scarlet-mingled woods Glow'd for a moment as we past.

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O hundred shores of happy climes, How swiftly stream'd ye by the

At times the whole sea burn'd, at times With wakes of fire we tore the dark:

At times a carven craft would shoot From havens hid in fairy bowers, With naked limbs and flowers and fruit.

But we nor paused for fruit nor flowers.

VIII.

For one fair Vision ever fled Down the waste waters day and night,

And still we follow'd where she led, In hope to gain upon her flight. Her face was evermore unseen, And fixt upon the far sea-line;

But each man murmur'd, 'O my Queen, I follow till I make thee mine.'

TX

And now we lost her, now she gleam'd

Like Fancy made of golden air, Now nearer to the prow she seem'd Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge

fair,

Now high on waves that idly burst

Like Heavenly Hope she crown'd

the sea.

And now, the bloodless point reversed, She bore the blade of Liberty.

X.

And only one among us—him
We pleased not—he was seldom
pleased:



And never sail of ours was furl'd, Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn; We lov'd the glories of the world, But laws of nature were our scorn. For blasts would rise and rave and cease.

But whence were those that drove

the sail Across the whirlwind's heart of peace, And to and thro' the counter gale?

Again to colder climes we came, For still we follow'd where she led: Now mate is blind and captain lame, And half the crew are sick or dead, But, blind or lame or sick or sound, We follow that which flies before: We know the merry world is round, And we may sail forevermore.

SIR LAUNCELOT AND QUEEN GUINEVERE.

A FRAGMENT.

LIKE souls that balance joy and pain With tears and smiles from heaven again The maiden Spring upon the plain

Came in a sun-lit fall of rain. In crystal vapor everywhere Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between, And far, in forest-deeps unseen, The topmost elm-tree gather'd green From draughts of balmy air.

Sometimes the linnet piped his song Sometimes the throstle whistled strong:

Above the teeming ground.

Then, in the boyhood of the year, Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere Rode thro' the coverts of the deer, With blissful treble ringing clear. She seem'd a part of joyous

Spring: A gown of grass-green silk she wore, Buckled with golden clasps before; A light-green tuft of plumes she bore

Closed in a golden ring. Now on some twisted ivv-net, Now by some tinkling rivulet, In mosses mixt with violet Her cream-white mule his pastern

set. And fleeter now she skimm'd the plains

Than she whose elfin prancer springs By night to eery warblings, When all the glimmering moorland

rings With jingling bridle-reins.

As fast she fled thro' sun and shade. The happy winds upon her 'play'd, Blowing the ringlet from the braid: She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd The rein with dainty finger-tips,

A man had given all other bliss, And all his worldly worth for this, To waste his whole heart in one

Upon her perfect lips.

A FAREWELL.

FLOW down, cold rivulet, to the sea, Thy tribute wave deliver: No more by thee my steps shall be, For ever and for ever.







Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea, A rivulet then a river: No where by thee my steps shall be.

For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree, And here thine aspen shiver; And here by thee will hum the bee, For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee, A thousand moons will quiver; But not by thee my steps shall be, For ever and for ever.

THE BEGGAR MAID.

HER arms across her breast she laid; She was more fair than words can say: Bare-footed came the beggar maid

Before the king Cophetua. In robe and crown the king stept down,

To meet and greet her on her way; 'It is no wonder,' said the lords, 'She is more beautiful than day.'

As shines the moon in clouded skies, She in her poor attire was seen: One praised her ancles, one her eyes, One her dark hair and lovesome mien.

So sweet a face, such angel grace, In all that land had never been: Cophetua sware a royal oath: 'This beggar maid shall be my queen!'

THE EAGLE.

FRAGMENT.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands:

Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls; He watches from his mountain walls, And like a thunderbolt he falls.

MOVE eastward, happy earth, and leave

You orange sunset waning slow: From fringes of the faded eve, O, happy planet, eastward go;

Till over thy dark shoulder glow
Thy silver sister-world, and rise
To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, smoothly borne,

Dip forward under starry light, And move me to my marriage-morn, And round again to happy night.

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my
grave.

To trample round my fallen head, And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.

There let the wind sweep and the plover cry; But thou, go by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime I care no longer, being all unblest: Wed whom thou wilt, but I am sick of Time,

And I desire to rest.

Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie:

Go by, go by.

THE LETTERS.

STILL on the tower stood the vane,
A black yew gloom'd the stagnant

I peer'd athwart the chancel pane And saw the altar cold and bare. A clog of lead was round my feet, A band of pain across my brow;







Wov'n in circles: they that heard it sigh'd,

Panted hand-in-hand with faces pale, Swung themselves, and in low tones replied;

Till the fountain spouted, showering wide Sleet of diamond-drift and pearly hail:

Then the music touch'd the gates and died; Rose again from where it seem'd to

Rose again from where it seem d to fail, Storm'd in orbs of song, a growing

gale;
Till thronging in and in, to where they waited.

As 'twere a hundred-throated nightingale,

The strong tempestuous treble throbb'd and palpitated;
Ran into its giddiest whirl of sound,
Caught the sparkles, and in circles,
Purple gauzes, golden hazes, liquid

Fing the torrent rainbow round:
Then they started from their places,
Moved with violence, changed in hue,
Caught each other with wild grimaces,
Half-invisible to the view,
Wheeling with precipitate paces
To the melody, till they flex,
Hair, and eyes, and limbs, and faces,
Twisted hard in fierce embraces,
Like to Furies, like to Graces,
Dash'd together in blinding dew:
Till, kill'd with some luxurious agony.
The nerve-dissolving melody

Flutter'd headiong from the sky.

And then I look'd up toward a mountain-tract.

That girt the region with high cliff and lawn: I saw that every morning, far with-

drawn Beyond the darkness and the cataract, God made Himself an awful rose of

dawn, Unheeded: and detaching, fold by fold, From those still heights, and, slowly drawing near, A vapor heavy, hueless, formless, cold, Came floating on for many a month

and year, Unheeded: and I thought I would

have spoken,

And warn'd that madman ere it grew too late:

But, as in dreams, I could not. Mine was broken, When that cold vapor touch'd the

palace gate, And link'd again. I saw within my

A gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death, Who slowly rode across a wither'd

hreath, And lighted at a ruin'd inn, and said:

13

'Wrinkled ostler, grim and thin! Here is custom come your way; Take my brute, and lead him in, Stuff his ribs with mouldy hay.

'Bitter barmaid, waning fast! See that sheets are on my bed; What! the flower of life is past: It is long before you wed.

'Slip-shod waiter, lank and sour, At the Dragon on the heath! Let us have a quiet hour, Let us hob-and-nob with Death.

'I am old, but let me drink;
Bring me spices, bring me wine;
I remember, when I think,
That my youth was half divine.

Wine is good for shrivell'd lips, When a blanket wraps the day, When the rotten woopland drips, And the leaf is stamp'd in clay.

'Sit thee down, and have no shame, Cheek by jowl, and knee by knee: What care I for any name? What for order or degree?

'Let me screw thee up a peg: Let me loose thy tongue with wine:









The Vision of Sin.

Callest thou that thing a leg?
Which is thinnest? thine or mine?

'Thou shalt not be saved by works: Thou hast been a sinner too: Ruin'd trunks on wither'd forks, Empty scarecrows, I and you!

'Fill the cup, and fill the can:
Have a rouse before the morn:
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

'We are men of ruin'd blood;
Therefore comes it we are wise.
Fish are we that love the mud,
Rising to no fancy-flies.

'Name and fame! to fly sublime Thro' the courts, the camps, the schools,

Is to be the ball of Time, Bandied by the hands of fools.

'Friendship!—to be two in one— Let the canting liar pack! Well I know, when I am gone, How she mouths behind my back.

'Virtue!—to be good and just— Every heart, when sifted well, Is a clot of warmer dust, Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.

O! we two as well can look Whited thought and cleanly life As the priest, above his book Leering at his neighbor's wife.

'Fill the cup, and fill the can:
Have a rouse before the morn:
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.

Drink, and let the parties rave:
They are fill'd with idle spleen;
Rising, falling, like a wave,
For they know not what they mean.

'He that roars for liberty
Faster binds a tyrant's power;
And the tyrant's cruel glee
Forces on the freer hour.

'Fill the can, and fill the cup: All the windy ways of men Are but dust that rises up, And is lightly laid again.

'Greet her with applausive breath, Freedom, gaily doth she tread; In her right a civic wreath, In her left a human head.

'No, I love not what is new; She is of an ancient house: And I think we know the hue Of that cap upon her brows.

'Let her go! her thirst she slakes Where the bloody conduit runs, Then her sweetest meal she makes On the first-born of her sons.

'Drink to lofty hopes that cool— Visions of a perfect State: Drink we, last, the public fool, Frantic love and frantic hate.

'Chant me now some wicked stave, Till thy drooping courage rise, And the glow-worm of the grave Glimmer in thy rheumy eyes.

'Fear not thou to loose thy tongue; Set thy hoary fancies free; What is loathsome to the young Savors well to thee and me.

'Change, reverting to the years, When thy nerves could understand

What there is in loving tears, And the warmth of hand in hand.

'Tell me tales of thy first love— April hopes, the fools of chance; Till the graves begin to move, And the dead begin to dance.

' Fill the can, and fill the cup:
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again.

'Trooping from their mouldy dens The chap-fallen circle spreads:







' Von are hones, and what of that? Every face, however full, Padded round with flesh and fat, Is but modell'd on a skull.

'Death is king, and Vivat Rex! Tread a measure on the stones.

Madam-if I know your sex, From the fashion of your bones.

' No, I cannot praise the fire In your eye-nor yet your lip: All the more do 1 admire Joints of cunning workmanship.

'Lo! God's likeness-the groundplan-Neither modell'd, glazed, framed:

Buss me, thou rough sketch of man, Far too naked to be shamed!

' Drink to Fortune, drink to Chance, While we keep a little breath! Drink to heavy Ignorance Hob-and-nob with brother Death!

4 Thou art mazed, the night is long, And the longer night is near : What! I am not all as wrong As a bitter jest is dear.

'Youthful hopes, by scores, to all, When the locks are crisp and curl'd;

Unto me my maudlin gall And my mockeries of the world.

' Fill the cup, and fill the can: Mingle madness, mingle scorn! Dregs of life, and lees of man: Yet we will not die forlorn.

The voice grew faint: there came a further change: Once more uprose the mystic monntain-range:

Below were men and horses pierced with worms,

of dross, Old plash of rains, and refuse patch'd

with moss. Then some one spake: 'Behold! it

was a crime Of sense avenged by sense that wore with time

Another said: 'The crime of sense became

The crime of malice, and is equal

blame.' And one: 'He had not quench'd his power;

A little grain of conscience made him sour.'

At last I heard a voice upon the

Cry to the summit, 'Is there any hope?' To which an answer peal'd from that

But in a tongue no man could understand

And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn

God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

TO —

AFTER READING A LIFE AND LET-TERS.

"Cursed be he that moves my bones."

Shakespeare's Epitaph

You might have won the Poet's name, If such be worth the winning now, And gain'd a laurel for your brow Of sounder leaf than I can claim;

But you have made the wiser choice, A life that moves to gracious ends Thro' troops of unrecording friends, A deedful life, a silent voice :

And you have miss'd the irreverent





Hereafter, neither knave nor clown Shall hold their orgies at your tomb.

For now the Poet cannot die, Nor leave his music as of old, But round him ere he scarce be cold Begins the scandal and the cry:

'Proclaim the faults he would not show Break lock and seal: betray the trust

Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just The many-headed beast should know.'

Ah shameless! for he did but sing A song that pleased us from its worth:

No public life was his on earth, No blazon'd statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best: His worst he kept, his best he gave. My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave

Who will not let his ashes rest!

Who make it seem more sweet to be The little life of bank and brier, The bird that pipes his lone desire And dies unheard within his tree.

Than he that warbles long and loud And drops at Glory's temple-gates, For whom the carrion vulture waits To tear his heart before the crowd!

TO E. L., ON HIS TRAVELS IN GREECE.

ILLYRIAN woodlands, echoing falls Of water, sheets of summer glass, The long divine Peneran pass, The vast Akrokeraunian walls,

Tomohrit, Athos, all things fair, With such a pencil, such a pen, You shadow forth to distant men. I read and felt that I was there:

ground. I grew in gladness till I found

My spirits in the golden age.

For me the torrent ever pour'd And glisten'd-here and there alone The broad-limb'd Gods at random thrown By fountain-urns :- and Naiads oar'd

A glimmering shoulder under gloom Of cavern pillars; on the swell

The silver lily heaved and fell; And many a slope was rich in bloom From him that on the mountain lea

By dancing rivulets fed his flocks To him who sat upon the rocks, And fluted to the morning sea.

BREAK, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea! And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy, That he shouts with his sister at play!

O well for the sailor lad, That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on To their haven under the hill: But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O Sea! But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.

THE POET'S SONG.

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose, He pass'd by the town and out of the street,







"ARE THERE NO BEGGARS AT YOUR GATE?"-Page 25.





Nursing the sickly babe, her latestborn.

Forward she started with a happy cry, And laid the feeble infant in his arms; Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,

Appraised his weight and fondled father-like,

But had no heart to break his purposes To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt Her finger, Annie fought against his

will: Yet not with brawling opposition she, But manifold entreaties, many a tear, Many a sad kiss by day by night re-

new'd (Sure that all evil would come out of it)

Besought him, supplicating, if he cared For her or his dear children, not to go. He not for his own self caring but her, Her and her children, let her plead in vair;

So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old seafriend, Bought Annie goods and stores, and

set his hand To fit their little streetward sitting-

room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.

and stores.

So all day long till Enoch's last at home,

Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer

and axe,
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd
to hear
Her own death scaffold raising, shriil'd

and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—

The space was narrow,—having order'd all Almost as neat and close as Nature packs Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he, Who needs would work for Annie to the last.

the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till
morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears, Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter

to him.
Vet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bow'd himself down, and in that mys-

Where God-in-man is one with manin-God,

Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes

Whatever came to him: and then he said
'Annie, this voyage by the grace of God

Will bring fair weather yet to all of us. Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me, For I'll be back my girl before you

For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.' Then lightly rocking baby's cradle

'and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—
Nay—for I love him all the better for
it—
God bless him, he shall sit upon my

knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign
parts,
And make him merry, when I come

home again.

Come, Annie, come, cheer up before
I go.'

Him running on thus hopefully she heard, And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd The current of his talk to graver things

In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,





At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you are wise: And yet for all your wisdom well know That I shall look upon your face no

more.' 'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall

look on yours. Annie, the ship I sail in passes here (He named the day) get you a seaman's glass,

Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears.

But when the last of those last moments came.

'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted. Look to the babes, and till I come

again Keep everything shipshape, for I must

And fear no more for me; or if you

Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds. Is He not yonder in those uttermost

Parts of the morning? if I fice to these Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,

The sea is His: He made it.'

Enoch rose. Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones:

But for the third, the sickly one, who slept After a night of feverous wakefulness, When Annie would have raised him Enoch said 'Wake him not; let him sleep; how Remember this?' and kiss'd him in

But Annie from her baby's forehead

A tiny curl, and gave it: this he Thro' all his future; but now hastily

His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: per-

haps She could not fix the glass to suit her eye:

Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremu-She saw him not: and while he stood

on deck Waving, the moment and the vessel

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail She watch'd it, and departed weeping

for him; Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,

Set her sad will no less to chime with his, But throve not in her trade, not being

To barter, nor compensating the By shrewdness, neither capable of

Nor asking overmuch and taking less, And still foreboding 'what would Enoch say?

For more than once, in days of diffi-And pressure, had she sold her wares

Than what she gave in buying what she sold: She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it;

and thus Expectant of that news which never came,





Gain'd for her own a scanty suste And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born

Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for With all a mother's care: neverthe-

Whether her business often call'd her from it.

Or thro' the want of what it needed most.

Or means to pay the voice who hest could tell What most it needed-howsoe'er it

was, a lingering,—ere she was aware,

Like the caged bird escaping suddenly. The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie

buried it. Philip's true heart, which hunger'd

for her peace (Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her)

Smote him, as having kept aloof so 'Surely,' said Philip, 'I may see her

now. May be some little comfort;' there-

fore went. Past thro' the solitary room in front,

Paused for a moment at an inner door, Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening, Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her

grief, . Fresh from the burial of her little

Cared not to look on any human face. But turn'd her own toward the w. ll and wept.

Then Philip standing up said falter-'Annie, I came to ask a favor of you.'

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply

'Favor from one so sad and so for-As I am!' half abash'd him: yet un-

His bashfulness and tenderness at

He set himself beside her, saving to her:

'I came to speak to you of what he

Enoch, your husband: I have ever said

You chose the best among us-a strong man

For where he fixt his heart he set his To do the thing he will'd, and bore it

And wherefore did he go this weary

way, And leave you lonely? not to see the world-

pleasure?-nay, but for the wherewithal To give his babes a better bringing-up

Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish. And if he come again, vext will he be

To find the precious morning hours were lost. And it would vex him even in his

grave, If he could know his babes were run-

ning wild Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now-

Have we not known each other all our lives?

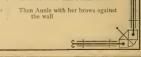
I do beseech you by the love you bear Him and his children not to say me nay-For, if you will, when Enoch comes

again Why then he shall repay me-if you

will. Annie-for I am rich and well-to-do. Now let me put the boy and girl to

school: This is the favor that I came to ask.'





Answer'd 'I cannot look you in the face;

I seem so foolish and so broken down.
When you came in my sorrow broke
me down;
And now I think your kindness
breaks me down;

But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me: He will repay you: money can be re-

He will repay you: money can be repaid; Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd
'Then you will let me, Annie?'

There she turn'd,

She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,

And dwelt a moment on his kindly face, Then calling down a blessing on his

head
Caught at his hand, and wrung it
passionately,

passionately, And past into the little garth beyond. So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school, And bought them needful books, and

everyway, Like one who does his duty by his own,

Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake, Fearing the lazy gossip of the port.

Fearing the lazy gossip of the port, He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,

And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent Gifts by the children, garden-herbs

and fruit,
The late and early roses from his
wall,
Or conies from the down, and now

and then,
With some pretext of fineness in the

To save the offence of charitable,

From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:

mind: Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,

Out of full heart and boundless gratitude Light on a broken word to thank him

with.
But Philip was her children's all-in-

From distant corners of the street

To greet his hearty welcome heartily; Lords of his house and of his mill were they;

Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd

with him

And call'd him Father Philip. Philip

gain'd As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them

Uncertain as a vision or a dream, Faint as a figure seen in early dawn Down at the far end of an avenue,

Going we know not where: and so ten years,

Since Enoch left his hearth and native land, Fled forward and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd To go with others, nutting to the

wood,
And Annie would go with them; then

they begg'd
For Father Philip (as they call'd him)
too:
Him, like the working bee in blossom-

dust, Blanch'd with his mill, they found;

and saying to him
'Come with us Father Philip' he
denied;

But when the children pluck'd at him to go,





He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish, For was not Annie with them? and they went,

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her

force
Fail'd her; and sighing, 'Let me rest'
she said:
So Philip rested with her well-con-

While all the younger ones with jubilant cries

Broke from their elders, and tumultuously Down thro' the whitening hazels made

Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge To the bottom, and dispersed, and

bent or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear
away

Their tawny clusters, crying to each other And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour

Here in this wood, when like a wounded life He crept into the shadow: at last he

He crept into the shadow: at last he said, Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen,

Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in
the wood.

Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word. 'Tired?' but her face had fall'n upon

her hands; At which, as with a kind of anger in him,

'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship was lost! No more of that! why should you kill yourself

And make them orphans quite?'
And Annie said

'I thought not of it: but—I know not why— Their voices make me feel so solitary.'

Their voices make me feel so solitary.'

Then Philip coming somewhat

closer spoke.

'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so

long,
That tho' I know not when it first
came there,
I know that it will out at last. O

Annie, It is beyond all hope, against all chance, That he who left you ten long years

should still be living; well then—let me speak:

me speak:

I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:

I cannot help you as I wish to do

I cannot help you as I wish to do Unless—they say that women are so quick—

Perhaps you know what I would have you know— I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove

A father to your children: I do think They love me as a father: I am sure That I love them as if they were mine own;

And I believe, if you were fast my wife, That after all these sad uncertain years,

We might be still as happy as God grants To any of his creatures. Think upon it:

For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care, No burthen, save my care for you and yours: And we have known each other all

our lives, And I have loved you longer than you know.'

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:
'You have been as God's good angel in our house.





God bless you for it, God reward you for it, Philip, with something happier than

Philip, with something happier than myself. Can one love twice? can you be ever loved

As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?'
'I am content' he answer'd 'to be

A little after Enoch.' 'O' she cried, Scared as it were, 'dear Philip, wait a while: If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not

Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:

long:
Surely I shall be wiser in a year:
O wait a little!' Philip sadly said
'Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little.' 'Nay' she
cried

cried
'I am bound: you have my promise—
in a year
Will you not hide your year as I hide

Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?' And Philip answer'd 'I will bide my year.'

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day

Pass from the Danish barrow overhead; Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose

And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood. Up came the children laden with their

Up came the children laden with their spoil; Then all descended to the port, and

there
At Annie's door he paused and gave
his hand,
Saying gently 'Annie, when I spoke
to you,

That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,

I am always bound to you, but you are free.' Then Annie weeping answer'd 'I am bound.' She spoke; and in one moment as it were, While yet she went about her household ways.

hold ways, Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,

That he had loved her longer than she knew, That autumn into autumn flash'd

again,
And there he stood once more before
her face,

Claiming her promise. 'Is it a year?'
she ask'd.

'Yes, if the nuts' he said 'be ripe again: Come out and see.' But she—she

put him off— So much to look to—such a change—

a month—
Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—

A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes Full of that lifelong hunger, and his

voice Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,

'Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.' And Annie could have wept for pity

of him; And yet she held him on delayingly With many a scarce-believable ex-

Trying his truth and his long-sufferance, Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port, Abhorrent of a calculation crost,

Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but
trifle with her;

Some that she but held off to draw him on; And others laugh'd at her and Philip

As simple folk that knew not their own minds,

And one, in whom all evil fancies

Like serpent eggs together, laughingly



Would hint at worse in either. Her own son Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;

But evermore the daughter prest upon

her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;

And Philip's rosy face contracting grew Careworn and wan; and all these

Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly Pray'd for a sign 'my Enoch is he gone?'

gone?'
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night

Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart, Started from bed, and struck herself

a light, Then desperately seized the holy

Book, Suddenly set it wide to find a sign, Suddenly put her finger on the text, 'Under the palm-tree.' That was

nothing to her:
No meaning there: she closed the
Book and slept:

Book and slept: -When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height, Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun:

'He is gone,' she thought, 'he is happy, he is singing Hosanna in the highest: yonder

Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines The Sun of Righteousness, and these

be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing
cried
"Hosanna in the highest!"' Here

she woke, Resolved, sent for him and said wildly

to him
'There is no reason why we should

not wed.'
'Then for God's sake,' he answer'd,
'both our sakes,

So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells, Merrily rang the bells and they were

wed.

But never merrily beat Annie's heart.

A footstep seem'd to fall beside her

path, She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear.

She knew not what; nor loved she to be left Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.

What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the

latch,
Fearing to enter: Philip thought he
knew:
Such doubts and fears were common

to her state, Being with child: but when her child was born,

Then her new child was as herself renew'd, Then the new mother came about her

heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-inall,
And that mysterious instinct wholly

died.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd

The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting forth

The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext

She slipt across the summer of the world,
Then after a long tumble about the Cape

And frequent interchange of foul and fair, She passing thro' the summer world again,

The breath of heaven came continually And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,

†

R

sweep

wave

day long Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,

Half hut, half native cavern. So the three. Set in this Eden of all plenteousness, Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-con-

For one, the youngest, hardly more

A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a No sail from day to day, but every day

Of some precipitous rivulet to the

As down the shore he ranged, or all



and bought

those times,

first indeed

her bows

variable,

and last

less heavens

broken spars

ishing roots;

of palm, a hut,

morn

tame.



Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard: And there the tale he utter'd brokenly.

Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to

it: And clothes they gave him and free passage home;

But off he work'd among the rest and shook His isolation from him. None of

these
Came from his country, or could answer him,

If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.

And dull the voyage was with long

delays,
The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but
evermore

His fancy fied before the lazy wind Returning, till beneath a clouded moon

He like a lover down thro' all his blood Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-

breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly
wall:

And that same morning officers and men Levied a kindly tax upon themselves.

Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it: Then moving up the coast they landed him.

him, Ev'n in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?
His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,

Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm, Where either haven open'd on the deeps,

deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the
world in gray;

Cut off the length of highway on before, And left but narrow breadth to left and right Of wither'd holt or tilth or pastur-

Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin

piped Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore

it down:

Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the

gloom;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted
light

Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen, His heart foreshadowing all calamity,

His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home Where Annie lived and loved him, and

his babes
In those far-off seven happy years
were born:

But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the

drizzle) crept Still downward thinking ' dead or dead to me!'

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went, Seeking a tavern which of old he knew, A front of timber-crost antiquity,

So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old, He thought it must have gone; but he was gone Who kept it; and his widow Miriam Lane, With daily-dwindling profits held the

house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but
now
Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering

men There Enoch rested silent many days.





But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous, Nor let him be, but often breaking in, Told him, with other annals of the port.

Not knowing-Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,

So broken-all the story of his house. His baby's death, her growing poverty, How Philip put her little ones to school.

And kept them in it, his long wooing her, Her slow consent, and marriage, and

the birth Of Philip's child: and o'er his counte-

nance No shadow past, nor motion: any one, Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the

Less than the teller: only when she

' Enoch, poor man, was cast away and

He, shaking his gray head pathetically, Repeated muttering 'cast away and lost;'

Again in deeper inward whispers

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again; 'If I might look on her sweet face again

And know that she is happy.' So the thought

Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth. At evening when the dull November

day Was growing duller twilight, to the

There he sat down gazing on all below;

There did a thousand memories roll upon him,

Unspeakable for sadness. By and by The ruddy square of comfortable

Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,

Allured him, as the beacon-blaze

The bird of passage, till he madly strikes Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street.

The latest house to landward: but be-

With one small gate that open'd on the waste

Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd: And in it throve an ancient evergreen,

A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk Of shingle, and a walk divided it: But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole

Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence

That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs Like his have worse or better, Enoch

saw. For cups and silver on the burnish'd board Sparkled and shone; so genial was

the hearth: And on the right hand of the hearth he saw

Philip, the slighted suitor of old times, Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees: And o'er her second father stoopt a

A later but a loftier Annie Lee, Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her

lifted hand Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,

Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd And on the left hand of the hearth he

saw The mother glancing often toward her babe.

But turning now and then to speak with him, Her son, who stood beside her tall

and strong, And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.





Now when the dead man come to life beheld His wife his wife no more, and saw

the babe Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee. And all the warmth, the peace, the

And his own children tall and beauti-

And him, that other, reigning in his place, Lord of his rights and of his children's

Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all

Because things seen are mightier than things heard, Stagger'd and shook, holding the

branch, and fear'd To send abroad a shrill and terrible

Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,

Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief. Lest the harsh shingle should grate

underfoot, And feeling all along the garden-

Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found. Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and

As lightly as a sick man's chamberdoor, Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees Were feeble, so that falling prone he

His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

'Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence? O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou

That didst uphold me on my lonely Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness

A little longer! aid me, give me strength Not to tell her, never to let her know.

Help me not to break in upon her My children too! must I not speak to

these? They know me not. I should betray myself. Never: No father's kiss for me—the

girl So like her mother, and the boy, my son.

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little.

And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced Back toward his solitary home again, All down the long and narrow street

he went Beating it in upon his weary brain, As tho' it were the burthen of a song, 'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

He was not all unhappy. His re-Upbore him, and firm faith, and ever-

Prayer from a living source within the

And beating up thro' all the bitter Like fountains of sweet water in the

Kept him a living soul. 'This miller's wife

He said to Miriam 'that you spoke about, Has she no fear that her first husband lives?

'Ay, ay, poor soul' said Miriam,

If you could tell her you had seen him dead. Why, that would be her comfort;'

and he thought 'After the Lord has call'd me she shall know.

I wait His time,' and Enoch set himself. Scorning an alms, to work whereby to

live. Almost to all things could he turn his hand.

Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought

To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or At lading and unlading the tall barks,

That brought the stinted commerce of those days: Thus earn'd a scanty living for him-

self: Yet since he did but labor for himself, Work without hope, there was not

life in it Whereby the man could live; and as the year

Roll'd itself round again to meet the day When Enoch had return'd, a languor

came Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually Weakening the man, till he could do

no more, But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed

And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.

For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting

squall The boat that bears the hope of life

approach To save the life despair'd of, than he

saw Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope On Enoch thinking 'after I am gone, Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last.'

He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and 'Woman, I have a secret-only swear,

Before I tell you-swear upon the book

Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'

' Dead,' clamor'd the good woman, hear him talk

I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.' 'Swear' added Enoch sternly, 'on the book.'

And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore

Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her, 'Did you know Enoch Arden of this

town? 'Know him?' she said, 'I knew him

far away Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street

Held his head high, and cared for no man, he. Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her;

'His head is low, and no man cares for him. I think I have not three days more to

live: I am the man.' At which the woman

gave A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry. 'You Arden, you! nay,-sure he was a foot

Higher than you be.' Enoch said again 'My God has bow'd me down to what

I am; My grief and solitude have broken me;

Nevertheless, know you that I am he Who married—but that name has twice been changed-

I married her who married Philip Ray. Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his voyage, His wreck, his lonely life, his coming

back, His gazing in on Annie, his resolve, And how he kept it. As the woman

Fast flow'd the current of her easy While in her heart she yearn'd inces-

santly To rush abroad all round the little

haven, Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;





But awed and promise-bounden she forbore, Saying only 'See your bairns before

Saying only 'See your bairns before you go! Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose Eager to bring them down, for Enoch

Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung A moment on her words, but then replied:

'Woman, disturb me not now at the last, But let me hold my purpose till i die. Sit down again; mark me and understand.

While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that

When you shall see her, tell her that I died Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;

Save for the bar between us, loving her As when she laid her head beside my

own. And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw

So like her mother, that my latest

Was spent in blessing her and praying for her. And tell my son that 1 died blessing

him.'
And say to Philip that I blest him too;

He never meant us anything but good. But if my children care to see me dead, Who hardly knew me living, let them

come,
I am'their father; but she must not come.

For my dead face would vex her afterlife.

And now there is but one of all my

Who will embrace me in the world-tobe:
This hair is his: she cut it off and

And I have borne it with me all these years.

And thought to bear it with me to my grave; But now my mind is changed, for I

shall see him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore when is
am gone.

am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort

It will moreover be a token to her, That I am he.'

He ceased; and Miriam Lane Made such a voluble answer promising all,

That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her Repeating all he wish'd, and once again

again She promised.

Then the third night after this, While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale, And Mirjam watch'd and dozed at in-

tervals,
There came so loud a calling of the

That all the houses in the haven rang.

He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad Crying with a loud voice 'A sail! a

sail!
I am saved;' and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away. And when they buried him the little port Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

THE BROOK.

HERE, by this brook, we parted; I to

And he for Italy—too late—too late:
One whom the strong sons of the
world despise;

For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,





And mellow metres more than cent for cent; Nor could be understand how money

breeds,
Thought it a dead thing; yet himself

could make
The thing that is not as the thing that

O had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say,

Of those that held their heads above the crowd,

They flourish'd then or then, but life

They flourish'd then or then; but life in him

Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd On such a time as goes before the leaf, When all the wood stands in a mist

of green, And nothing perfect: yet the brook

he loved, For which, in branding summers of Bengal,

Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it.

I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it.

Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,

To me that loved him; for 'O brook,'

he says,
'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in

his rhyme,
'Whence come you?' and the brook,
why not? replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sudden sally, And sparkle out among the fern,

To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges.
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,

'Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out, Travelling to Naples. There is Darn-

But I go on for ever.

It has more ivy; there the river; and there Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet.

I chatter over stony ways, In little sharps and trebles,

I bubble into endying bays, I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret By many a field and fallow, And many a fairy foreland set

With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,

But I go on for ever.

'But Philip chatter'd more than brook or bird;
Old Philip; all about the fields you

caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the
dry
High-elbow'd grigs that leap in sum-

I wind about, and in and out, With here a blossom sailing, And here and there a justy trout, And here and there a grayling,

mer grass.

And here and there a foamy flake Upon me, as I travel With many a silvery waterbreak Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever.

'O darling Katie Willows, his one child! A maiden of our century, yet most meek; A daughter of our meadows, yet not

Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand;

wand; Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair





In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

'Sweet Katie, once I did her a good

Her and her far-off cousin and be-James Willows, of one name and

heart with her. For here I came, twenty years backthe week

Before I parted with poor Edmund; crost By that old bridge which, half in ruins

then, Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the

Beyond it, where the waters marry-

Whistling a random bar of Bonny And push'd at Philip's garden-gate.

The gate, Half-parted from a weak and scolding

hinge Stuck: and he clamor'd from a casement, "Run

To Katie somewhere in the walks below "Run, Katie!" Katie never ran: she moved

To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers, little flutter'd, with her eyelids

down, Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a

'What was it? less of sentiment than sense Had Katie; not illiterate; nor of those

Who dabbling in the fount of fictive And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philan-

thropies, Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

'She told me. She and James had quarrell'd, Why?

What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause; James had no cause: but when I

prest the cause, I learnt that James had flickering jea-

Which anger'd her. Who anger'd

But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine, sketching with her slender pointed foot And

Some figure like a wizard pentagram

On garden gravel, let my query Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd

If James were coming. "Coming every day," She answer'd, "ever longing to ex-

plain, But evermore her father came across

With some long-winded tale, and broke him short And James departed vext with him

How could I help her? "Would Iwas it wrong?"

(Claspt hands and that petitionary Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere

she spoke) "O would I take her father for one

For one half-hour, and let him talk to me! And even while she spoke, I saw

where James Made toward us, like a wader in the Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

'O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake! For in I went, and call'd old Philip

To show the farm: full willingly he He led me thro' the short sweetsmelling lanes

Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.







these are gone, All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,

Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire.

But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome Of Brunelleschi; sleeps in peace: and

Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb:

1 scraped the lichen from it: Katie walks By the long wash of Australasian seas

Far off, and holds her head to other stars And breathes in April-antumns. All are gone.'

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile

In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind

Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook

A tonsured head in middle age forlorn. Mused, and was mute. On a sudden

a low breath Of tender air made tremble in the

hedge The fragile bindweed-bells and briony

rings; And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,

Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair

In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell Divides threefold to show the fruit within:

Then, wondering, ask'd her 'Are you from the farm?'

'Yes,' answer'd she. 'Pray stay a little: pardon me; What do they call you?' 'Katie.'

'That were strange.
What surname?' 'Willows.' 'No!' 'That is my name.'
'Indeed!' and here he look'd so

self-perplext,

That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blnsh'd, till he

Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes.

Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream. Then looking at her; 'Too happy,

fresh and fair, Too fresh and fair in our sad world's

best bloom, To be the ghost of one who bore your name

About these meadows, twenty years ago.'

' Have you not heard?' said Katie. 'we came back. We bought the farm we tenanted

Am I so like her? so they said on board. Sir, if you knew her in her English

My mother, as it seems you did, the days

That most she loves to talk of, come with me. My brother James is in the harvest-

But she-you will be welcome-O, come in!

AYLMER'S FIELD.

Dust are our frames; and, gilded dust, our pride Looks only for a moment whole and sound;

Like that long-brried body of the king, Found lying with his urns and orna-

ments. Which at a touch of light, an air of

heaven. Slipt into ashes, and was found no more.

Here is a story which in rougher





Came from a grizzled cripple, whom I Sunning himself in a waste field alone-Old, and a mine of memories-who

had served, Long since, a bygone Rector of the And been himself a part of what he

SIR AYLMER AYLMER, that almighty

The county God-in whose capacious Hung with a hundred shields, the

family tree Sprang from the midriff of a prostrate

Whose blazing wyvern weathercock'd the spire, Stood from his walls and wing'd his

entry-gates And swang besides on many a windy

sign-Whose eyes from under a pyramidal head

Saw from his windows nothing save his own-

What lovelier of his own had he than her. His only child, his Edith, whom he

As heiress and not heir regretfully? But 'he that marries her marries her

This faat somewhat soothed himself and wife His wife a faded beauty of the Baths. Insipid as the Queen upon a card; Her all of thought and bearing hardly

Than his own shadow in a sickly sun,

A land of hops and poppy-mingled Little about it stirring save a brook! A sleepy land, where under the same

wheel The same old rut would deepen year

Where almost all the village had one name:

Where Aylmer followed Aylmer at the Hall And Averill Averill at the Rectory Thrice over; so that Rectory and Hall,

Bound in an immemorial intimacy Were open to each other; tho' to dream

That Love could bind them closer well had made The hoar hair of the Baronet bristle

up With horror, worse than had he heard his priest

Preach an inverted scripture, sons of men Daughters of God; so sleepy was the

land.

And might not Averill, had he will'd it so, Somewhere beneath his own low range of roofs.

Have also set his many-shielded

There was an Aylmer-Averill marriage once. When the red rose was redder than

itself. And York's white rose as red as Lancaster's.

With wounded peace which each had prick'd to death. 'Not proven' Averill said, or laugh-

'Some other race of Averills '-prov'n or no.

What cared he? what, if other or the same?

He lean'd not on his fathers but him-But Leolin, his brother, living oft

With Averill, and a year or two be-Call'd to the bar, but ever call'd away By one low voice to one dear neighborhood,

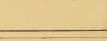
Would often, in his walks with Edith, claim A distant kinship to the gracious

That shook the heart of Edith hearing him.

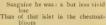












Flamed in his cheek; and eager eyes, that still

Took joyful note of all things joyful, beam'd. Beneath a manelike mass of rolling

gold, Their best and brightest, when they dwelt on hers.

Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else But subject to the season or the mood.

Shone like a mystic star between the And greater glory varying to and fro,

We know not wherefore; bounteously made, And yet so finely, that a troublous

Thinn'd, or would seem to thin her in

A joyous to dilate, as toward the light. And these had been together from the first. Leolin's first nurse was, five years

after, hers: So much the boy foreran; but when

his date Doubled her own, for want of playmates, he

(Since Averill was a decad and a half His elder, and their parents underground) Had tost his ball and flown his kite,

and roll'd His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her dipt

Against the rush of the air in the prone swing blossom-ball or daisy-chain.

Her garden, sow'd her name and kent

In living letters, told her fairy-tales, Show'd her the fairy footings on the orass.

The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms, The petty marestail forest, fairy

Or from the tiny pitted target blew

What look'd a flight of fairy arrows aim'd All at one mark, all hitting: make-be-

For Edith and himself: or else he

But that was later, boyish histories Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon, wreck.

Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and true love Crown'd after trial; sketches rude

But where a passion yet unborn per-

haps Lay hidden as the music of the moon

Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale. And thus together, save for college-

times Or Temple-eaten terms, a couple, fair As ever painter painted, poet sang, Or Heaven in lavish bounty moulded.

grew. And more and more, the maiden

He wasted hours with Averill; there, when first

The tented winter-field was broken Into that phalanx of the summer spears

That soon should wear the garland; there again When burr and bine were gather'd:

lastly there At Christmas; ever welcome at the

On whose dull sameness his full tide of youth Broke with a phosphorescence charming even

My lady; and the Baronet yet had

No bar between them: dull and selfinvolved. Tall and erect, but bending from his

height With half-allowing smiles for all the world.

And mighty courteous in the mainhis pride

Lav deeper than to wear it as his ring-He, like an Aylmer in his Aylmerism.









'Were I to give this gift of his to one That is no lady?' 'Gracious? No' said he. 'Me?—but I cared not for it. O par-

don me,
I seem to be ungraciousness itself.'

'Take it' she added sweetly, 'tho' his gift; For I am more ungracious ev'n than

For I am more ungracious ev'n than you, I care not for it either,' and he said

I care not for it either; and he said 'Why then I love it: but Sir Aylmer past, And neither loved nor liked the thing

he heard.

The next day came a neighbor.

Blues and reds
They talk'd of: blues were sure of it.

he thought:
Then of the latest fox—where started
—kill'd

In such a bottom: 'Peter had the brush,

My Peter, first:' and did Sir Aylmer

That great pock-pitten fellow had been caught?

Then made his pleasure echo, hand to hand.

And rolling as it were the substance of it

Between his palms a moment up and down—
'The birds were warm, the birds were

warm upon him; We have him now:' and had Sir Aylmer heard—

Nay, but he must—the land was ringing of it—

This blacksmith border-marriage—

Raw from the nursery—who could trust a child? That cursed France with her egali-

ties! And did Sir Aylmer (deferentially

With nearing chair and lower'd accent) think— For people talk'd—that it was wholly

For people talk'd—that it was wholly
wise
To let that handsome fellow Averill
walk

So freely with his daughter? people talk'd—
The boy might get a notion into him;

The girl might be entangled ere she knew.

Sir Aylmer Aylmer slowly stiffening

Sir Aylmer Aylmer slowly stiffening spoke:

'The girl and boy, Sir, know their differences!'
'Good,' said his friend, 'but watch!'

and he, 'Enough, More than enough, Sir! I can guard my own.'

my own.'
They parted, and Sir Aylmer Aylmer
watch'd.

Pale, for on her the thunders of the house Had fallen first, was Edith that same

night; Pale as the Jephtha's daughter, a

rough piece
Of early rigid color, under which
Withdrawing by the counter door to

that Which Leolin open'd, she cast back

upon him A piteous glance, and vanish'd. He, as one

Caught in a burst of unexpected storm, And pelted with outrageous epithets,

Turning beheld the Powers of the House
On either side the hearth, indignant;

her,
Cooling her false cheek with a
featherfan,

Him, glaring, by his own stale devil spurr'd,
And, like a beast hard-ridden, breath-

ing hard.
'Ungenerous, dishonorable, base,
Presumptuous! trusted as he was

with her, The sole succeeder to their wealth,

The sole succeeder to their wealth, their lands, The last remaining pillar of their

house,
The one transmitter of their ancient

Their child.' 'Our child!' 'Our heiress!' 'Ours!' for still.



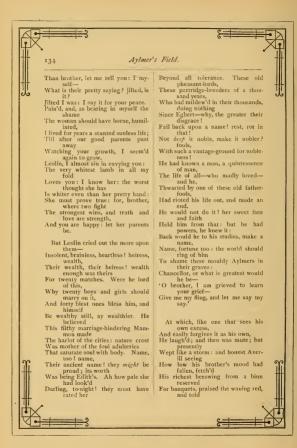




"OR WHILE THE PATCH WAS WORN."-Page 69.









But scared with threats of jail and halter gave To him that fluster'd his poor parish wite

The letter which he brought, and swore besides To play their go-between as hereto-

fore let them know themselves betray'd; and then,

Soul-stricken at their kindness to him. went Hating his own lean heart and miser-

able.

Thenceforward oft from out a despot The father panting woke, and oft, as

dawn Aroused the black republic on his elms.

Sweeping the frothfly from the fescue

Thro' the dim meadow toward his treasure-trove, Seized it, took home, and to my lady,-

who made A downward crescent of her minion mouth,

Listless in all despondence,-read; and tore, As if the living passion symbol'd

there Were living nerves to feel the rent; and burnt,

Now chafing at his own great self defied.

striking on huge stumbling-blocks of scorn In babyisms, and dear diminutives

Scatter'd all over the vocabulary Of such a love as like a chidden child. After much wailing, hush'd itself at

Hopeless of answer: then tho' Averll wrote

And bad him with good heart sustain himself-All would be well-the lover heeded

not. But passionately restless came and went,

And rustling once at night about the There by a keeper shot at, slightly

Raging return'd: nor was it well for Kept to the garden now, and grove of

pines, Watch'd even there; and one was set to watch

The watcher, and Sir Aylmer watch'd Vet bitterer from his readings; once

Warm'd with his wines, or taking pride in her,

She look'd so sweet he kiss'd her Not knowing what possess'd him:

that one kiss Was Leolin's one strong rival upon earth:

Seconded, for my lady follow'd suit, Seem'd hope's returning rose: and then ensued

A Martin's summer of his faded love, Or ordeal by kindness; after this He seldom crost his child without a

sneer; The mother flow'd in shallower acrimonies

Never one kindly smile, one kindly word: So that the gentle creature shut from all

Her charitable use, and face to face With twenty months of silence, slowly

Nor greatly cared to lose, her hold on life. Last, some low fever ranging round

to spy The weakness of a people or a house, Like flies that haunt a wound, or deer, or men,

Or almost all that is, hurting the hurt-Save Christ as we believe him-found the girl And flung her down upon a couch of

Where careless of the household faces near,







Your house is left unto you desolate!'
But lapsed into so long a pause again

As half amazed half frighted all his flock: Then from his height and loneliness

Then from his height and loneliness of grief Bore down in flood, and dash'd his

angry heart Against the desolations of the world.

Never since our bad earth became one sea, Which rolling o'er the palaces of the

proud, And all but those who knew the living God—

Eight that were left to make a purer world— When since had flood, fire, earth-

quake, thunder, wrought
Such waste and havoc as the idola-

Which from the low light of mortality Shot up their shadows to the Heaven of Heavens,

And worshipt their own darkness in the Highest? 'Gash thyself, priest, and honor thy

brute Baal, And to thy worst self sacrifice thyself,

For with thy worst self hast thou clothed thy God.
Then came a Lord in no wise like to

Baäl. The babe shall lead the lion. Surely

The wilderness shall blossom as the rose.

Crown thyself, worm, and worship thine own lusts!— No coarse and blockish God of

acreage Stands at thy gate for thee to grovel

Thy God is far diffused in nobie groves
And princely halls, and farms, and

flowing lawns, And heaps of living gold that daily And title-scrolls and gorgeous heraldries. In such a shape dost thou behold

thy God.

Thou wilt not gash thy flesh for him;
for thine

Fares richly, in fine linen, not a hair Ruffled upon the scarfskin, even while The deathless ruler of thy dying house

Is wounded to the death that cannot die;

And tho' thou numberest with the

followers
Of One who cried, "Leave all and follow me."

Thee therefore with His light about thy feet,
Thee with His message ringing in

thine ears,
Thee shall thy brother man, the Lord from Heaven.

Born of a village girl, carpenter's son, Wonderful, Prince of peace, the Mighty God,

Count the more base idolater of the two;

Crueller: as not passing thro' the fire Bodies, but souls—thy children's thro' the smoke. The blight of low desires—darkening

thine own
To thine own likeness; or if one of

these,
Thy better born unhappily from thee,
Should, as by miracle, grow straight
and fair—

Friends, I was bid to speak of such a one By those who most have cause to sorrow for her—

Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well, Fairer than Ruth among the fields of

Fairer than Kuth among the neids of corn,
Fair as the Angel that said "Hail!"
she seem'd.

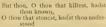
Who entering fill'd the house with sudden light.

For so mine own was brighten'd: where indeed

The roof so lowly but that beam of Heaven

•





The things belonging to thy peace and ours!

Is there no prophet but the voice that

Doom upon kings, or in the waste "Repent"? Is not our own child on the narrow

way, Who down to those that saunter in the broad

Cries "Come up hither," as a prophet to us?

Is there no stoning save with flint and rock? Yes, as the dead we weep for tes-

tify—
No desolation but by sword and

Yes, as your moanings witness, and invself

Am lonelier, darker, earthlier for my loss.

Give me your prayers, for he is past your prayers, Not past the living fount of pity in

Heaven. But I that thought myself long-suffer-

ing, meek,
Exceeding "poor in spirit"—how the
words

Have twisted back upon themselves, and mean Vileness, we are grown so proud—I

wish'd my voice A rushing tempest of the wrath of God

To blow these sacrifices thro' the world—
Sent like the twelve-divided concubine

To inflame the tribes: but there—out yonder—earth

Lightens from her own central Hell— O there The red fruit of an old idolatry—

The red fruit of an old idolatry—
The heads of chiefs and princes fall
so fast,

They cling together in the ghastly sack-

The land all shambles—naked marriages

Flash from the bridge, and evermurder'd France,

By shores that darken with the gathering wolf, Runs in a river of blood to the sick

Is this a time to madden madness then?

Was this a time for these to flaunt their pride?

May Pharaoh's darkness, folds as dense as those

Which hid the Holiest from the people's eyes Ere the great death, shroud this great

sin from all!

Doubtless our narrow world must
canvass it:

O rather pray for those and pity them, Who, thro' their own desire accom-

plish'd, bring Their own gray hairs with sorrow to

the grave—
Who broke the bond which they
desired to break

Which else had link'd their race with times to come—

Who wove coarse webs to snare her purity, Grossly contriving their dear daughter's good—

Poor souls, and knew not what they did, but sat
Ignorant, devising their own daugh-

ter's death!
May not that earthly chastisement suffice?
Have not our love and reverence left

them bare? Will not another take their heritage? Will there be children's laughter in

their hall
For ever and for ever, or one stone
Left on another, or is it a light thing
That I, their guest, their host, their
ancient friend,

ancient friend,
I made by these the last of all my
race,

Must cry to these the last of theirs, as cried





Christ ere His agony to those that swore | Not by the temple but the gold, and

Not by the temple but the gold, and made

Their own traditions God, and slew the Lord.

And left their memories a world's curse—"Behold, Your house is left unto you desolate"?"

Ended he had not, but she brook'd no more: Long since her heart had beat remorselessly, Her crampt-up sorrow pain'd her, and

a sense
Of meanness in her unresisting life.
Then their eyes vext her; for on entering

He had cast the curtains of their seat aside—

Black velvet of the costliest—she herself

Had seen to that: fain had she closed them now, Yet dared not stir to do it, only

near'd Her husband inch by inch, but when she laid,

Wifelike, her hand in one of his, he veil'd His face with the other, and at once,

as falls
A creeper when the prop is broken,

The woman shricking at his feet, and swoon'd. Then her own people bore along the

nave
Her pendent hands, and narrow meagre face
Seam'd with the shallow cares of fifty

years:
And her the Lord of all the landscape

round Ev'n to its last horizon, and of all Who peer'd at him so keenly, follow'd

out
Tall and erect, but in the middle
aisle
Reel'd, as a footsore ox in crowded

el'd, as a footsore ox in crowded ways

Stumbling across the market to his death,
Unpitied; for he groped as blind, and seem'd

Always about to fall, grasping the pews And oaken finials till he touch'd the door:

And oaken finials till he touch'd the door; Yet to the lychgate, where his chariot stood,

Strode from the porch, tall and erect again.

But nevermore did either pass the gate Save under pall with bearers. In one

month,
Thro' weary and yet ever wearier hours,

The childless mother went to seek her child; And when he felt the silence of his

honse
About him, and the change and not

the change, And those fixt eyes of painted ancestors

Staring for ever from their gilded walls On him their last descendant, his own

head
Began to droop, to fall; the man be-

came
Imbecile; his one word was 'desolate;'

Dead for two years before his death was he; But when the second Christmas came,

escaped

His keepers, and the silence which he

To find a deeper in the narrow gloom By wife and child; nor wanted at his

The dark retinue reverencing death At golden thresholds; nor from tender hearts,

And those who sorrow'd o'er a vanish'd race, Pity, the violet on the tyrant's grave.

Then the great Hall was wholly broken down,.

And the broad woodland parcell'd

And the broad woodland parcell'd into farms;

And where the two contrived their daughter's good, Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run.

The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores.

The rabbit fondles his own harmless

The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there Follows the mouse, and all is open

SEA DREAMS.

A CITY clerk, but gently born and His wife, an unknown artist's orphan

One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years old:

They, thinking that her clear germander eye

Droopt in the giant-factoried citygloom, Came, with a month's leave given

them, to the sea: For which his gains were dock'd, however small:

Small were his gains, and hard his

work; besides, slender household fortunes Their (for the man

Had risk'd his little) like the little Trembled in perilous places o'er a

deep And oft, when sitting all alone, his

Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness.

And that one unctuous mouth which lured him, rogue, To buy strange shares in some Peruvian mine

Now seaward-bound for health they gain'd a coast, All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning

cave, At close of day; slept, woke, and went the next.

The Sabbath, pious variers from the To chapel; where a heated pulpiteer,

Not preaching simple Christ to simple men.

Announced the coming doom, and fulminated Against the scarlet woman and her

For sideways up he swung his arms,

and shriek'd 'Thus, thus with violence,' ev'n as if he held

The Apocalyptic millstone, and him-

Were that great Angel; 'Thus with violence Shall Babylon be cast into the sea;

Then comes the close.' The gentlehearted wife

Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world: He at his own: but when the wordy storm

Had ended, forth they came and paced the shore. Ran in and out the long sea-framing

caves, Drank the large air, and saw, but

scarce believed (The sootflake of so many a summer Clung to their fancies) that they saw,

the sea. So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff

Lingering about the thymy promonto-Till all the sails were darken'd in the

west, And rosed in the east: then homeward and to bed:

Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope.

Haunting a holy text, and still to Returning, as the bird returns, at night,

'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath, Said, 'Love, forgive him:' but he did

not speak ; And silenced by that silence lay the wife.

Remembering her dear Lord who died for all And musing on the little lives of men,

And how they mar this little by their

But while the two were sleeping, a

Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost rocks

Touching, upjetted in spirts of wild sea-smoke And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam.

and fell In vast sea-cataracts-ever and anon

Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs Heard thro' the living roar. At this

the babe. Their Margaret cradled near them,

wail'd and woke The mother, and the father suddenly

'A wreck, a wreck!' then turn'd, and groaning said,

'Forgive! How many will say, "forgive," and find A sort of absolution in the sound

To hate a little longer! No; the sin That neither God nor man can well

forgive, Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once. Is it so true that second thoughts are

best? Not first, and third, which are a riper first?

Too ripe, too late! they come too late for use

Ah love, there surely lives in man and

Something divine to warn them of their foes And such a sense, when first I fronted

him. Said, "Trust him not;" but after,

when I came To know him more, I lost it, knew him

Fought with what seem'd my own uncharity;

Sat at his table; drank his costly

Made more and more allowance for his talk; Went further, fool! and trusted him

All my poor scrapings from a dozen

Of dust and deskwork: there is no

such mine, None; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,

making. Ruin'd! ruin'd! the sea roars

Ruin: a fearful night!'

'Not fearful: fair.' Said the good wife, 'if every star in

Can make it fair: you do but hear the tide.

Had you ill dreams?"

Of such a tide swelling toward the

And I from out the boundless outer deep Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd

Of those dark caves that run beneath

I thought the motion of the boundless

Bore thro' the cave, and I was heaved upon it

In darkness: then I saw one lovely

Larger and larger. "What a world," I thought,
"To live in!" but in moving on I

found Only the landward exit of the cave, Bright with the sun upon the stream

beyond: And near the light a giant woman sat, All over earthy, like a piece of earth, A pickaxe in her hand: then out I

slipt Into a land all sun and blossom, trees As high as heaven, and every bird that sings

And here the night-light flickering in my eyes

Awoke me





'That was then your dream,' she 'Not sad, but sweet.'

'So sweet, I lay,' said he, 'And mused upon it, drifting up the In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced

The broken vision; for I dream'd that

The motion of the great deep bore me And that the woman walk'd upon the

brink: I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her of it:

"It came," she said, "by working in the mines: O then to ask her of my shares, I thought;

And ask'd; but not a word; she shook her head.

And then the motion of the current And there was rolling thunder; and

we reach'd A mountain, like a wall of burs and

But she with her strong feet up the steep hill Trod out a path: I follow'd; and at top

She pointed seaward: there a fleet of That seem'd a fleet of jewels under Sailing along before a gloomy cloud

not one moment ceased to thunder, past In sunshine: right across its track there lay,

Down in the water, a long reef of gold, Or what seem'd gold: and I was glad

at first To think that in our often-ransack'd world Still so much gold was left; and then

I fear'd Lest the gay navy there should splinter on it,

And fearing waved my arm to warn them off;

An idle signal, for the brittle fleet (I thought I could have died to save it)

Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd, and I woke, I heard the clash so clearly.

My dream was Life; the woman

honest Work: And my poor venture but a fleet of glass Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold.'

'Nay,' said the kindly wife to com-

fort him, 'You raised your arm, you tumbled down and broke

The glass with little Margaret's medicine in it;

And, breaking that, you made and broke your dream: A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.'

'No trifle,' groan'd the husband;

I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd That which I ask'd the woman in my

Like her, he shook his head. "Show me the books!"

He dodged me with a long and loose account. "The books, the books!" but he, he could not wait,

Bound on a matter he of life and death: When the great Books (see Daniel

seven and ten) Were open'd, I should find he meant me well;

And then began to bloat himself, and All over with the fat affectionate

smile That makes the widow lean. " My

Have faith, have faith! We live by faith," said he;

" And all things work together for the good Of those "-it makes me sick to quote







Broke, mixt with awful light (the same as that Living within the belt) whereby she

That all those lines of cliffs were cliffs no more, But huge cathedral fronts of every

age, Grave, florid, stern, as far as eve

could see, One after one; and then the great ridge drew,

Lessening to the lessening music, back. And past into the belt and swell'd

again Slowly to music: ever when it broke The statues, king or saint, or founder

Then from the gaps and chasms of ruin left Came men and women in dark clus-

ters round. Some crying, 'Set them up! they shall not fall!'

And others, 'Let them lie, for they have fall'n.'

And still they strove and wrangled: and she grieved

In her strange dream, she knew not why, to find Their wildest wailings never out of

With that sweet note; and ever as

their shrieks Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave Returning, while none mark'd it, on

the crowd Broke, mixt with awful light, and show'd their eyes

Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away The men of flesh and blood, and men

of stone. To the waste deeps together,

'Then I fixt My wistful eyes on two fair images, Both crown'd with stars and high among the stars,The Virgin Mother standing with her

High up on one of those dark minster-fronts-Till she began to totter, and the child Clung to the mother, and sent out a

Which mixt with little Margaret's,

and I woke, And my dream awed me:-well-but

what are dreams? Yours came but from the breaking of a glass.

And mine but from the crying of a child.

'Child? No!' said he, 'but this tide's roar, and his, Boanerges with his threats of

doom, And loud-lung'd Antibabylonianisms (Altho' I grant but little music there)

Went both to make your dream: but if there were A music harmonizing our wild cries,

Sphere-music such as that you dream'd about.

Why, that would make our passions far too like The discords dear to the musician.

One shriek of hate would jar all the

hymns of heaven: True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune With nothing but the Devil!'

" True" indeed! One of our town, but later by an hour Here than ourselves, spoke with me on the shore;

While you were running down the sands, and made The dimpled flounce of the sea-furbe-

low flap, Good man, to please the child. She

brought strange news. Why were you silent when I spoke to-night?

I had set my heart on your forgiving him Before you knew. We must forgive

the dead.'

'Dead! who is dead?'









Forgetful how my rich procemion makes

Thy glory fly along the Italian field, In lays that will outlast thy Deity?

'Deity? nay, thy worshippers. My tongue Trips, or I speak profanely. Which of these

Angers thee most, or angers thee at all? Not if thou be'st of those who, far aloof

From envy, hate and pity, and spite and scorn. Live the great life which all our greatest fain

Would follow, center'd in eternal calm. 'Nay, if thou canst, O Goddess,

like ourselves Touch, and be touch'd, then would I

cry to thee To kiss thy Mayors, roll thy tender arme

Round him, and keep him from the lust of blood That makes a steaming slaughterhouse of Rome.

'Ay, but I meant not thee; I meant not her.

Whom all the pines of Ida shook to see Slide from that quiet heaven of hers,

and tempt The Trojan, while his neat-herds were

abroad; Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter

wept Her Deity false in human-amorous tears;

Nor whom her beardless apple-arbiter, Decided fairest. Rather, O ve Gods, Poet-like, as the great Sicilian called Calliope to grace his golden verse-Ay, and this Kypris also-did I take That popular name of thine to shadow

The all-generating powers and genial

Of Nature, when she strikes thro' the thick blood

Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs are glad Nosing the mother's udder, and the

Makes his heart voice amid the blaze

of flowers: Which things appear the work of mighty Gods.

"The Gods! and if I go my work is

Unfinish'd-if I go. The Gods, who The lucid interspace of world and

world. Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind

Nor ever falls the least white star of snow, Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans. Nor sound of human sorrow mounts

to mar Their sacred everlasting calm! and

such. Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,

Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain Letting his own life go. The Gods,

the Gods! If all be atoms, how then should the Gods

Being atomic not be dissoluble, Not follow the great law? My master

That Gods there are, for all men so

believe. prest my footsteps into his, and meant

Surely to lead my Memmius in a train Of flowery clauses onward to the proof That Gods there are, and deathless. Meant? I meant?

I have forgotten what I meant: my mind Stumbles, and all my faculties are

lamed. 'Look where another of our Gods,

the Sun, Apollo, Delius, or of older use All-seeing Hyperion-what you will-Has mounted yonder; since he never sware,





Except his wrath were wreak'd on wretched man, That he would only shine among the dead Hereafter: tales! for never yet on

Could dead flesh creep, or bits of

roasting ox Moan round the spit-nor knows he what he sees

King of the East altho' he seem, and With song and flame and fragrance,

slowly lifts His golden feet on those empurpled

That climb into the windy halls of And here he glances on an eye new-

born, And gets for greeting but a wail of pain;

And here he stays upon a freezing orb That fain would gaze upon him to the And here upon a yellow eyelid fall'n

And closed by those who mourn a friend in vain. Not thankful that his troubles are no

more. And me, altho' his fire is on my face Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can

Whether I mean this day to end myself. Or lend an ear to Plato where he

That men like soldiers may not quit Allotted by the Gods; but he that

The Gods are careless, wherefore need he care

Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at once. Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and sink

Past earthquake-ay, and gout and stone, that break Body toward death, and palsy, death-

in-life, And wretched age-and worst disease

of all,

These prodigies of myriad naked-And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable.

Abominable, strangers at my hearth Not welcome, harpies miring every

The phantom husks of something foully done And fleeting thro' the boundless uni-

And blasting the long quiet of my

breast With animal heat and dire insanity?

'How should the mind, except it loved them, clasp These idols to herself? or do they

fly Now thinner, and now thicker, like the flakes

In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce Of multitude, as crowds that in an

hour Of civic tumult iam the doors, and

The keepers down, and throng, their rags and they The basest, far into that council-hall Where sit the best and stateliest of

the land? 'Can I not fling this horror off me again. Seeing with how great ease Nature

can smile, Balmier and nobler from her bath of storm,

At random ravage? and how easily The mountain there has cast his cloudy slough,

Now towering o'er him in serenest air A mountain o'er a mountain,-av, and

within All hollow as the hopes and fears of men?

'But who was he, that in the garden snared

Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods? a tale

To laugh at—more to laugh at in myself— For look! what is it? there? yon arbutus

butus
Totters; a noiseless riot underneath
Strikes through the wood, sets all the

tops quivering—
The mountain quickens into Nymph
and Faun;

And here an Oread—how the sun delights
To glance and shift about her slippery sides.

And rosy knees and supple roundedness, And budded bosom-peaks—who this

way runs Before the rest—A satyr, a satyr, see, Follows; but him I proved impossi-

ble; Twy-natured is no nature: yet he draws

Nearer and nearer, and I scan him now Beastlier than any phantom of his

kind
That ever butted his rough brotherbrute

For lust or lusty blood or provender:
I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him; and
she
Loathes him as well; such a precipi-

Loathes him as well; such a precipitate heel, Fledged as it were with Mercury's ankle-wing.

Whirls her to me: but will she fling herself, Shameless upon me? Catch her,

goal-foot: nay, Hide, hide them, million-myrtled wilderness, And cavern-shadowing laurels, hide!

do I wish—
What?—that the bush were leafless?
or to whelm

or to whelm All of them in one massacre? O ye Gods,

I know you careless, yet, behold, to you From childly wont and ancient use I call—

l thought I lived securely as yoursclvesNo lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey-spite, No madness of ambition, avarice.

none: No larger feast than under plane or

pine
With neighbors laid along the grass,

to take
Only such cups as left us friendly-

Affirming each his own philosophy— Nothing to mar the sober majesties Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life. But now it seems some unseen mon-

ster lays
His vast and filthy hands upon my
will,

Wrenching it backward into his; and spoils
My bliss in being; and it was not

great;
For save when shutting reasons up in

rhythm, Or Heliconian honey in living words, To make a truth less harsh, I often

Tired of so much within our little

Or of so little in our little life— Poor little life that toddles half an

hour Crown'd with a flower or two, and

there an end—
And since the nobler pleasure seems
to fade.

Why should I, beastlike as I find my-

Not manlike end myself?—our privilege— What beast has heart to do it? And

what man, What Roman would be dragg'd in triumph thus?

Not I; not he, who bears one name with her Whose death-blow struck the dateless

doom of kings,
When, brooking not the Tarquin in

her veins,
She made her blood in sight of Collatine

And all his peers, flushing the guiltless air,







Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a vast speculation had fail'd, And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever wann'd with despair, And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken worldling wail'd, And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove thro' the air.

ıv.

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirr'd By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a whisper'd fright, And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my heart as I heard The shrill-deged shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night.

٧.

Villainy somewhere! whose? One says, we are villains all.

Not he: his honest fame should at least by me be maintained:
But that old man, now lord of the broad estate and the Hall,
Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left us flaccid and drain'd.

VI.

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have made them a curse, Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own; And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

VII.

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind, When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word? Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.

VIII.

Sooner or later I too may passively take the print
Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope nor trust;
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are ashes and dust.





...

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villainous centre-bits Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights, While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights.

XII

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee, And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones, Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and by sea, War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones.

XIII

For I trust if an enémy's fleet came yonder round by the hill, And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam, That the smooth-faced snubnosed rogue would leap from his counter and till, And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home.—

XIV

What! am I raging alone as my father raged in his mood? Must I too creep to the hollow and dash myself down and die Rather than hold by the law that I made, nevermore to brood On a horror of shatter'd limbs and a wretched swindler's lie?

XV

Would there be sorrow for me? there was love in the passionate shriek, Love for the silent thing that had made false haste to the grave— Wrapt in a cloak, as I saw him, and thought he would rise and speak And rave at the lie and the liar, ah God, as he used to rave.

xv

I am sick of the Hall and the hill, I am sick of the moor and the main. Why should I stay? can a sweeter chance ever come to me here? O, having the neaves of motion as well as the nerves of pain, Were in not wise if I fled from the place and the pit and the fear?

XVII.

Workmen up at the II all!—they are coming back from abroad; The dark old place will be gilt by the touch of a millionaire: I have heard, I know not whence, of the singular beauty of Maud; I play'd with the girl when a child; she promised then to be fair.





It will never be broken by Mand, she' has neither savor nor salt, But a cold and clear-cut face, as I tomd when her carriage past, Perfectly beautiful: left it be granted her: where is the fault? All that I saw (for her eyes were downeast, not to be seen) Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null, Dead perfection, no more; nothing more, if it had not been For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect of the rose, Or an underlip, you may call it a little too ripe, too full, Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose, From which I escaped heart-free, with the least little tonch of spleen.

III

Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek, Breaking a slumber in which sall spleenful folly was drown it. Pale with the golden beam of an eyes micad on the check, Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet with extensive the control of the control of

IV

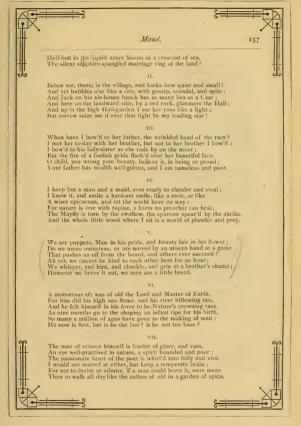
Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland. When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime In the little grove where I sit—ah, wherefore cannot I be



"THOU ART MATED WITH A CLOWN."-Page 79





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Maud.

VIII.

For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the veil.

Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about?

Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world is wide.

Shall I weep if a Ploand tall? shall I sinek it al Hungary fail?

Or an infant evaluation be raled with rod or with knout?

I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide.

IX.

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways, Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be my lot, Far-off from the clamor of liars belied in the hubbub of lies; From the long-acek'd geese of the world that are even hissing dispraise Because their natures are little, and, whether he heed it or not, Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous files.

х.

And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness of love, The honey of poison-flowers and all the measureless ill. Ab Maud, you milk white fawn, you are all unmeet for a wife. Your mother is mute in her grave as her image in marble above; Your father is ever in London, you wander about at your will: You have but fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of life.

V.

A voice by the cedar tree In the meadow under the Hall! She is singing an air that is known to me.

A passionate ballad gallant and gay, A martial song like a trumpet's call! Singing alone in the morning of life, In the happy morning of life and of May,

Singing of men that in battle array, Ready in heart and ready in hand, March with banner and bugle and

fife To the death, for their native land.

11.

Mand with her exquisite face, And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky, And feet like sunny gems on an English green,

lish green, Maud in the light of her youth and her grace, Singing of Death, and of Honor that

Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean, • And myself so languid and base."

III.

Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,

For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice But to move to the meadow and fall

before Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore, Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,

VI.

Morning arises stormy and pale, No sun, but a wannish glare

Not her, not her, but a voice.

In fold upon fold of hucless cloud, And the budded peaks of the wood are how'd

Caught and cuff'd by the gale: ! had fancied it would be fair.

Whom but Mand should I meet Last night, when the sunset burn'd On the blossom'd gable-ends At the head of the village street Whom but Maud should I meet? And she touch'd my hand with a smile so sweet,

She made me divine amends For a courtesy not return'd.

And thus a delicate spark Of glowing and growing light Thro' the livelong hours of the dark Kept itself warm in the heart of my dreams.

Ready to burst in a color'd flame: Till at last when the morning came In a cloud, it faded, and seems But an ashen-gray delight.

What if with her sunny hair, And smile as sunny as cold, She meant to weave me a snare Of some coquettish deceit, Cleopatra-like as of old To entangle me when we met, To have her lion roll in a silken net And fawn at a victor's feet.

Ah, what shall I be at fifty Should Nature keep me alive, If I find the world so bitter When I am but twenty-five? Yet, if she were not a cheat, If Mand were all that she seem'd. And her smile were all that I dream'd. Then the world were not so bitter But a smile could make it sweet,

What if tho' her eye seem'd full Of a kind intent to me, What if that dandy-despot, he, That iewell'd mass of millinery. That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull Smelling of musk and of insolence, Her brother, from whom I keep aloof, Who wants the finer politic sense To mask, tho' but in his own behoof, With a glassy smile his brutal scorn-What if he had told her yestermorn How prettily for his own sweet sake A face of tenderness might be feign'd, And a moist mirage in desert eyes, That so, when the rotten hustings

shake In another month to his brazen lies, A wretched vote may be gain'd.

VII.

For a raven ever croaks, at my side, Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward, Or thou wilt prove their tool.

Yea, too, myself from myself I guard, For often a man's own angry pride Is cap and bells for a fool

VIII.

Perhaps the smile and tender tone Came out of her pitying womanhood, For am I not, am I not, here alone So many a summer since she died, My mother, who was so gentle and good? Living alone in an empty house,

Here half-hid in the gleaming wood, Where I hear the dead at midday moan,

And the shricking rush of the wainscot mouse.

And my own sad name in corners When the shiver of dancing leaves is

About its echoing chambers wide, Till a morbid hate and horror have

Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,





60

Mand.

And a morbid eating lichen fixt On a heart half-turn'd to stone.

12

O heart of stone, are you flesh, and caught
By that you swore to withstan?
For what was it else within me wrought

But, 1 fear, the new strong wine of love, That made my tongue so stammer and

trip
When I saw the treasured splendor,
her hand.

her hand,
Come sliding out of her sacred glove,
And the sunlight broke from her lip?

х.

I have play'd with her when a child; She remembers it now we meet. Ah well, well, I may be beguiled By some coquettish deceit. Yet, if she were not a cheat, If Maud were all that she seem'd, And her smile had all that I dream'd, Then the world were not so bitter But a smile could make it sweet.

V11.

.

Did I hear it half in a doze
Long since, I know not where?
Did I dream it an hour ago,
When asleep in this arm-chair?

H.

Men were drinking together,
Drinking and talking of me;
'Well, if it prove a girl, the boy
Will have plenty: so let it be.'

H.

Is it an echo of something Read with a boy's delight, Viziers nodding together In some Arabian night?

IV.

Strange, that I hear two men, Somewhere, talking of me; 'Well, if it prove a girl, my boy Will have plenty: so let it be.'

V111.

She came to the village church, And sat by a pillar alone; An angel watching an urn Wept over her, carved in stone; And once, but once, she litted her eyes.

d suddenly, sweetly, strangely

To find they were met by my own; And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat stronger

And thicker, until I heard no longer The snowy-banded, dilettante, Delicate-handed priest intone; And thought, is it pride, and mused and sigh'd

'No surely, now it cannot be pride.'

IX.

I was walking a mile,
More than a mile from the shore,
The sun look'd out with a smile
Fetwixt the cloud and the moor
And riding at set of day
Over the dark moor land,
Rapidly riding far away,
She waved to me with her hand.
There were two at her side,
Something flash'd in the sun,
Down by the hill I saw them ride,
In a moment they were gone:
Like a sudden spark
Struck vainly in the night,
Then returns the dark
With no more hope of light.

X.

Sick, am I sick of a jealous dread?
Was not one of the two at her side
This new-made lord, whose splendor
plucks
The slavish hat from the villager's

The slavish hat from the villagers head?

Whose old grandfather has lately

died, Gone to a blacker pit, for whom





III.

Why sits he here in his father's chair? That old man never comes to his place: Shall I believe him ashamed to be

Shall I believe him ashamed to be seen?

For only once, in the village street, Last year, I caught a glimpse of his face,

A gray old wolf and a lean. Scarcely, now, would I call him a

cheat;
For then, perhaps, as a child of deceit,

She might by a true descent be untrue; And Maud is as true as Maud is

sweet: Tho' I fancy her sweetness only due To the sweeter blood by the other

side; Her mother has been a thing com-

However she came to be so allied.
And fair without, faithful within,
Maud to him is nothing akin:
Some peculiar mystic grace

Made her only the child of her mother, And heap'd the whole inherited sin

On that huge scapegoat of the race, All, all upon the brother.

IV

Peace, angry spirit, and let him be! Has not his sister smiled on me?

XIV.

Ε.

Mand has a garden of roses And lilies fair on a lawn; There she walks in her state And tends upon bed and bower, And thither I climb'd at dawn And stood by her garden-gate; A lion ramps at the top, He is clapst by a passion-flower.

н.

Maud's own little oak-room (Which Maud, like a precious stone Set in the heart of the carven gloom, Lights with herself, when alone She sits by her music and books And her brother lingers late With a roystering company) looks Upon Maud's own garden-gate: And I thought as I stood, if a hand,

as white
As ocean-foam in the moon, were laid
On the hasp of the window, and my

Delight
Had a sudden desire, like a glorious

ghost, to glide, Like a beam of the seventh Heaven, down to my side,

There were but a step to be made.

111

The fancy flatter'd my mind, And again seem'd overbold; Now I thought that she cared for me, Now I thought she was kind Only because she was cold.

13

I heard no sound where I stood But the rivulet on from the lawn Running down to my own dark wood; Or the voice of the long sea-wave as it swell'd

Now and then in the dim-gray dawn; But I look'd, and round, all round the house I beheld

The death-white curtain drawn;
Felt a horror over me creep,
Prickle my skin and catch my breath,
Knew that the death-white curtain
meant but sleep,
Yet I shudder'd and thought like a

fool of the sleep of death.

So dark a mind within me dwells, And I make myself such evil cheer,

That if I be dear to some one else,
Then some one else may have much
to fear;

But if I be dear to some one else,

Then I should be to myself more
dear.







How strange was what she said, When only Maud and the brother Hung over her dying bed That Maud's dark father and mine Had bound us one to the other.

Betrothed us over their wine. On the day when Maud was born: Seal'd her mine from her first sweet breath.

Mine, mine by a right, from birth till death.

Mine, mine-our fathers have sworn.

But the true blood spilt had in it a To dissolve the precious seal on a

That, if left uncancell'd, had been so

sweet And none of us thought of a something beyond,

A desire that awoke in the heart of the child,

As it were a duty done to the tomb, To be friends for her sake, to be reconciled:

And I was cursing them and my doom, And letting a dangerous thought run wild While often abroad in the fragrant

gloom Of foreign churches-I see her there, Bright English lily, breathing a prayer To be friends, to be reconciled !

But then what a flint is he! Abroad, at Florence, at Rome, I find whenever she touch'd on me This brother had laugh'd her down. And at last, when each came home, He had darken'd into a frown, Chid her, and forbid her to speak To me, her friend of the years before; And this was what had redden'd her cheek

When I bow'd to her on the moor,

And wishes me to approve him, And tells me, when she lav Sick once, with a fear of worse, That he left his wine and horses and

Sat with her, read to her, night and day And tended her like a nurse.

VIII.

Kind? but the deathbed desire Spurn'd by this heir of the liar-Rough but kind? yet I know He has plotted against me in this, That he plots against me still. Kind to Maud? that were not amiss. Well, rough but kind; why let it be

For shall not Maud have her will?

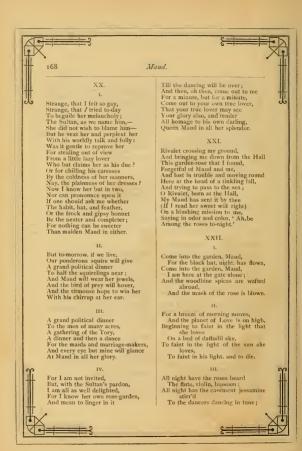
For, Maud, so tender and true, As long as my life endures I feel I shall owe you a debt, That I never can hope to pay; And if ever I should forget That I owe this debt to you And for your sweet sake to yours; O then, what then shall I say?— If ever I should forget, May God make me more wretched Than ever I have been yet!

So now I have sworn to bury All this dead body of hate. I feel so free and so clear By the loss of that dead weight, That I should grow light-headed, I fcar.

Fantastically merry; But that her brother comes, like a blight

On my fresh hope, to the Hall to-









IV.

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap Of my finger-nail on the sand, Small, but a work divine, Frail, but of force to withstand, Year upon year, the shock Of cataract seas that snap The three decker's oaken spine Athwart the ledges of rock, Here on the Breton strand I

Breton, not Briton; here
Like a shipwack'd man on a coast
Of ancient fable and fear—
Plagued with a fitting to and fro,
A disease, a hard mechanic ghost
That never came from on high
Nor ever arose from below,
Ben only moves with the moving eye,
Ben only moves with the moving eye,
Am I to be overawed
By what I cannot but know
Is a juggle born of the brain?

vi.

Back from the Breton coast, Sick of a nameless fear, Back to the dark sea-line Looking, thinking of all I have lost; An old song vexes my ear; But that of Lamech is mine.

VII.

For years, a measureless ill, For years, for ever, to part— But she, she would love me still; And as long, O God, as she Have a grain of love for me, So long, no doubt, no doubt, Shall I nurse in my dark heart, However weary, a spark of will Not to be trampled out.

VIII.

Strange, that the mind, when fraught With a passion so intense One would think that it well Might drown all life in the eye,— That it should, by being so overwrought, Suddenly strike on a sharper sense

Suddenly Strike on a sharper sense For a shell, or a flower, little things Which else would have been past by! And now I remember, I. When he lay dying there, I noticed one of his many rings (For he had many, poor worm) and

thought It is his mother's hair.

IX.

Who knows if he be dead? Whether I need have fled? Am I guilty of blood? However this may be, Comfort her, comfort her, all things good, While I am over the sea!

While I am over the sea! Let me and my passionate love go

But speak to her all things holy and high, Whatever happen to me!

Me and my harmful love go by; But come to her waking, find her asleep, Powers of the height, Powers of the

deep,
And comfort her tho' I die.

177

Courage, poor heart of stone! I will not ask thee why Thou canst not understand That thou art lett for ever alone: Courage, poor stupid heart of stone.—Or if I ask thee why. Care not thou to reply: She is but dead, and the time is at hand

When thou shalt more than die.

O that 'twere possible After long grief and pain To find the arms of my true love Round me once again!



Would the happy spirit descend, From the realms of light and song, In the chamber or the street,

As she looks among the blest, Should I fear to greet my friend Or to say 'Forgive the wrong, Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet, To the regions of thy rest '?

But the broad light glares and beats, And the shadow flits and fleets And will not let me be: And I loathe the squares and streets, And the faces that one meets. Hearts with no love for me: Always I long to creep Into some still cavern deep, There to weep, and weep, and weep My whole soul out to thee.

Dead, long dead,

And my heart is a handful of dust, And the wheels go over my head, And my bones are shaken with pain, For into a shallow grave they are thrust.

Only a yard beneath the street, And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat, The hoofs of the horses beat, Beat into my scalp and my brain, With never an end to the stream of

passing feet, Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying Clamor and rumble, and ringing and clatter,

And here beneath it is all as bad, For I thought the dead had peace, but it is not so

To have no peace in the grave, is that not sad? But up and down and to and fro, Ever about me the dead men go; And then to hear a dead man chatter

Christ.

Wretchedest age, since Time began, They cannot even bury a man; And tho' we paid our tithes in the days that are gone,

Not a bell was rung, not a prayer was read It is that which makes us loud in the

world of the dead ; There is none that does his work, not

A touch of their office might have sufficed.

But the churchmen fain would kill As the churches have kill'd their

TIT

See, there is one of us sobbing, No limit to his distress And another, a lord of all things, pray-

To his own great self, as I guess; And another, a statesman there, be-

His party-secret, fool, to the press; And yonder a vile physician, blabbing The case of his patient-all for what? To tickle the maggot born in an empty head,

And wheedle a world that loves him

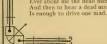
For it is but a world of the dead.

IV.

Nothing but idiot gabble! For the prophecy given of old And then not understood, Has come to pass as foretold; Not let any man think for the public

But babble, merely for babble. For I never whisper'd a private affair Within the hearing of cat or mouse, No, not to myself in the closet alone, But I heard it shouted at once from the top of the house;

Everything came to be known. Who told him we were there?





Mand 174 And I almost fear they are not roses, but blood: Not that gray old wolf, for he came For the keeper was one, so full of pride. From the wilderness, full of wolves, He linkt a dead man there to a specwhere he used to lie; tral bride He has gather'd the bones for his For he, if he had not been a Sultan of o'ergrown whelp to crack; brutes. Crack them now for yourself, and Would he have that hole in his side? howl, and die. IX. But what will the old man say? Prophet, curse me the blabbing lin. He laid a cruel snare in a pit And curse me the British vermin, the To catch a friend of mine one stormy rat; day; I know not whether he came in the Yet now I could even weep to think Hanover ship, of it: But I know that he lies and listens For what will the old man say mute When he comes to the second corpse In an ancient mansion's crannies and in the pit? holes: Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it. Except that now we poison our babes, poor souls! Friend, to be struck by the public It is all used up for that. Then to strike him and lay him low, That were a public merit, far, Whatever the Quaker holds, from Tell him now: she is standing here at sin; my head: But the red life spilt for a private Not beautiful now, not even kind; blow-He may take her now; for she never I swear to you, lawful and lawless speaks her mind, But is ever the one thing silent here. war Are scarcely even akin. She is not of us, as I divine; She comes from another stiller world of the dead, Stiller, not fairer than mine. O me, why have they not buried me deep enough? Is it kind to have made me a grave so But I know where a garden grows, rough, Fairer than aught in the world be-Me, that was never a quiet sleeper? Maybe still I am but half-dead side, Then I cannot be wholly dumb; All made up of the lily and rose That blow by night, when the season I will cry to the steps above my head And somebody, surely, some kind is good heart will come To the sound of dancing music and To bury me, bury me flutes: It is only flowers, they had no fruits, Deeper, ever so little deeper.



My life has crept so long on a broken wing Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear, That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing: My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of year When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs, And the shining daffold lides, and the Charioteer And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns Over Orion's grave low down in the west, That like a silent lightning under the stars She seem'd to divide in a dream from a band of the blest, And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars—'And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have rest, Knowing I tarry for thee,' and pointed to Mars As he glow'd like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast.

11

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight
To have look'd, tho' but in a dream, upon eyes so fair,
That had been in a weary world my one thing bright;
What was but detain wer would arise in defener of the right,
That an inor uyramy now should bend or cease,
That an inor uyramy now should bend or cease,
The glory of manbood stand on his ancient height,
Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionaire:
No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
Nor the cannon-buller ust on a slothful shore,
And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

111

And as months ran on and rumor of battle grew,
'It is time, it is time, O passionate heart; 'said I
(For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true),
'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
That old hysterical moci-disease should die,'
And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath
With a loyal people shouting a battle cry,
'Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

IV.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,





And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames, Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told; And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd! Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims, Vet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a giant liar; And shaje in the sudden making of splendid names, And noble thought be freer under the sun, And the heart of a people beat with one desire; For the peace, that I deem'd no peace, is over and done, And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep, And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames.

.

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind. We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still, And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind; It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill; I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind, I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assignd.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

(IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.)

.

'WAIT a little,' you say, 'you are sure it 'll all come right,' But the boy was born i' trouble, an' looks so wan an' so white: Wait! an' owne lab,' waited. I hadn't

Wait! an' once I ha' waited—I hadn't to wait for long.

Now I wait, wait, wait for Harry.—
No, no, you are doing me wrong!
Harry and I were married: the boy
can hold up his head,
The boy was born in wedlock, but

after my man was dead; I ha' work'd for him fifteen years, an' I work an' I wait to the end.

I work an' I wait to the end.

I am all alone in the world, an' you
are my only friend.

ī.

Doctor, if you can wait, I'll tell you the tale o' my life.

When Harry an' I were children, he call'd me his own little wife; I was happy when I was with him, an'

sorry when he was away, An' when we play'd together, I loved

him better than play;
He workt me the daisy chain—he made me the cowslip ball.

He fought the boys that were rude, an'
I loved him better than all.
Passionate girl tho' I was, an' often at

home in disgrace.

I never could quarrel with Harry—I had but to look in his face.

TIT

There was a farmer in Dorset of Harry's kin, that had need Of a good stout lad at his farm; he sent, an' the father agreed;

So Harry was bound to the Dorsetshire farm for years an' for years;

I walked with him down to the quay, poor lad, an' we parted in tears.







And so she was wicked with Harry; the girl was the most to blame.

One had deceived her an' left her

alone with her sin an' her shame,

And years went over till I that was little had grown so tall, The men would say of the maids, 'Our Nelly's the flower of 'em all.' I didn't take heed o' them, but I taught

myself all I could
To make a good wife for Harry, when
Harry came home for good.

VI.

Often I seem'd unhappy, and often as happy too,

For I heard it abroad in the fields 'I'll never love any but you; '
'I'll never love any but you' the

morning song of the lark,
'I'll never love any but you' the nightingale's hymn in the dark.

VII.

And Harry came home at last, but he look'd at me sidelong and shy,
Vext me a bit, till he told me that so many years had gone by,

I had grown so handsome and tall—
that I might ha' forgot him
somehow—
For he thought—there were other lads
—he was fear'd to look at me

VIII

Hard was the frost in the field, we were married o' Christmas day,

But work was scant in the Isle, tho'
he tried the villages round,
So Harry went over the Solent to see
if work could be found;
An' he wrote 'I ha' six weeks' work,

An' he wrote 'I ha' six weeks' work, little wife, so far as I know; I'll come for an hour to-morrow, an' kiss you before I go.'

So I set to righting the house, for wasn't he coming that day? An' I hit on an old deal-box that was push'd in a corner away.

It was full of old odds an' ends, an' a letter along wi' the rest, I had better ha' put my naked hand in a hornets' nest.

17

'Sweetheart'—this was the letter this was the letter I read— 'You promised to find me work near you, an' I wish l was dead—

Didn't you kiss me an' promise? you haven't done it my lad, An' I almost died o' your going away, an' I wish that I had.'

XII

I too wish that I had—in the pleasant times that had past. Before I quarrel'd with Harry—my quarrel—the first an' the last.

....

For Harry came in, an' I flung him the letter that drove me wild, An' he told it me all at once, as simple as any child,





'What can it matter, my lass, what I did wi' my single life? I ha' been as true to you as ever a

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man to his wife;
An' she wasn't one o' the worst.
'Then,' I said, 'I'm none o' the

best.'
An' he smiled at me, 'Ain't you, my love? Come, come, little wife, let it rest!

The man isn't like the woman, no need to make such a stir.' But he anger'd me all the more, an' I

said 'You were keeping with her, When I was a-loving you all along an'

the same as before.'

An' he didn't speak for a while, an' he
anger'd me more and more.

Then he patted my hand in his gentle way, 'Let bygones be!'
'Bygones! you kept yours hush'd,' I said, 'when you married me!

said, 4 when you married me!
By-gones ma' be come-agains; an' she
—in her shame an' her sin—

You'll have her to nurse my child, if I die o' my lying in! You'll make her its second mother!

You'll make her its second mother!

I hate her—an' I hate yon!'
Ah, Harry, my man, you had better
ha' beaten me black an'
blue

Than ha' spoken as kind as you did, when I were so crazy wi' spite,

'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it 'ill all come right.'

αv.

An' he took three turns in the rain, an' I watch'd him, an' when he came in

I felt that my heart was hard, he was all wet thro' to the skin, An' I never said 'off wi' the wet,' I

never said 'on wi' the dry,'
So I knew my heart was hard, when

he came to bid me goodbye.

'You said that you hated me, Ellen,
but that isn't true, you know;
I am going to leave you a bit—you'll
kiss me before I go?'

'Going! you're going to her-kiss her -if you will,' I said-

I was near my time wi' the boy, I must ha' been light i' my head—

'I had sooner be cursed than kiss'd!'

—I didn't know well what I
meant,

But I turn'd my face from him, an' he turn'd his face an' he went.

And then he sent me a letter, 'I've gotten my work to do;

You wouldn't kiss me, my lass, an' I never loved any but you; I am sorry for all the quarrel an' sorry

for what she wrote,
I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey an' go
to-night by the boat.'

XVII.

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea,
An' I felt I had been to blame; he

was always kind to me.

'Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it 'ill
all come right'—

An' the boat went down that night the boat went down that night.

RIZPAH.

17--. I.

Wailing, wailing, wailing, the wind over land and sea— And Willy's voice in the wind, 'O

mother, come out to me.'
Why should he call me to-night, when
he knows that I cannot go?

he knows that I cannot go?

For the downs are as bright as day,
and the full moon stares at the
snow.

II.

We should be seen, my dear; they would spy us out of the town.



111

Anything fallen again? nay—what was there left to fall? I have taken them home, I have number'd the bones, I have hidden

them all.

What am I saying? and what are

you? do you come as a spy?

Falls? what falls? who knows? As
the tree falls so must it lie.

IV.

Who let her in? how long has she been? you—what have you heard?

Why did you sit so quiet? you never have spoken a word.

O—to pray with me—yes—a lady—

none of their spies—
But the night has crept into my heart,
and begun to darken my eyes.

v.

Ah—you, that have lived so soft, what shor' 1 you know of the night. The blast and the burning shame and the bitter frost and the fright? I have done it, while you were asleep—you were only made for the

day.

I have gather'd my baby together—
and now you may go your way.

177

Nay—for it's kind of you, Madam, to sit by an old dying wife. But say nothing hard of my boy, I have only an hour of life.

have only an hour of life.

I kiss'd my boy in the prison, before
he went out to die.

'They dared me to do it,' he said, and

They dared me to do it,' he said, and he never has told me a lie.

But he lived with a lot of wild mates, and they never would let him be good;

They swore that he dare not rob the mail, and he swore that he would:

would;
And he took no life, but he took one
purse, and when all was done
He flung it among his fellows—I'll

none of it, said my son.

I came into court to the Judge and the lawyers. I told them my

God's own truth—but they kill'd him, they kill'd him for robbing the

They hang'd him in chains for a show
—we had always borne a good
name—

To be hang'd for a thief—and then put away—isn't that enough shame?

Dust to dust—low down—let us hide!
but they set him so high
That all the ships of the world could

stare at him, passing by. God 'ill pardon the hell-black raven

and horrible fowls of the air, But not the black heart of the lawyer who kill'd him and hang'd him there.

11

And the jailer forced me away. I had bid him my last goodbye; They had fasten'd the door of his cell.
'O mother!' I heard him cry.







Then since I couldn't but hear that cry of my boy that was dead, They seized me and shut me up: they fasten'd me down on my bed.

'Mother, O mother!'-he call'd in the dark to me year after vear-

They beat me for that, they beat meyou know that I couldn't but hear:

And then at the last they found I had grown so stupid and still They let me abroad again-but the

creatures had worked their will.

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bone was left-

I stole them all from the lawyers-and you, will you call it a theft?-My baby, the bones that had suck'd me, the bones that had laughed

and had cried-Theirs? O no! they are mine-not theirs-they had moved in my side.

XII.

Do you think I was scared by the bones? I kiss'd 'em, I buried 'em all-

I can't dig deep, I am old-in the night by the churchyard wall. My Willy 'ill rise up whole when the trumpet of judgment 'ill sound, But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy ground.

XIII.

They would scratch him up-they would hang him again on the cursed tree.

O yes-we are sinners, I know-let all that be, Sin?

suffering.' Yes, O yes! For the lawyer is born but to murder the Saviour lives but to bless.

He'll never put on the black cap except for the worst of the worst.

And the first may be last-I have heard it in church-and the last may be first.

Suffering-O long-suffering-yes, as the Lord must know.

Year after year in the mist and the wind and the shower and the snow.

XIV.

Heard, have you? what? they have told you he never repented his sin.

How do they know it? are they his mother? are you of his kin? Heard! have you ever heard, when

the storm on the downs be-The wind that 'ill wail like a child' and the sea that 'ill moan like a man?

xv.

Election, Election and Reprobationit's all very well.

But I go to-night to my boy, and I

shall not find him in Hell. For I cared so much for my boy that the Lord has look'd into my care.

And He means me I'm sure to be happy with Willy, I know not where.

And if he be lost-but to save my soul, that is all your desire:

Do you think that I care for my soul if my boy be gone to the fire?

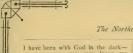






"UNCLASP'D THE WEDDED EAGLES OF HER BELT."-Page 84.





The Northern Cobbler

go, go, you may leave me

You never have borne a child-you are just as hard as a stone.

XVII.

Madam, I beg your pardon! I think that you mean to be kind,

But I cannot hear what you say for my Willy's voice in the wind-The snow and the sky so bright-he used but to call in the dark,

And he calls to me now from the church and not from the gibbet -for hark!

Nav-vou can hear it vourself-it is coming-shaking the walls-Willy—the moon's in a cloud— Good-night. I am going. He

THE NORTHERN COBBLER.

WAÄIT till our Sally cooms in, fur thou mun a' sights 1 to tell. Eh, but I be maäin glad to seeä tha sa 'arty an' well.

'Cast awaäy on a disolut land wi' a vartical soon 2!'

Strange fur to goā fur to think what saäilors a' seëan an' a' doon; 'Summat to drink—sa' 'ot?' I 'a nowt but Adam's wine What's the 'eat o' this little 'ill-side to the 'eat o' the line ?

1 The vowels ai, pronounced separately though in the closest conjunction, best render the sound of the long i and y in this dialect. But since such words as cratin' daiin', whal, al (I), etc., look awkward except in a page of express phonetics, I have thought it better to leave the simple i and y, and to trust that my readers will

give them the broader pronunciation. 2 The oo short, as in 'wood,'

'What's i' tha bottle a-stanning theer?' I'll tell tha. Gin. But if thou wants thy grog, tha mun

Naav-fur I be maain-glad, but thaw

tha was iver sa dry,
Thon gits naw gin fro' the bottle
theer, an' I'll tell tha why.

Mea an' thy sister was married, when wur it? back-end o' June.

Ten year sin', and wa 'greed as well as a fiddle i' tune I could fettle and clump owd booöts

and shoes wi' the best on 'em

As fer as fro' Thursby thurn hup to Harmsby and Hutterby Hall. We was busy as beeas i' the bloom an' as 'appy as 'art could think. An' then the babby wur burn, and

then I taakes to the drink.

An' I weänt gaäinsaäy it, my lad, thaw I be hafe shaämed on it

We could sing a good song at the Plow, we could sing a good song at the Plow;

Thaw once of a frosty night I slither'd an' hurted my huck,1 An' I coom'd neck-an-crop soomtimes

slaape down i' the squad an' the muck : An' once I fowt wi' the Taäilor-not

hafe ov a man, my lad-Fur he scrawin'd an' scratted my faäce like a cat, an' it maäde

'er sa mad That Sally she turn'd a tonguebanger, an' raated ma, 'Sot-

tin' thy bragins Guzzlin' an' soäkin' an' smoakin' an' hawmin' a about i' the laänes.

Soa sow-droonk that the doesn not touch thy 'at to the Squire;'

1 Hip. ² Scold. 3 Lounging.







An' Sally she wesh'd foalks' cloaths to keep the wolf fro' the door, Eh but the moor she riled me, she druv me to drink the moor, Fur I fun', when 'er back wur turn'd. wheer Sally's owd stockin' wur

An' I grabb'd the munny she maade, and I wear'd it o' liquor, I did.

An' one night I cooms 'oam like a bull gotten loose at a faair, An' she wur a-waäitin' fo'mma, an crvin' and teärin' 'er 'aäir.

An' I tummled athurt the craadle an' sweär'd as I'd breäk ivry stick O' furnitur 'ere i' the 'ouse, an' I gied

our Sally a kick,
An' I mash'd the taäbles an' chairs, an' she an' the babby beal'd,1 Fur I knaw'd naw moor what I did nor a mortal beäst o' the feäld.

An' when I waaked i' the murnin' I seead that our Sally went laämed

Cos' o' the kick as I gied 'er, an' I wur dreädful ashaämed; An' Sally wur sloomy 2 an' draggle

taäil'd in an owd turn gown, An' the babby's faace wurn't wesh'd an' the 'ole 'ouse hupside down

VIII.

An' then I minded our Sally sa pratty an' neät an' sweeät. Straat as a pole an' clean as a flower fro' 'ead to feeat:

1 Bellowed, cried out.

2 Sluggish, out of spirits.

shined like a sparkle o' fire. Doesn't tha see 'im,' she axes, 'fur I can see 'im?' an' I

Seead nobbut the smile o' the sun as danced in 'er pratty blue eye;

An' I says 'I mun gie tha a kiss,' an' Sally says 'Noä, thou moänt,' But I gied 'er a kiss, an' then anoother, an' Sally says 'doant!'

An' when we coom'd into Meeatin', at fust she wur all in a tew,

But, arter, we sing'd the 'ymn togither like birds on a beugh;
An' Muggins 'e preäch'd o' Hell-fire
an' the loov o' God fur men,

An' then upo' coomin' awaäy Sally gied me a kiss ov 'ersen.

Heer wur a fall fro' a kiss to a kick like Saätan as fell Down out o' heaven i' Hell-fire-thaw

theer's naw drinkin' i' Hell; Mea fur to kick our Sally as kep the wolf fro' the door, All along o' the drink, fur I loov'd 'er

as well as afoor.

Sa like a greät num-cumpus I blub-ber'd awaäv o' the bed-'Weant niver do it naw moor; ' an'

Sally looökt up an' she said, 'I'll upowd it 1 tha weant; thou'rt like the rest o' the men,

Thou'll goa sniffin' about the tap till tha does it agean.

Theer's thy hennemy, man, an' I knaws, as knaws tha sa well, That, if the see is 'im an' smells 'im tha'll foller 'im slick into Hell.'

1 I'll uphold it.











And a day less or more At sea or ashore,

We die—does it matter when? Sink me the ship, Master Gunner sink her, split her in twain! Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!'

And the gunner said 'Ay, ay,' but the seamen made reply: 'We have children, we have wives, And the Lord hath spared our lives. We will make the Spaniard promise.

We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go; We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.'

And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then, Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last, And they praised him to his face with

their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he
cried:

'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true; I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:

With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!' And he fell upon their decks, and he

XIV.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true, And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;

Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew, But they sank his body with honor And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew, And away she sail'd with her loss and

And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own; When a wind from the lands they had

ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the

weather to moan, And or ever that evening ended a

great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is

raised by an earthquake grew, Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their

flags,

And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,

And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags To be lost evermore in the main.

THE SISTERS.

They have left the doors ajar; and by their clash, And prelude on the keys, I know the song,

Their favorite—which I call 'The Tables Turned.' Evelyn begins it 'O diviner Air.'

EVELYN.

O diviner Air, Thro' the heat, the drowth, the dust, the glare, Far from out the west in shadowing

Over all the meadow baked and bare, Making fresh and fair All the bowers and the flowers, Fainting flowers, faded bowers, Over all this wearv world of ours.

A sweet voice that—you scarce could better that. Now follows Edith echoing Evelyn.

Breathe, diviner Air!





EDITH.

O diviner light,
Thro' the cloud that roofs our noon
with night,
Thro' the blotting mist, the blinding
showers,
Far from out a sky for ever bright,
Over all the woodland's flooded

Far from out a sky for ever bright, Over all the woodland's flooded bowers, Over all the meadow's drowning

flowers, Over all this ruin'd world of ours, Break, diviner light!

Marvellously like, their voices—and themselves! Tho' one is somewhat deeper than the

other,
As one is somewhat graver than the other—
Edith than Evelyn. Your good

Uncle, whom
You count the father of your fortune,
longs

longs
For this alliance: let me ask you then,

Which voice most takes you? for I
do not doubt
Being a watchful parent, you are

taken
With one or other: tho' sometimes I
fear

You may be flickering, fluttering in a doubt Between the two—which must not be

—which might

Be death to one: they both are beautiful:

Evelyn is gayer, wittier, prettier, says The common voice, if one may trust

it: she?

No! but the paler and the graver,
Edith.

Wow her and gain her then; no wa-

Woo her and gain her then: no wavering, boy! The graver is perhaps the one for

Who jest and laugh so easily and so well.

For love will go by contrast, as by likes.

No sisters ever prized each other more. (ot so; their mother and her sister

Not so: their mother and her sister loved More passionately still.

More passionately still.

But that my best
And oldest friend, your Uncle, wishes
it,
And that I know you worthy every-

way
To be my son, I might, perchance, be
loath
To part them, or part from them: and

To part them, or part from them: and yet one Should marry, or all the broad lands

in your view
From this bay window—which our
house has held
Three hundred years—will pass collaterally.

My father with a child on either knee, A hand upon the head of either child, Smoothing their locks, as golden as

his own Were silver, 'get them wedded' would he say.

And once my prattling Edith ask'd him 'why?' Ay, why? said he, 'for why should I go lame?'

I go lame?'
Then told them of his wars, and of his wound.

For see—this wine—the grape from whence it flow'd Was blackening on the slopes of Por-

tugal, When that brave soldier, down the terrible ridge Plunged in the last fierce charge at

Waterloo,
And caught the laming bullet. He
left me this,
Which yet rathing a memory of its

Which yet retains a memory of its youth,

As I of mine, and my first passion.

Come
Here's to your happy union with my

Yet must you change your name: no fault of mine!





You say that you can do it as willingly
As birds make ready for their bridal-

By change of feather: for all that, my

Some birds are sick and sullen when they moult.

An old and worthy name! but mine that stirr'd Among our civil wars and earlier too

Among our civil wars and earner too
Among the Roses, the more venerable.

I care not for a name—no fault of

mine.
Once more—a happier marriage than
my own!

You see yon Lombard poplar on the plain. The highway running by it leaves a

breadth

Of sward to left and right, where,
long ago,

One bright May morning in a world of song,

I lay at leisure, watching overhead The aërial poplar wave, an amber spire.

I dozed; I woke. An open landaulet
Whirl'd by, which, after it had past me, show'd
Turning my way, the loveliest face on earth.
The face of one there sitting oppo-

The face of one there sitting opposite,
On whom I brought a strange unhappiness,
That time I did not see.

Love at first sight May seem—with goodly rhyme and reason for it— Possible—at first glimpse, and for a

face
Gone in a moment—strange. Yet
once, when first
I came on lake Llanberris in the

A moonless night with storm—one lightning-fork Flash'd out the lake; and tho' l loiter'd there The full day after, yet in retrospect

The full day after, yet in retrospect That less than momentary thundersketch Of lake and mountain conquers all

Of lake and mountain conquers all the day.

The Sun himself has limn'd the face for me.

Not quite so quickly, no, nor half as well

For look you here—the shadows are too deep,

And like the critic's blurring comment make The veriest beauties of the work appear

The darkest faults: the sweet eyes frown: the lips
Seem but a gash. My sole memorial

Seem but a gash. My sole memorial Of Edith—no, the other,—both indeed.

So that bright face was flash'd thro's sense and soul.

And by the poplar vanish'd—to be found.

Long after, as it seem'd, beneath the tall.

Tree-bowers, and those long-sweeping.

beechen boughs
Of our New Forest. I was there
alone:
The phantom of the whirling landaulet
For ever past me by: when one quick
peal

Of laughter drew me thro' the glimmering glades

Down to the snowlike sparkle of a cloth

On fern and foxglove. Lo, the face again,

My Rosalind in this Arden—Edith all
One bloom of youth, health, beauty, happiness,
And moved to merriment at a passing jest.

There one of those about her knowing me

T .

l came on la dark, A moonless i lightnin nt at a passing



Edith wrote:

My mother bids me ask' (I did not tell you—

tell you— A widow with less guile than many a child. God help the wrinkled children that

are Christ's
As well as the plump cheek—she

wrought us harm,
Poor soul, not knowing) 'are you ill?'

(so ran The letter) 'you have not been here of late.

You will not find me here. At last I

On that long-promised visit to the

North.

1 told your wayside story to my mother
And Evelyn. She remembers you.
Farewell.

Pray come and see my mother. Almost blind

With ever-growing cataract, yet she thinks

She sees you when she hears. Again farewell.'

Cold words from one 1 had hoped to warm so far That 1 could stamp my image on her heart!

'Pray come and see my mother, and farewell.'

Cold, but as welcome as free airs of heaven

After a dungeon's closeness. Selfish, strange!

What dwarfs are men! my strangled vanity Utter'd a stifled cry—to have vext

myself And all in vain for her—cold heart or

No bride for me. Yet so my path was clear To win the sister.

Whom 1 woo'd and won.
For Evelyn knew not of my former
suit,
Because the simple mother work'd
upon

By Edith pray'd me not to whisper of it. And Edith would be bridesmaid on the day. But on that day, not being all at

ease, I from the altar glancing back upon

her,
Before the first '1 will' was utter'd,

The bridesmaid pale, statuelike, pas-

'No harm, no harm' 1 turn'd again, and placed

My ring upon the finger of my bride.

So, when we parted, Edith spoke no word,
She wept no 'tear, but round my

Evelyn clung
In utter silence for so long, I thought
'What, will she never set her sister
free?'

We left her, happy each in each, and then, As tho' the happiness of each in each

Were not enough, must fain have torrents, lakes,

Hills, the great things of Nature and the fair, To lift us as it were from common-

place,
And help us to our joy. Better have

sent
Our Edith thro' the glories of the

earth,
To change with her horizon, if true

Were not his own imperial all-in-all.

Far off we went. My God, I would not live Save that I think this gross hardseeming world

Is our misshaping vision of the Powers Behind the world, that make our griefs our gains.

For on the dark night of our marriage-day The great Tragedian, that had quench'd herself

quench'd herself In that assumption of the bridesmaid —she





That loved me-our true Edith-her brain broke With over-acting, till she rose and Beneath a pitiless rush of Autumn

To the deaf church-to be let in-to pray
Before that altar—so I think: and there They found her beating the hard Prot-

estant doors. She died and she was buried ere we knew.

I learnt it first. I had to speak. At once The bright quick smile of Evelyn, that had sunn'd

The morning of our marriage, past away: And on our home-return the daily

want Of Edith in the house, the garden, still

Haunted us like her ghost; and by and by Either from that necessity for talk

Which lives with blindness, or plain innocence Of nature, or desire that her lost child

Should earn from both the praise of heroism,

The mother broke her promise to the dead, And told the living daughter with

what love Edith had welcomed my brief wooing

of her, And all her sweet self-sacrifice and death.

Henceforth that mystic bond betwixt the twins

Did I not tell you they were twins?prevail'd So far that no caress could win my wife

Back to that passionate answer of full heart

I had from her at first. Not that her love,

Tho' scarce as great as Edith's power of love Had lessen'd, but the mother's garrulous wail

For ever woke the unhappy Past again.

Till that dead bridesmaid, meant to be my bride. Put forth cold hands between us, and

I fear'd The very fountains of her life were

chill'd; So took her thence, and brought her here, and here

She bore a child, whom reverently we call'd

Edith; and in the second year was A second-this 1 named from her own

self. Evelyn; then two weeks-no more-

she joined In and beyond the grave, that one she loved.

Now in this quiet of declining life, Thro' dreams by night and trances of

the day The sisters glide about me hand in

Both beautiful alike, nor can I tell One from the other, no, nor care to tell One from the other, only know they

come, They smile upon me, till, remembering all

The love they both have borne me, and the love I bore them both-divided as I am

From either by the stillness of the grave-I know not which of these I love the

But you love Edith; and her own true eyes Are traitors to her; our quick

Evelyn-The merrier, prettier, wittier, as they talk,

And not without good reason, my good son-



Dearest of all things-well, I am not

But if there lie a preference either-

And in the rich vocabulary of Love 'Most dearest' be a true superlative-

I think I likewise love your Edith most

THE VILLAGE WIFE: OR. THE ENTAIL.1

'OUSE-KEEPER sent tha my lass, fur New Squire coom'd last night.

Butter an' heggs-vis-vis. I'll goa wi' tha back : all right ; Butter I warrants be prime, an' I war-

rants the heggs be as well. Hafe a pint o' milk runs out when ya breaks the shell.

Sit thysen down fur a bit : hev a glass o' cowslip wine!

I liked the owd Squire an' 'is gells as thaw they was gells o' mine, Fur then we was all es one, the Squire an' 'is darters an' me, Hall but Miss Annie; the heldest, I

niver not took to she: But Nelly, the last of the cletch, 2 I liked 'er the fust on 'em all,

Fur hoffens we talkt o' my darter es died o' the fever at fall An' I thowt 'twur the will o' the Lord,

but Miss Annie she said it wur Fur she hedn't naw coomfut in 'er, an'

arn'd naw thanks fur 'er paäins. Eh! thebbe all wi' the Lord my childer, I han't gotten none! Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taail in 'is 'and, an' owd Squire's gone.

1 See note to 1 Northern Cobbler." 2 A brood of chickens

Fur 'staate be i' taail, my lass: tha dosn' knaw what that be? But I knaws the law, I does, for the lawyer ha towd it me.

When theer's naw 'ead to a 'Ouse by the fault o' that ere maale-The gells they counts fur nowt, and the next un he taakes the taail.

What be the next un like? can tha tell ony harm on 'im lass ?-

Naay sit down - naw 'urry - sa cowd !-hev another glass! Straange an' cowd fur the time! we

may happen a fall o' snaw-Not es I cares fur to hear ony harm.

but I likes to knaw. An' I'oaps es 'e beant booöklarn'd: but 'e dosn' not coom fro' the shere:

We'd anew o' that wi' the Squire, an' we haates boooklarnin ere.

Fur Squire wur a Varsity scholard, an' niver lookt arter the land-Whoats or tonups or taates-'e 'ed hallus a boook i' 'is 'and.

Hallus aloán wi' 'is booöks, thaw nigh upo' seventy year.
An' booöks, what's booöks? thou knaws thebbe naither 'ere nor

theer.

An' the gells, they hedn't naw taäils. an' the lawyer he towd it me That 'is taail were soa tied up es he couldn't cut down a tree!

Drat the trees, says I, to be sewer I

haates 'em, my lass,

Fur we puts the muck o' the land an' they sucks the muck fro' the

An' Squire wur hallus a-smilin', an' gied to the tramps goin' by-





snifft up a box in a daäy.

An' 'e niver runn'd arter the fox, nor arter the birds wi' 'is gun,

An' 'e niver not shot one 'are, but 'e leäved it to Charlie 'is son,

An' 'e niver not fish'd 'is awn ponds, but Charlie 'e cotch'd the pike. For 'e warn't not burn to the land, an'

'e didn't take kind to it like;
But I eärs es 'e'd gie fur a howry's
owd book thutty pound an'
moor,

An' 'e'd wrote an owd book, his awn sen, sa I knaw'd es 'e'd coom to

be poor; An' 'e gied—I be fear'd fur to tell tha 'ow much—fur an owd scratted stoan,

An' 'e digg'd up a loomp i' the land an' 'e got a brown pot an' a boan. An' 'e bowt owd money, es wouldn't

goä, wi' good gowd o' the Queen, An' 'e bowt little statutes all-naäkt an' which was a shaäme to be seen; But 'e niver looökt ower a bill, nor 'e

niver not seed to owt,
An' 'e niver knawd nowt but booaks,
an' booaks, as thou knaws,
beant nowt.

VIII.

But owd Squire's laady es long es she lived she kep 'em all clear, Thaw es long es she lived I niver hed none of 'er darters 'ere;

Overdrest in gay colors. 2 Owl. Filthy.

An' Squire 'e smiled an' 'e smiled till 'e'd gotten a fright at last, An' 'e calls fur 'is son, fur the 'turney's letters they foller'd sa

ney's letters they foller'd sa fast; But Squire wur afear'd o' 'is son, an' e says to 'im, meek as a mouse, 'Lad, thou mun cut off thy taail, or

'Lad, thou mun cut off thy tail, or the gells 'ull goā to the Youse, Fur I finds es 1 be that i' debt, es 'oāps es thou'll 'elp me a bit, An' if thou'll 'gree to cut off thy tail I may saa've mysen yit.'

But Charlie 'e sets back 'is ears, an' 'e sweärs, an' 'e savs to 'im ' Noa. I've gotten the 'staäte by the taäil an' be dang'd if I iver let goa! Coom! coom! feyther,' 'e says, 'why

Coom! coom! teyther, 'e says, 'why shouldn't thy booöks be sowd? I hears es soom o' thy booöks mebbe worth their weight i' gowd.'

XI.

Heäps an' heäps o' booöks, I ha' see'd 'em, belong'd to the Squire,
But the lasses 'ed teärd out leäves i'
the middle to kindle the fire;
Sa moäst on 'is owd hig booöks

Sa moast on 'is owd big boooks fetch'd nigh to nowt at the saale, And Squire were at Charlie agean to git 'im to cut off 'is taail.

XII.

Ya wouldn't find Charlie's likes—'e were that outdacious at 'oam,



Hugger-mugger they lived, but they wasn't that easy to please,
Till I gied 'em Hinjian curn, an' they laäid big beggs es tha seeas;
An' I niver puts saame 1 i' my butter,
they does it at Willis's farm,
Taäste another drop o' the wine—
tweat do tha naw harm.

XIX

Sa new Squire's coom'd wi' 'is taäil in
'is 'and, an' owd Squire's gone;
I heard 'im a roomlin' by, but arter
my nightcap wur on;

my nightcap wur on;
Sa I han't clapt eyes on 'im yit, fur
he coom'd last night sa laäte—
Pluksh! 1 ! 2 the hens i' the peäs!
why didn't tha hesp the gaäte?

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

EMMIE

I.

Our doctor had call'd in another, I never had seen him before, But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door, Fresh from the surgery-schools of

France and of other lands— Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!

Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too of him He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb, And that I can well believe, for he look'd so coarse and so red, I could think he was one of those who

would break their jests on the dead, And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his

knee-

² A cry accompanied by a clapping of hands to scare trespassing fowl. Drench'd with the hellish oorali that ever such things should be!

I

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die

But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—

Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopcless case:

And he handled him gently enough; but his voice and his face were not kind,

And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,

And he said to me roughly 'The lad will need little more of your care.'

'All the more need,' I told him, 'to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer; They are all his children here, and I

pray for them all as my own:'
But he turn'd to me, 'Ay, good
woman, can prayer set a broken
bone?'

Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say 'All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day.'

Had? has it come? It has only dawn'd. It will come by and by.

O how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?

How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease But that He said 'Ye do it to me,

when ye do it to these'?

So he went. And we past to this ward where the younger children are laid: Patient of pain tho' as quick as a sensitive plant to the touch; Hers was the prettiest prattle, it often

moved me to tears. Hers was the gratefullest heart I have found in a child of her years-

Nay you remember our Emmie; you used to send her the flowers; How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours

after hours! They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are

Little guess what joy can be got from

a cowslip out of the field; Flowers to these 'spirits in prison' are all they can know of the

spring, They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an Angel's

wing; And she lay with a flower in one hand and her thin hands crost on her

breast-Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her at

rest. Quietly sleeping-so quiet, our doctor said 'Poor little dear,

Nurse, I must do it to-morrow; she'll never live thro' it, I fear.'

I walk'd with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair, Then I return'd to the ward; the child didn't see 1 was there.

Never since I was nurse, had I been so grieved and so vext ! Emmie had heard him. Softly she call'd from her cot to the next, 'He says I shall never live thro' it, ()
Annie, what shall I do?'

It's all in the picture there: "Little children should come

me," (Meaning the print that you gave us. I

find that it always can please. Our children, the dear Lord Jesus with children about his knees.)

'Yes, and I will,' said Emmie, 'but then if I call to the Lord. How should he know that it's me?

such a lot of beds in the ward!' That was a puzzle for Annie. she consider'd and said:

' Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on the

The Lord has so much to see to! but, Emmie, you tell it him plain.

It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane.

I had sat three nights by the child-1 could not watch her for four— My brain had begun to reel—1 felt I could do it no more.

That was my sleeping-night, but 1 thought that it never would

There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass, And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tost about,

The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness withont;

My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife

And fears for our delicate Emmie who scarce would escape with her life:

Then in the gray of the morning it seem'd she stood by me and smiled.

And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see the child.







He had brought his ghastly tools: we believed her asleep again-Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying

out on the counterpane: Say that His day is done! Ah why should we care what they say The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had past away.

DEDICATORY POEM TO THE PRINCESS ALICE.

DEAD PRINCESS, living Power, if that,

True life, live on-and if the fatal kiss.

Born of true life and love, divorce thee not

From earthly love and life-if what we call

The spirit flash not all at once from

This shadow into Substance-then perhans

The mellow'd murmur of the people's praise

From thine own State, and all our breadth of realm.

Where Love and Longing dress thy deeds in light,

Ascends to thee; and this March morn that sees Thy Soldier-brother's bridal orange-

bloom Break thro' the yews and cypress of

thy grave, And thine Imperial mother smile again.

May send one ray to thee! and who can tell-

Thou-England's Englandloving daughter—thou Dying so English thou wouldst have

her flag Borne on thy coffin-where is he can

swear But that some broken gleam from our

poor earth

May touch thee, while remembering thee, I lay At thy pale feet this ballad of the

Of England, and her banner in the

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry!

Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on high Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly

siege of Lucknowever we raised thee anew.

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our

Women and children among us, God help them, our children and wives!

Hold it we might-and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.

'Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post! Voice of the dead whom we loved, our

Lawrence the best of the brave : Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him-we laid him that night in his grave.

'Every man die at his post!' and there hail'd on our houses and halls Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-balls,

Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade, Death while we stood with the musket,

and death while we stoopt to the spade,







Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore

Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or more.

Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun-One has leapt up on the breach, crying ' Follow out : me.

me!'-Mark him-he falls! then another, and him too, and down goes he. Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had

won? Boardings and rafters and doors-an embrasure! make way for the

gun! Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged and we fire, and they run.

Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!

Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few, Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them. and slew,

That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can fight!

But to be soldier all day and be sentiuel all thro' the night-

Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms,

Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to Ever the labor of fifty that had to be

done by five, Ever the marvel among us that one

should be left alive, Ever the day with its traitorous death

from the loopholes are und, Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground,

Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,

Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies

Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field.

Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that would not be heal'd,

Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife,

Torture and trouble in vain .- for it never could save us a life. Valor of delicate women who tended

the hospital bed. Horror of women in travail among

the dying and dead. Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,

Toil and ineffable weariness, faltering hopes of relief,

Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we knew-Then day and night, day and night,

coming down on the still-shatter'd walls Millions of musket-bullets, and thou-

sands of cannon-balls-But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Hark cannonade, fusillade! is it true what was told by the scout, Outram and Havelock breaking their

way through the fell mutineers? Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears

All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,

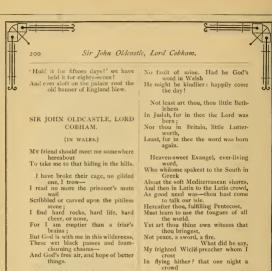
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers, Sick from the hospital echo them,

women and children come out, Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,

Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet with their

Dance to the pibroch !- saved! we are saved !-- is it you? is it you?

Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing Heaven!



I would I knew their speech; not now to glean, Not now—I hope to do it—some scatter'd ears, Some ears for Christ in this wild field

of Wales—
But, bread, merely for bread. This tongue that wagg'd
They said with such heretical arro-

gance Against the proud archbishop Arundel— So much God's cause was fluent in it

—is here
But as a Latin Bible to the crowd;
'Bara!'—what use? The Shepherd,
when I speak,

Vailing a sudden eyelid with his hard 'Dim Saesneg' passes, wroth at things of oldThrong'd the waste field about the city gates:
The king was on them suddenly with a host.

Why there? they came to hear their preacher. Then Some cried on Cobham, on the good

Lord Cobham; Ay, for they love me! but the king nor voice Nor finger raised against him—took

and hang'd,
Took, hang'd and burnt—how many
—thirty-nine—
Call'd it rebellion—hang'd, poor

friends, as rebels
And burn'd alive as heretics! for your
Priest

Labels—to take the king along with

All heresy, treason: but to call men traitors May make men traitors,

Rose of Lancaster, Red in thy birth, redder with household war,

Now reddest with the blood of holy men, Redder to be, red rose of Lancaster—

If somewhere in the North, as Rumor saug Fluttering the hawks of this crown-

lusting line—
By firth and loch thy silver sister grow,¹

That were my rose, there my allegiance due. Self-starved, they say—nay, murder'd,

doubtless dead.

So to this king I cleaved: my friend

was he,
Once my fast friend: I would have
given my life

To help his own from scathe, a thousand lives

To save his soul. 'He might have

Our Wiclif's learning: but the

Who fear the king's hard commonsense should find What rotten piles uphold their ma-

son-work, Urge him to foreign war. O had he will'd

I might have stricken a lusty stroke for him, But he would not; far liever led my

friend
Back to the pure and universal church,
But he would not: whether that heir-

In his throne's title make him feel so frail, He leans on Antichrist; or that his

mind,
So quick, so capable in soldiership,
In matters of the faith, alas the while!

More worth than all the kingdoms of this world, Runs in the rut, a coward to the Priest.

1 Richard II.

Burnt—good Sir Roger Acton, my dear friend! Burnt too, my faithful preacher, Beverley!

Lord give thou power to thy two witnesses!

Lest the false faith make merry over them! Two-nay but thirty-nine have risen

and stand,

Dark with the smoke of human sacri-

fice, Before thy light, and cry continually—

Cry—against whom?

Him, who should bear the sword

Of Justice—what! the kingly, kindly

boy; Who took the world so easily hereto-

My boon companion, tavern-fellow-

Who gibed and japed—in many a merry tale That shook our sides—at Pardoners,

Summoners, Friars, absolution-sellers, monkeries • And numeries, when the wild hour and the wild hour

and the wine
Had set the wits aflame.
Harry of Monmouth,

Or Amurath of the East?

Better to sink
Thy fleurs-de-lys in slime again, and

fling
Thy royalty back into the riotous fits
Of wine and harlotry—thy shame, and
mine,
Thy comrade—than to persecute the

Lord, And play the Saul that never will be Paul.

Burnt, burnt! and while this mitred Arunde! Dooms our unlicensed preacher to the flame.

The mitre-sanction'd harlot draws his clerks

Into the suburb—their hard celibacy, Sworn to be veriest ice of pureness, molten

Into adulterous living, or such crime



In M

As holy Paul—a shame to speak of them— Among the heathen—

Sanctuary granted To bandit, thief, assassin—yea to him Who hacks his mother's throat—denied to him.

Who finds the Saviour in his mother tongue.

The Gospel, the Priest's pearl, 'flung down to swine—

The swine, lay-men, lay-women, who will come, God willing, to ontlearn the filthy

friar.

Ah rather, Lord, than that thy Gospel,

meant
To course and range thro' all the
world, should be

Tether'd to these dead pillars of the Church— Rather than so, if thou wilt have it so,

Burst vein, snap sinew, and crack heart, and life

Pass in the fire of Babylon! but how long,

O Lord, how long!

My friend should meet me here.

Here is the copse, the fountain and—a

Cross!
To thee, dead wood, I bow not head nor knees.

Rather to thee, green boscage, work of God,

Black holly, and white-flower'd wayfaring tree! Rather to thee, thou living water, drawn

By this good Wiclif mountain down from heaven, And speaking clearly in thy native

tongue—
No Latin—He that thirsteth, come
and drink!

Eh! how I anger'd Arundel asking me To worship Holy Cross! I spread mine arms, God's work, I said, a cross of flesh

And holier. That was heresy. (My

By this time should be with me.)
'Images?'
'Bury them as God's truer images
Are daily buried.' 'Heresy.—Pen-

Are daily buried.' 'Heresy.—Penance?' 'Fast,

Hairshirt and scourge—nay, let a man repent, Do penance in his heart, God hears

him.' 'Heresy— Not shriven, not saved?' 'What profits an ill Priest

Between me and my God? I would not spurn Good counsel of good friends, but

shrive myself
No, not to an Apostle.' 'Heresy.'
(My friend is long in coming.) 'Pil-

grimages?'
'Drink, bagpipes, revelling, devil's-dances, vice.

The poor man's money gone to fat the friar. Who reads of begging saints in Script-

ure?'-' Heresy'(Hath he been here-not found me-

gone again?

Have I mislearnt our place of meeting?) 'Bread—

Bread left after the blessing?' how they stared That was their main test-question—

glared at me!
'He veil'd Himself in flesh, and now
He veils

His flesh in bread, body and bread together.' Then rose the howl of all the cassock'd

wolves,
'No bread, no bread. God's body!'
Archbishop, Bishop,

Priors, Canons, Friars, bellringers,
Parish-clerks—
'No bread, no bread!'—'Anthority

of the Church,
Power of the keys!'—Then I, God
help me, I

So mock'd, so spurn'd, so baited two whole days— I lost myself and fell from evenness, And rail'd at all the Popes, that ever

since Sylvester shed the venom of worldwealth





2===

Into the church, had only prov'n themselves
Poisoners, murderers. Well—God pardon all—

Me, them, and all the world—yea, that proud Priest, That mock-meek mouth of utter Anti-

christ, That traitor to King Richard and the truth, Who rose and doom'd me to the fire.

Amen! Nay, I can burn, so that the Lord of life

Be by me in my death.

Those three! the

Those three! the fourth Was like the Son of God! Not burnt were they. On them the smell of burning had not

past.
That was a miracle to convert the king.
These Pharisees, this Caiaphas-Arun-

del
What miracle could turn? He here
again,

He thwarting their traditions of Himself, He would be found a heretic to Him-

self,

And doom'd to burn alive.
So, caught, 1 burn.
Burn? heathen men have borne as
much as this,

For freedom, or the sake of those they loved, Or some less cause, some cause far less

than mine;

For every other cause is less than mine.

The moth will singe her wings, and singed return, Her love of light quenching her fear of pain—

How now, my soul, we do not heed the fire? Faint-hearted? tut!—faint-stomach'd! faint as I am,

God willing, I will burn for Him.

Who comes?
A thousand marks are set upon my head.

A thousand marks are set upon my head.

Friend?—foe perhaps—a tussle for it then

Nay, but my friend. Thou art so well disguised,

l knew thee not. Hast thou brought bread with thee?

I have not broken bread for fifty hours.

None? I am damn'd already by the Priest For holding there was bread where

For holding there was bread where bread was none—

No bread. My friends await me yonder? Yes.

yonder? Yes.
Lead on then. Up the mountain? Is
it far?

Not far. Climb first and reach me down thy hand, l am not like to die for lack of bread, For I must live to testify by fire.¹

COLUMBUS.

CHAINS, my good lord: in your raised brows I read

Some wonder at our chamber ornaments.

We brought this iron from our isles of gold.

Does the king know you deign to visit him Whom once he rose from off his

throne to greet
Before his people, like his brother
king?

king?
I saw your face that morning in the crowd.

At Barcelona—tho' you were not then

So bearded. Yes. The city deck'd herself To meet me, roar'd my name; the king, the queen

Bad me be seated, speak, and tell them all The story of my voyage, and while I

spoke
The crowd's roar fell as at the 'Peace,
be still!'

1 He was burnt on Christmas Day, 1417.

And when I ceased to speak, the king, the queen, Sank from their thrones, and melted

And knelt, and lifted hand and heart and voice

In praise to God who led me thro' the And then the great 'Laudamus' rose to heaven.

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean! chains For him who gave a new heaven, a

new earth As holy John had prophesied of me, Gave glory and more empire to the

kings Of Spain than all their battles! chains for him

Who push'd his prows into the setting sun.

And made West East, and sail'd the Dragon's mouth, And came upon the Mountain of the

And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!

Chains! we are Admirals of the Ocean, we, We and our sons for ever. Ferdi-

Hath sign'd it and our Holy Catholic

Of the Ocean-of the Indies-Admirals we-Our title, which we never mean to

Our guerdon not alone for what we did. But our amends for all we might have

done-The vast occasion of our stronger life-Eighteen long years of waste, seven

in your Spain, Lost, showing courts and kings a truth the babe Will suck in with his milk hereafter-

A sphere.

Were you at Salamanca? We fronted there the learning of all All their cosmogonies, their astron-

omies Guess-work they guess'd it, but the

Is morning-star to the full round of

No guess-work! I was certain of my goal; Some thought it heresy, but that

would not hold King David call'd the heavens a hide

Spread over earth, and so this earth was flat

Some cited old Lactantius: could it

That trees grew downward, rain fell upward, men

Walk'd like the fly on ceilings? and The great Augustine wrote that none

Within the zone of heat; so might there be

Two Adams, two mankinds, and that was clean

Against God's word: thus was I beaten back. And chiefly to my sorrow by the

Church, And thought to turn my face from Spain, appeal

Once more to France or England; but Recall'd me, for at last their Highnesses

Were half-assured this earth might be

All glory to the all-blessed Trinity, All glory to the mother of our Lord, Holy Church, from whom never swerved

Not even by one hair's-breadth of I have accomplish'd what I came to

Not yet-not all-last night dream-I sail'd





That even our prudent king, our righteous queen-

I pray'd them being so calumniated They would commission one of weight and worth

To judge between my slander'd self and me-Fonseca my main enemy at their

court They sent me out his tool, Boyadilla.

one As ignorant and impolitic as a beast-Blockish irreverence, brainless greed

-who sack'd My dwelling, seized upon my papers, loosed

My captives, feed the rebels of the crown.

Sold the crown-farms for all but nothing, gave

All but free leave for all to work the mines, Drove me and my good brothers

home in chains, And gathering ruthless gold-a single

piece Weigh'd nigh four thousand Castilla-

nos-so They tell me-weigh'd him down into the abysm-

The hurricane of the latitude on him fell. The seas of our discovering over-roll

Him and his gold; the frailer caravel, With what was mine, came happily to the shore. There was a glimmering of God's

hand.

And God Hath more than glimmer'd on me. O

my lord. I swear to you I heard his voice between

The thunders in the black Veragua nights,

O soul of little faith, slow to believe! Have I not been about thee from thy birth?

Given thee the keys of the great Ocean-sea?

Set thee in light till time shall be no more?

Is it I who have deceived thee or the world? Endure! thou hast done so well for

men, that men Cry out against thee: was it other-

With mine own Son?'

And more than once in days Of doubt and cloud and storm, when drowning hope

Sank all but out of sight, I heard his voice.

Be not cast down. I lead thee by the hand, Fear not.' And I shall hear his voice

again-I know that he has led me all my life, I am not yet too old to work his will-His voice again.

Still for all that, my lord, I lying here bedridden and alone, Cast off, put by, scouted by court and king-

The first discoverer starves-his followers, all Flower into fortune-our world's way

-and I. Without a roof that I can call mine Own

With scarce a coin to buy a meal withal. And seeing what a door for scoundrel

scum I open'd to the West, thro' which the

lust, Villany, violence, avarice, of your Spain

Pour'd in on all those happy naked isles-Their kindly native princes slain or

slaved, Their wives and children Spanish concubines.

Their innocent hospitalities quench'd in blood,

Some dead of hunger, some beneath the scourge Some over-laborid, some by their own

hands,-

Yea, the dear mothers, crazing Nature, kill

Their babies at the breast for hate of Spain—
Ah God, the harmless people whom we found

In Hispaniola's island-Paradise! Who took us for the very Gods from Heaven,

And we have sent them very fiends from Hell; And I myself, myself not blameless, I

And I myself, myself not blameless, I Could sometimes wish I had never led the way.

Only the ghost of our great Catholic Queen Smiles on me, saying, 'Be thou comforted!

This creedless people will be brought to Christ

And own the holy governance of Rome.'

But who could dream that we, who bore the Cross Thither, were excommunicated there,

For curbing crimes that scandalized the Cross, By him, the Catalonian Minorite, Rome's Vicar in our Indies? who be-

Rome's Vicar in our Indies? who believe
These hard memorials of our truth to

Spain
Clung closer to us for a longer term
Than any friend of ours at Court?

and yet
Pardon—too harsh, unjust. I am
rack'd with pains.

You see that I have hung them by my bed, And I will have them buried in my grave.

grave.

Sir, in that flight of ages which are

Own voice to justify the dead—perchance Spain once the most chivalric race on earth,

Spain then the mightiest, wealthiest realm on earth,

So made by me, may seek to unbury me,

To lay me in some shrine of this old Spain,

Or in that vaster Spain I leave to Spain. Then some one standing by my grave

will say,
'Behold the bones of Christopher

Colòn'—
'Ay, but the chains, what do they mean—the chains?'—

I sorrow for that kindly child of Spain Who then will have to answer, 'These same chains

Bound these same bones back thro' the Atlantic sea, Which he unchain'd for all the world to come.'

O Queen of Heaven who seest the souls in Hell

And purgatory, I suffer all as much As they do—for the moment. Stay, my son

Is here anon: my son will speak for me Ablier than I can in these spasms that grind

Bone against bone. You will not. One last word.

You move about the Court, I pray you tell King Ferdinand who plays with me,

that one, Whose life has been no play with him and his Hidalgos—shipwrecks, famines, fe-

vers, fights,
Mutinies, treacheries—wink'd at, and
condoned—

That I am loyal to him till the death, And ready—tho' our Holy Catholic Queen, Who fain had pledged her jewels on

my first voyage,
Whose hope was mine to spread the
Catholic faith,

Who wept with me when I return'd in chains, Who sits beside the blessed Virgin

Who sits beside the blessed Virgin now, To whom I send my prayer by night

whom I send my prayer by night and day—







She is gone—but you will tell the King, that I, Rack'd as I am with gout, and

wrench'd with pains
Gain'd in the service of His High-

Am ready to sail forth on one last voyage, And readier, if the King would hear,

And readier, if the King would hear to lead

One last crusade against the Saracen, And save the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.

Going? I am old and slighted: you have dared Somewhat perhaps in coming? my poor thanks!

I am but an alien and a Genovese.

THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE

(FOUNDED ON AN IRISH LEGEND. A. D. 700.)

I was the chief of the race—he had stricken my father dead— But I gather'd my fellows together, I swore I would strike off his

head. Each of them look'd like a king, and was noble in birth as in worth.

was noble in birth as in worth, And each of them boasted he sprang from the oldest race upon earth.

Each was as brave in the fight as the bravest hero of song, And each of them liefer had died than

have done one another a wrong.

He lived on an isle in the ocean—we sail'd on a Friday morn—

He that had slain my father the day before I was born.

And we came to the isle in the ocean, and there on the shore was he. But a sudden blast blew us out and away thro' a boundless sea. 111.

And we came to the Silent Isle that we never had touch'd at before, Where a silent ocean always broke on

a silent shore,
And the brooks glitter'd on in the

light without sound, and the long waterfalls

Pour'd in a thunderless plunge to the base of the mountain walls, And the poplar and cypress unshaken

by storm flourish'd up beyond sight, And the pine shot aloft from the crag

to an unbelievable height,
And high in the heaven above it there

flicker'd a songless lark, And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull couldn't low, and the dog

couldn't bark.

And round it we went, and thro' it,
but never a murmur, a breath—

It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it quiet as death, And we hated the beautiful Isle, for

whenever we strove to speak Our voices were thinner and tainter

than any flittermouse-shriek; And the men that were mighty of tongue and could raise such a

That a hundred who heard it would rush on a thousand lances and die—
O they to be dumb'd by the charm!—

so fluster'd with anger were

They almost fell on each other; but after we sail'd away.

1V.

And we came to the Isle of Shouting, we landed, a score of wild birds Cried from the topmost summit with human voices and words;

Once in an hour they cried, and whenever their voices peal'd

The steer fell down at the plow and the harvest died from the field, And the men dropt dead in the valleys and half of the cattle went lame,





200

And the roof sank in on the hearth, and the dwelling broke into flame:

And the shouting of these wild birds ran into the hearts of my crew,

Till they shouted along with the shouting and seized one another and slew:

But I drew them the one from the other: I saw that we could not

And we left the dead to the birds and we sail'd with our wounded away.

And we came to the Isle of Flowers: their breath met us out on the

For the Spring and the middle Summer sat each on the lap of the breeze And the red passion-flower to the

cliffs, and the dark-blue clematis, clung,

And starr'd with a myriad blossom the long convolvulus hung;

And the topmost spire of the mountain was lilies in lieu of snow,

And the lilies like glaciers winded down, running out below Thro' the fire of the tulip and poppy, the blaze of gorse, and the

blush millions of roses that sprang without leaf or a thorn from

the bush And the whole isle-side flashing down from the peak without ever a

Swept like a torrent of gems from the sky to the blue of the sea: And we roll'd upon capes of crocus

and vaunted our kith and our kin, And we wallow'd in beds of lilies, and

chanted the triumph of Finn, Till each like a golden image was pollen'd from head to feet

And each was as dry as a cricket, with thirst in the middle-day heat.

Blossom and blossom, and promise of blossom, but never a fruit ! And we hated the Flowering Isle, as

we hated the isle that was mute.

And we tore up the flowers by the million and flung them in bight and bay.

And we left but a naked rock, and in anger we sail'd away.

And we came to the Isle of Fruits: all round from the cliffs and the capes

Purple or amber, dangled a hundred fathom of grapes,

And the warm melon lay like a little sun on the tawny sand,

And the fig ran up from the beach and rioted over the land, And the mountain arose like a jewell'd

Glowing with all-color'd plums and with golden masses of pear,

And the crimson and scarlet of berries that flamed upon bine and

But in every berry and fruit was the poisonous pleasure of wine; And the peak of the mountain was

apples, the hugest that ever were seen, And they prest, as they grew, on each

between, And all of them redder than rosiest health or than utterest shame,

And setting, when Even descended, the very sunset affame:

And we stay'd three days, and we gorged and we madden'd, till every one drew His sword on his fellow to slav him,

and ever they struck and they slew And myself, I had eaten but sparely, and fought till I sunder'd the

Then I bad them remember my father's death, and we away.





vine.

other, with hardly a leaflet



O weary was I of the travel, the trouble, the strife and the sin, When I landed again, with a tithe of my men, on the Isle of Finn.

rang into the heart and the brain. Till the passion of battle was on us,

and all took sides with the Towers,

There were some for the clean-cut stone, there were more for the carven flowers, And the wrathful thunder of God

peal'd over us all the day. For the one half slew the other, and after we sail'd away.

VI.

And we came to the Isle of a Saint who had sail'd with St. Brendan of yore, He had lived ever since on the Isle

and his winters were fifteen

And his voice was low as from other worlds, and his eves were sweet.

And his white hair sank to his heels and his white beard fell to his

And he spake to me, 'O Maeldune, let be this purpose of thine!

Remember the words of the Lord when he told us "Vengeance is mine! His fathers have slain thy fathers in

war or in single strife, Thy fathers have slain his fathers,

each taken a life for a life, Thy father had slain his father, how long shall the murder last?

Go back to the Isle of Finn and suffer the Past to be Past.' And we kiss'd the fringe of his beard and we pray'd as we heard him

And the Holy man he assoil'd us, and sadly we sail'd away.

And we came to the 1slc we were blown from, and there on the shore was he,

The man that had slain my father. I saw him and let him be.

THE TWO GREETINGS.

OUT of the deep, my child, out of the deer Where all that was to be, in all that

Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the

Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddying light-

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep, Thro' all this changing world of

changeless law, And every phase of ever-heightening

And nine long months of antenatal gloom, With this last moon, this crescent-

her dark orb Touch'd with earth's light-thou

comest, darling boy; Our own; a babe in lineament and limb

Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man:

Whose face and form are hers and mine in one, Indissolubly married like our love;

Live, and be happy in thyself, and

men

Breaking with laughter from the dark; and may

lives

course

DE PROFUNDIS:

This mortal race thy kin so well, that May bless thee as we bless thee, O young life The fated channel where thy motion Le prosperously shaped, and sway thy









"BUT KEEP THE SECRET FOR YOUR LIFE,"-Page 96.





OUEEN MARY:

A DRAMA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OPERN MARY. Philip, King of Naples and Sicily, afterwards King of Spain

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH. REGINALD POLE, Cardinal and Papal Legate,

SIMON RENARD, Spanish Ambassador. LE SIEUR DE NOAILLES, French Ambassador.

THOMAS CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury

SIR NICHOLAS HEATH, Archbishop of York: Lord Chancellor after Gardiner. EDWARD COURTENAY, Earl of Devoi

LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, afterwards Lord Howard, and Lord High Admiral.

LORD WILLIAMS OF THAME, LORD PAGET. LORD PETER. STEPHEN GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor. THOMAS THIRLBY, Bishop of Ely.

EDMUND BONNER, Bishop of London. SIR THOMAS WYATT Insurrectionary Leaders.

SIR THOMAS STAFFORD SIR RALPH BAGENHALL,

SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL. SIR WILLIAM CRCIL.

SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD. SIR THOMAS WHITE, Lord Mayor of London.

THE DUKE OF ALVA
THE COUNT DE FERIA attending on Philip.

PETER MARTYR. FATHER COLE. VILLA GARCIA.

ANTHONY KNYVETT Adherents of Wyatt.

PETERS, Gentleman of Lord Howard.

ROGER. Servant to Noailles. WILLIAM, Servant to Wyatt.

STEWARD OF HOUSEHOLD to the Princess Elizabeth. OLD NOKES and NOKES. MARCHIONESS OF EXETER, Mother of Courtenay.

LADY MAGDALEN DACRES Ladies in Waiting to the Queen.

ALICE

MAID OF HONOR to the Princess Elizabeth.

JOAN ! two Country Wives.

Lords and other Attendants, Members of the Privy Council, Members of Parliament, Two Gentlemen, Aldermen, Citizens, Peasants, Ushers, Messengers, Guards, Pages, Gospellers, Marshalmen, etc.

ACT I

SCENE I .- ALDGATE RICHLY DECORATED.

CROWD. MARSHALMEN.

Marshalman. Stand back, keep a clear lane! When will her Majesty pass, sayst thou? why now, even now; wherefore draw back your heads and your horns before I break them, and make what noise you will with your tongues, so it be not treason. Long live Queen Mary, the lawful and legitimate daughter of Harry the Eighth! Shout, knaves!

FATHER BOURNE.

Citizens. Long live Queen Mary! First Citizen. That's a hard word, legitimate; what does it mean?

Second Citizen. It means a bastard.





Third Citizen. Nay, it means truehorn First Citizen. Why, didn't the Par-

liament make her a bastard? Second Citizen. No: it was the Lady Elizabeth.

Third Citizen. That was after, man; that was after. First Citizen. Then which is the

bastard? Second Citizen. Troth, they be both bastards by Act of Parliament and

Council Third Citizen. Ay, the Parliament can make every true-born man of us a bastard. Old Nokes, can't it make thee a bastard? thou shouldst know, for thou art as white as three Christ-

Old Nokes (dreamily). Who's a-issing? King Edward or King assing? Richard?

Third Citizen. No, old Nokes.

Old Nokes. It's Harry!

Third Citizen. It's Queen Mary. Old Nokes. The blessed Mary's a-Falls on his knees. passing! Nokes. Let father alone, my mas-

Third Citizen. Answer thou for him, then! thou'rt no such cockerel thyself, for thou was born i' the tail end of old Harry the Seventh

Nokes. Eh! that was afore bastard-making began. I was born true man at five in the forenoon i' the tail of old Harry, and so they can't make me a bastard.

Third Citizen. But if Parliament can make the Queen a bastard, why, it follows all the more that they can make thee one, who art fray'd i' the knees, and out at elbow, and bald o' the back, and bursten at the toes, and down at heels.

Nokes. I was born of a true man and a ring'd wife, and I can't argue upon it; but I and my old woman ud burn upon it, that would we.

Marshalman. What are you cackling of bastardy under the Queen's own nose? I'll have you flogg'd and burnt too, by the Rood I will.

First Citizen. He swears by the Rood. Whew! Second Citizen. Hark! the trump

ACT I.

[The Procession passes, Mary and Elizabeth riding side by side, and disappears under the gate. [Excunt.

Citizens. Long live Queen Mary! down with all traitors! God save her Grace; and death to Northumberland I

Manent Two Gentlemen.

First Gentleman. By God's light a noble creature, right royal!

Second Gentleman. She looks comelier than ordinary to-day; but to my mind the Lady Elizabeth is the more noble and royal.

First Gentleman. I mean the Lady Elizabeth. Did you hear (I have a daughetr in her service who reported it) that she met the Queen at Wanstead with five hundred horse, and the Queen (tho' some say they be much divided) took her hand, call'd her sweet sister, and kiss'd not her alone, but all the ladies of her following

Second Gentleman. Ay, that was in her hour of joy; there will be plenty to sunder and unsister them again: this Gardiner for one, who is to be made Lord Chancellor, and will pounce like a wild beast out of his cage to worry Cranmer.

First Gentleman. And furthermore, my daughter said that when there rose a talk of the late rebellion, she spoke even of Northumberland pitifully, and of the good Lady Jane as a poor innocent child who had but obeyed her father; and furthermore, she said that no one in her time should be burnt for heresy Second Gentleman. Well, sir, I

look for happy times.

First Gentleman. There is but one thing against them. I know not if

you know. Second Gentleman. I suppose you







touch upon the rumor that Charles, the master of the world, has offer'd her his son Philip, the Pope and the Devil. I trust it is but a rumor.

First Gudleman. She is going now to the Tower to loose the prisoners there, and among them Courtenay, to be made Earl of Devon, of royal blood, of splendid feature, whom the council and all her people wish her to marry. May it be so, for we are many of us Catholics, but few Papists, and the Hot Gospellers will go mad upon it.

Second Gentleman. Was she not betroth'd in her babyhood to the Great Emperor himself?

First Gentleman. Ay, but he's too

Second Gentleman. And again to her cousin Reginald Pole, now Cardinal; but I hear that he too is full of aches and broken before his day.

First Gentleman. O, the Pope could dispense with his Cardinalate, and his achage, and his breakage, if that were all: will you not follow the procession?

Second Gentleman. No; I have seen enough for this day.

First Gentleman. Well, I shall follow; if I can get near enough I shall judge with my own eyes whether her Grace incline to this splendid scion of Plantagenet. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A ROOM IN LAMBETH PALACE.

Cranmer. To Strasburg, Antwerp, Frankfort, Zurich, Worms, Geneva, Basle—our Bishops from

their sees
Or fled, they say, or flying—Poinet,

Bale, Scory, Coverdale; besides the Deans

Barlow,

Of Christchurch, Durham, Exeter, and Wells-

Ailmer and Bullingham, and hundreds more; So they report: I shall be left alone. No: Hooper, Ridley, Latimer will not fly.

Enter Peter Martyr.

Peter Martyr. Fly, Cranmer! were there nothing else, your

name Stands first of those who sign'd the Letters Patent

That gave her royal crown to Lady Jane.

Cranmer. Stand first it may, but it was written last: Those that are now her Privy Council,

sign'd Before me: nay, the Judges had pro-

That our young Edward might bequeath the crown

Of England, putting by his father's

Yet I stood out, till Edward sent for me.

The wan boy-king, with his fast-fading eyes
Fixt hard on mine, his frail trans-

parent hand,

Damp with the sweat of death, and

griping mine, Whisper'd me, if I loved him, not to

His Church of England to the Papal

And Mary; then I could no more—I sign'd.

Nay, for bare shame of inconsistency,

Nay, for bare shame of inconsistency, She cannot pass her traitor council by, To make me headless.

Peter Martyr. That might be forgiven.

I tell you, fly, my Lord. You do not

The bodily presence in the Eucharist, Their water and perpetual sacrifice: Your creed will be your death.

Cranmer. Step after step, Thro' many voices crying right and left,

Have I climb'd back into the primal







Peter Martyr. Ah, but how fierce a letter you wrote against Their superstition when they slander'd von

For setting up a mass at Canterbury To please the Queen. It was Cranmer. wheedling monk

Set up the mass.

Peter Martyr. I know it, my good Lord. But you so bubbled over with hot

terms Of Satan, liars, blasphemy, Antichrist, She never will forgive you. Fly, my Lord, fly!

Roger. Ay, sir.

Noailles. And the other, 'Long live Elizabeth the Queen!" Roger. Ay, sir; she needs must

tread upon them. Noailles.

These beastly swine make such a grunting here, I cannot catch what Father Bourne is

saying. Roger. Quiet a moment, my masters; hear what the shaveling has to say for himself.

Crowd. Hush-hear! Bourne. -and so this unhappy land, long divided in itself, and sever'd from the faith, will return into the one





true fold, seeing that our gracious Virgin Queen hath-

Crowd. No pope! no pope! Roger (to those about him, mimicking

Bourne). -hath sent for the holy legate of the holy father the Pope, ardinal Pole, to give us all that holy absolution which-

First Citizen. Old Bourne to the life!

Second Citizen. Holy absolution! holy Inquisition!

Third Citizen. Down with [Hubbub. Papist! Bourne. -and now that your good bishop, Bonner, who hath lain so long

under bonds for the faith- [Hubbub. Noailles. Friend Roger, steal thou in among the crowd,

And get the swine to shout Eliza-

Yon gray old Gospeller, sour as midwinter.

Begin with him. Roger (goes). By the mass, old friend, we'll have no pope here while

the Lady Elizabeth lives. Gospeller. Art thou of the true faith, fellow, that swearest by the

mass? Roger. Ay, that am I, new converted, but the old leaven sticks to

my tongue vet. First Citizen. He says right; by

the mass we'll have no mass here. Voices of the crowd. Peace! hear him; let his own words damn the Papist. From thine own mouth I judge thee-tear him down!

Bourne. - and since our Gracious Queen, let me call her our second Virgin Mary, hath begun to re-edify the true temple-

First Citizen. Virgin Mary! we'll have no virgins here-we'll have the Lady Elizabeth!

[Swords are drawn, a knife is hurled and sticks in the pulpit. The mob throng to the pulpit

Marchioness of Exeter. Son Courtenay, wilt thou see the holy father

Murdered before thy face? up, son, and save him

They love thee, and thou canst not come to harm.

Courtenay (in the pulpit). Shame shame, my masters! are you English-born,

And set yourselves by hundreds against one?

Crowd. A Courtenay! a Courtenay!

A train of Spanish servants crosses at the back of the stage.

Noailles. These birds of passage come before their time Stave off the crowd upon the Span-

iard there. Roger. My masters, yonder's fatter game for you

Than this old gaping gurgoyle: look von there-

The Prince of Spain coming to wed our Queen!

After him, boys! and pelt him from the city.

They seize stones and follow the Staniards. Excunt on the other side Marchioness of Exeter and Attendants.

Noailles (to Roger). Stand from me. lf Elizabeth lose her head-That makes for France.

And if her people, anger'd thereupon, Arise against her and dethrone the Oueen-That makes for France.

And if I breed confusion anyway-That makes for France.

Good-day, my Lord of Devon; A bold heart yours to beard that raging mob!

Courtenay. My mother said, Go up; and up I went. I knew they would not do me any

wrong For I am mighty popular with them,

Noailles. You look'd a king Why not? I am

king's blood. Noailles. And in the whirl of change may come to be one.



Courtency. Ah!
Noailles. But does your gracious
Queen entreat you kinglike?
Courtency. 'Fore God, I think she
entreats me like a child.
Noailles. You've but a dull life in
this maiden court.

I fear, my Lord?

Courtenay. A life of nods and yawns.

Noailles. So you would honor my poor house to-night, We might enliven you. Divers

honest fellows, The Duke of Suffolk lately freed from

Sir Peter Carew and Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir Thomas Stafford, and some more

—we play. + Courtenay. At what? Noailles. The Game of Chess.

Noalles. The Game of Chess.
Courtenay. The Game of Chess!
I can play well, and I shall beat you there.

Noailles. Ay, but we play with Henry, King of France, And certain of his court.

His Highness makes his moves across the Channel, We answer him with ours, and there

are messengers
That go between us.

Courtenay. Why, such a game, sir,

were whole years a playing.

Noailles. Nay; not so long I trust.

That all depends

Upon the skill and swiftness of the

players.

Courtenay. The King is skilful at it?

Noailles. Very, my Lord.
Courtenay. And the stakes high?
Noailles. But not beyond your
means.
Courtenay. Well, I'm the first of

players. I shall win.

Nouilles. With our advice and in our company,

And so you well attend to the king's

moves,
I think you may.

Courtenay. When do you meet?

Noailles. To-night.
Courtenay (aside). I will be there;
the fellow's at his tricks—

Deep—I shall fathom him. (Aloud.)
Good morning, Noailles.
[Exit Courtenay.

Noailles. Good-day, my Lord. strange game of chess! a King That with her own pawns plays against a Queen,

a Queen,
Whose play is all to find herself a
King.

Ay; but this fine blue-blooded Courtenay seems

Too princely for a pawn. Call him a Knight, That, with an ass's, not a horse's

head,
Skips every way, from levity or from

fear.
Well, we shall use him somehow, so that Gardiner

And Simon Renard spy not out our game
Too early. Roger, thinkest thou that

anyone
Suspected thee to be my man?

Roger. Not one, sir.
Noailles. No! the disguise was perfect. Let's away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

London. A Room in the Palace. Elizabeth. *Enter* Courtenay.

Courtenay. So yet am I, Unless my friends and mirrors lie to

A goodlier-looking fellow than this Philip.

The Queen is ill advised: shall I turn traitor?
They've almost talked me into it: yet

the word Affrights me somewhat: to be such a one

As Harry Bolingbroke hath a lure in it. Good now, my Lady Queen, tho' by

Good now, my Lady Queen, tho' by your age,





And by your looks you are not worth the having, Yet by your crown you are.

Seeing Elizabeth.

The Princess there? If I tried her and la-she's amorous. Have we not heard of her in Edward's time,

Her freaks and frolics with the late Lord Admiral?

I do believe she'd yield, I should be

A party in the state; and then, who knows Elizabeth. What are you musing

on, my Lord of Devon? Courtenay. Has not the Oueen-Elizabeth. Done what, Sir?

Courtenay. -made vou follow The Lady Suffolk and the Lady Lennox ?-

You,

The heir presumptive. Elizabeth. Why do you ask? you

know it. know it. You needs must bear Courtenay. it hardly.

Elizabeth. No, indeed! I am utterly submissive to the Queen. Courtenay. Well, I was musing upon that: the Oueen

Is both my foe and yours: we should be friends. Elizabeth. My Lord, the hatred of

another to us Is no true bond of friendship.

Courtenay. Might it not Be the rough preface of some closer bond?

Elizabeth. My Lord, you late were loosed from out the Tower. Where, like a butterfly in a chrysalis, You spent your life; that broken, out

vou flutter Thro' the new world, go zigzag, now

would settle Upon this flower, now that; but all

things here At court are known; you have solicited The Queen, and been rejected.

Courtenay. Flower, she! Half faded! but you, cousin, are fresh and sweet

As the first flower no bee has ever Elizabeth.

Are you the bee to try me? why, but now

I called you butterfly.

Courtenay. You did me wrong, I love not to be called a butterfly:

Why do you call me butterfly? Why do you go so gay Elizabeth. then?

Courtenay. Velvet and gold. This dress was made me as the Earl of Devon

To take my seat in; looks it not right royal?

Elizabeth. So royal that the Queen

forbad you wearing it.

Courtenay. I wear it then to spite her.

Elizabeth. My Lord, my Lord; I see you in the Tower again. Her Majesty

Hears you affect the Prince-prelates kneel to you .-Courtenay. I am the noblest blood

in Europe, Madam, A Courtenay of Devon, and her

cousin. Elizabeth. She hears you make

your boast that after all She means to wed you. Folly, my good Lord.

Courtenay. How folly? a great party in the state Wills me to wed her.

Elizabeth. Failing her, my Lord, Doth not as great a party in the state Will you to wed me?

Courtenay. Even so, fair lady. You know to flatter Elizabeth. ladies. Courtenay. Nay, I meant

True matters of the heart My heart, my Lord,

Is no great party in the state as yet.

Courtenay. Great, said you? nay,
you shall be great. I love you,

Lay my life in your hands. Can you be close?

Elizabeth. Can you, my Lord? Courtenay. Close as a miser's casket.

Listen:





May love a puppy cur for no more reason Than that the twain have been tied

up together,
Thus Gardiner—for the two were fel-

low-prisoners
So many years in you accursed
Tower—

Hath taken to this Courtenay. Look to it, niece,

He hath no fence when Gardiner questions him; All oozes out; yet him—because they

know him
The last White Rose, the last Plan-

tagenet (Nay, there is Cardinal Pole, too), the

Claim as their natural leader—ay, some say,

That you shall marry him, make him

King belike.

Elizabeth. Do they say so, good

uncle?

Howard. Ay, good niece!

You should be plain and open with me, niece. You should not play upon me. Elizabeth. No, good uncle.

Enter GARDINER.

Gardiner. The Queen would see your Grace upon the moment.

Elizabeth. Why, my lord Bishop? Gardiner. I think she means to counsel your withdrawing
To Ashridge, or some other country.

house.

Elizabeth. Why, my lord Bishop?

Gardiner. I do but bring the mes-

sage, know no more.

Your Grace will hear her reasons from herself.

Elizabeth. 'Tis mine own wish fulfill'd before the word Was spoken, for in truth I had meant

to crave
Permission of her Highness to retire
To Ashridge, and pursue my studies
there.

Gardiner. Madam, to have the wish before the word

Is man's good Fairy—and the Queen is yours.

I left her with tich lewels in her

hand,
Whereof 'tis like enough she means
to make

A farewell present to your Grace.

Elizabeth. My Lord,

I have the jewel of a loyal heart.

Gardiner. I doubt it not, Madam,
most loyal. [Bows low and exit.

Howard. See.

This comes of parleying with my Lord of Devon.

Well, well, you must obey; and I my-

self
Believe it will be better for your wel-

Your time will come.

Elizabeth. I think my time will

Uncle,
I am of sovereign nature, that I know,
Not to be quell'd; and I have felt
within me

Stirrings of some great doom when God's just hour Peals—but this fierce old Gardiner—

his big baldness, . That irritable forelock which he rubs,

His buzzard beak and deep-incavern'd eyes Half fright me.

Howard. You've a bold heart; keep it so. He cannot touch you save that you

turn traitor;
And so take heed I pray you—you are

Who love that men should smile upon you, niece. They'd smile you into treason—some

Elizabeth. I spy the rock beneath the smiling sea.

But if this Philip, the proud Catholic prince,
And this bald priest, and she that

hates me, seek
In that lone house, to practise on my
life.

By poison, fire, shot, stab-





They will not, niece. Mine is the fleet and all the power at sea-

Or will be in a moment. If they dared

To harm you, I would blow this Philip and all Your trouble to the dogstar and the

devil. Elizabeth. To the Pleiads, uncle;

they have lost a sister. Howard, But why say that? what have you done to lose her?

Come, come, I will go with you to the [Exeunt. Queen.

SCENE V.

A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY with PHILIP'S miniature

Mary (kissing the miniature). Most goodly, Kinglike and an Em-

peror's son. A king to be,-is he not noble, girl? Alice. Goodly enough, your Grace,

and yet, methinks, I have seen goodlier.

Mary. Ay; some waxen doll Thy baby eyes have rested on, belike : All red and white, the fashion of our

land. But my good mother came (God rest

her soul) Of Spain, and I am Spanish in myself.

And in my likings. By your Grace's leave Alice.

Your royal mother came of Spain, but took To the English red and white. Your

royal father (For so they say) was all pure lily and

rose In his youth, and like a lady.

Mary. O, just God! Sweet mother, you had time and cause enough

To sicken of his lilies and his roses. Cast off, betray'd, defamed, divorced,

And then the King-that traitor past forgiveness. The false archbishop fawning on him.

married The mother of Elizabeth-a heretic

Ev'n as she is; but God hath sent me

To take such order with all heretics That it shall be, before I die, as tho' My father and my brother had not lived.

What wast thou saying of this Lady Jane, Now in the Tower?

Alice. Why, Madam, she passing

Some chapel down in Essex, and with her Lady Anne Wharton, and the Lady

Anne Bow'd to the Pyx; but Lady Jane stood up Stiff as the very backbone of heresy.

And wherefore bow ve not, says Lady Anne To him within there who made

Heaven and Earth? I cannot, and I dare not, tell your Grace

What Lady Jane replied. Mary. But I will have it.

Alice. She said-pray pardon me,

and pity her-She hath harken'd evil counsel-ah! she said,

The baker made him. Mary. Monstrous! blasphemous! She ought to burn. Hence, thou (Exit Alice). No-being trai-

Her head will fall: shall it? she is but a child. We do not kill the child for doing

His father whipt him into doing-a head

So full of grace and beauty! would that mine Were half as gracious! O, my lord

to be. My love, for thy sake only.

I am eleven years older than he is. But will he care for that?









No, by the holy Virgin, being noble, But love me only: then the bastard sprout. My sister, is far fairer than myself.

Will he be drawn to her? No, being of the true faith with my-

celf Paget is for him-for to wed with

Spain Would treble England-Gardiner is against him;

Council, people, Parliament against him; But I will have him! My hard father

hated me; My brother rather hated me than loved:

My sister cowers and hates me. Holy Virgin, Plead with thy blessed Son; grant me

my prayer: Give me my Philip; and we two will

lead living waters of the Faith

thro' their widow'd channel here, and watch

The parch'd banks rolling incense, as of old, To heaven, and kindled with the

palms of Christ! Enter USHER.

Who waits, sir? Madam, the Lord Chan-Usher. cellor

Bid him come in. (Enter Mary. GARDINER.) Good morning, my good Lord. [Exit Usher. Gardiner. That every morning of your Majesty

May be most good, is every morning's prayer Of your most loyal subject, Stephen

Gardiner. Mary. Come you to tell me this,

my Lord? Gardiner. And more. Your people have begun to learn your

Your pious wish to pay King Ed-ward's debts,

Your lavish household curb'd, and the remission

Of half that subsidy levied on the people.

Make all tongues praise and all hearts beat for you. I'd have you yet more loved: the

realm is poor, The exchequer at neap-tide: we

might withdraw Part of our garrison at Calais

Mary. Our one point on the main, the gate of France!

I am Queen of England; take mine eyes, mine heart, But do not lose me Calais

Gardiner. Do not fear it. Of that hereafter. I say your Grace is loved.

That I may keep you thus, who am your friend And ever faithful counsellor, might I

speak? Mary. I can forespeak your speaking. Would I marry

Prince Philip, if all England hate him? That is Your question, and I front it with

another: Is it England, or a party? Now, your

answer.

Gardiner. My answer is, I wear beneath my dress

A shirt of mail: my house hath been assaulted. And when I walk abroad, the popu-

lace. With fingers pointed like so many daggesr,

Stab me in fancy, hissing Spain and Philip And when I sleep, a hundred men-atarms

Guard my poor dreams for England. Men would murder me, Because they think me favorer of this

marriage Mary. And that were hard upon you, my Lord Chancellor. Gardiner. But our young Earl of

Devon-Mary. Earl of Devon?





I freed him from the Tower, placed him at Court: 1 made him Earl of Devon, and-the

He wrecks his health and wealth on

And rolls himself in carrion like a dog. Gardiner. More like a school-boy

that hath broken bounds. Sickening himself with sweets. Mary. I will not hear of him. Good, then, they will revolt: but I

am Tudor, And shall control them.

Gardiner. I will help you, Madam, Even to the utmost. All the church is grateful.

You have ousted the mock priest, repulpited

The shepherd of St. Peter, raised the rood again, And brought us back the mass. I am

all thanks To God and to your Grace: yet I know well.

Your people, and I go with them so

Will brook nor Pope nor Spaniard here to play

The tyrant, or in commonwealth or church. Mary (showing the picture). Is this

the face of one who plays the tyrant? Peruse it; is it not goodly, ay, and gentle?

Madam, methinks a cold face and a haughty. And when your Highness talks of

Courtenay-Ay, true-a goodly one. I would his

life Were half as goodly (aside).

Mary. What is that you mutter? Gardiner. Oh, Madam, take it bluntly; marry Philip, And be stepmother of a score of sons!

The Prince is known in Spain, in Flanders, ha!

For Philip—
Mary. You offend us; you may leave us.

You see thro' warping glasses. If your Majesty-Mary. I have sworn upon the body and blood of Christ

I'll none but Philip. diner. Hath your Grace so

Mary. Ay, Simon Renard knows

it Gardiner. News to me! It then remains for your poor Gardi-

ner. So you still care to trust him some-

what less Than Simon Renard, to compose the

In some such form as least may harm your Grace Mary. I'll have the scandal

sounded to the mud. I know it a scandal

Gardiner All my hope is now It may be found a scandal.

Gardiner (aside). These princes are like children, must be physick'd,

The bitter in the sweet. I have lost mine office.

It may be, thro' mine honesty, like a

Enter USHER.

Mary. Who waits? The Ambassador from France, your Grace.

Mary (sits down). Bid him come in. Good morning, Sir de Noailles. [Exit Usher. Noailels (entering). A happy morn-

ing to your Majesty.

Mary. And I should some time have a happy morning; I have had none yet. What says the

King your master? Madam, my master hears with much alarm,

That you may marry Philip, Prince of

Foreseeing, with whate'er unwilling-





your Grace

And kingdom will be suck'd into the war, Av. tho' you long for peace; where-

tore, my master, If but to prove your Majesty's goodwill

Would fain have some fresh treaty drawn between you.

Mary. Why some fresh treaty? wherefore should I do it? Sir, if we marry, we shall still main-

All former treaties with his Majesty.

Our royal word for that! and your good master, Pray God he do not be the first to

break them, Must be content with that; and so, farewell.

Noailles (going, returns). I would your answer had been other,

Madam, For I foresee dark days. And so do I, sir;

Your master works against me in the dark. I do believe he holp Northumberland

Against me.
Noailles. Nay, pure phantasy, your Grace.

Why should he move against you? Will you hear why? Mary. Mary of Scotland,-for I have not own'd My sister, and I will not,-after

me Is heir of England; and my royal father, To make the crown of Scotland one

with ours, Had mark'd her for my brother Ed-

ward's bride; Ay, but your king stole her a babe from Scotland

In order to betroth her to your Dauphin.

Mary of Scotland, married to your Dauphin,

Would be too strong for France. Yea, were there issue born to her,

Spain and we, One crown, might rule the world. There lies your fear.

That is your drift. You play at hide and seek.

Show me your faces! Noailles. Madam, I am amazed: French, I must needs wish all good things for France.

That must be pardon'd me; but I

Your Grace's policy hath a farther flight Than mine into the future. We but

seek Some settled ground for peace to stand upon.

Mary. Well, we will leave all this, sir, to our council.

Have you seen Philip ever? Only once. Mary. Is this like Philip?

Noailles. Ay, but nobler-looking.

of the Emperor? Noailles. No, surely.

Mary. I can make allowance for thee. Thou speakest of the enemy of thy

king.

Noailles. Make no allowance for the naked truth.

He is every way a lesser man than Charles; Stone-hard, ice-cold-no dash of daring in him

Mary. If cold, his life is pure. Noailles. Why (smiling), no, indeed. Mary. Sayst thou?

Noailles. A very wanton life indeed (smiling). Mary. Your audience is concluded,

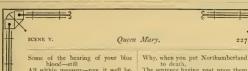
You cannot

Learn a man's nature from his natural foe.









All within measure-nay, it well be-

comes him. Mary. Hath he the large ability of

his father? Renard. Nay, some believe that he will go beyond him.

Mary. Is this like him? Renard. Av. somewhat Ay, somewhat; but your Philip

Is the most princelike Prince beneath the sun.

This is a daub to Philip. Of a pure life? Mary.

Renard. As an angel as angels. Yea, by Heaven, angel among The text-Your Highness knows it,

'Whosoever Looketh after a woman,' would not

The Prince of Spain. You are happy

in him there. Chaste as your Grace!

Mary. I am happy in him there. And would be altogether Renard. happy, Madam,

So that your sister were but look'd to closer.

You have sent her from the court, but then she goes, I warrant, not to hear the nightin-

gales, But hatch you some new treason in the woods.

Mary. We have our spies abroad to catch her tripping,

And then if caught, to the tower.

Renard. The Tower! the block! The word has turn'd your Highness pale; the thing

no such scarecrow in your father's time.

I have heard, the tongue yet quiver'd with the jest When the head leapt-so common! I

do think To save your crown that it must come to this.

Mary. No, Renard: it must never come to this. Renard. Not yet; but your old Traitors of the Tower—

The sentence having past upon them all.

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Spared you the Duke of Suffolk, Guildford Dudley, Ev'n that young girl who dared to

wear your crown? Mary. Dared? nay, not so; the child obey'd her father.

Spite of her tears her father forced it on her.

Renard. Good Madam, when the Roman wish'd to reign, He slew not him alone who wore the

purple, But his assessor in the throne, perchance

A child more innocent than Lady Jane.

Mary. 1 am English Queen, not Roman Emperor. Renard. Yet too much mercy is a

want of mercy, And wastes more life. Stamp out the fire, or this Will smoulder and re-flame, and burn

the throne Where you should sit with Philip: he will not come

Till she be gone. Mary. Indeed, if that were true-For Philip comes, one hand in mine, and one

Steadying the tremulous pillars of the Church-But no, no, no. Farewell. I am

somewhat faint With our long talk. Tho' Oueen, I am not Oueen Of mine own heart, which every now

and then Beats me half dead: yet stay, this

golden chain-My father on a birthday gave it me,

And I have broken with my fathertake And wear it as memorial of a morning

Which found me full of foolish doubts, and leaves me

As hopeful.



Renard (aside). Whew-the folly of all follies Is to be love-sick for a shadow,

(Aloud) Madam, This chains me to your service, not

with gold, But dearest links of love. Farewell, and trust me,

Philip is yours. Exit. vet all Mary. Mine-but not mine.

Enter USHER.

Usher. Your Council is in Session. please your Majesty.

Mary. Sir, let them sit. I must have time to breathe No, say I come. (Exit Usher.) I

won by boldness once The Emperor counsell'd me to fly to Flanders.

I would not; but a hundred miles I rode.

Sent out my letters, call'd my friends together,

Struck home and won. And when the Council would not

crown me-thought To bind me first by oaths I could not

keep, And keep with Christ and conscience

was it boldness Or weakness that won there? when I.

their Queen, Cast myself down upon my knees before them,

And those hard men brake into woman-tears, Ev'n Gardiner, all amazed, and in that

passion Gave me my Crown.

Enter ALICE.

Girl; hast thou ever heard Slanders against Prince Philip in our Court?

slanders? I, your Alice. What Grace; no, never. Nothing?

Never, your Grace.

Mary. See that you neither hear them nor repeat!

Alice (aside). Good Lord! but I have heard a thousand such. Ay, and repeated them as often-12111773

Why comes that old fox-Fleming back again?

Enter RENARD.

Renard. Madam, I scarce had left

your Grace's presence Before I chanced upon the messenger Who brings that letter which we waited for-

The formal offer of Prince Philip's hand.

It craves an instant answer, Av or

Mary. An instant Ay or No! the Council sits. Give it me quick.

Alice (stepping before her). Your Highness is all trembling.

ory. Make way.

[Exit into the Council Chamber. Mary.

Alice, O. Master Renard, Master Renard,

If you have falsely painted your fine Prince;

Praised, where you should have blamed him, I pray God No woman ever love you, Master

Renard. It breaks my heart to hear her moan at night

As tho' the nightmare never left her bed.

Renard. My pretty maiden, tell me, did you ever

Sigh for a beard?

Alice. That's not a pretty question. Renard. Not prettily put? I mean, my pretty maiden,

A pretty man for such a pretty maiden.

Alice. My Lord of Devon is a pretty man

I hate him. Well, but if I have, what then? Renard. Then, pretty maiden, you

should know that whether A wind he warm or cold, it serves to





Queen Mary.

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A kindled fire.

Alice. According to the song.

His friends would praise him, I believed 'em,

His foes would blame him, and I scorn'd 'em,

His friends—as Angels I received 'em, His focs—the Devil had suborn'd 'em.

Renard. Peace, pretty maiden.

I hear them stirring in the Council Chamber.

Lord Paget's 'Ay' is sure—who else?

and yet, They are all too much at odds to close

at once
In one full-throated No! Her Highness comes.

Enter MARY.

Alice. How deathly pale !- a chair, your Highness.

[Bringing one to the Queen.
Renard. Madam,
The Council?

Mary. Ay! My Philip is all mine. |Sinks into chair, half fainting.

ACT II.

SCENE I.-ALINGTON CASTLE.

Sir Thomas Wyatt. I do not hear from Carew or the Duke Of Suffolk, and till then I should not

The Duke hath gone to Leicester; Carew stirs In Devon: that fine porcelain Courte-

nay, Save that he fears he might be crack'd

in using,
(I have known a semi-madman in my
time
So fancy-ridd'n) should be in Devon

Enter WILLIAM.

News abroad, William?

William. None so new, Sir Thomas, and none so old, Sir Thomas. No new new that Philip comes to wed Mary, no old news that all men hate it. Old Sir Thomas would have hated it. The bells are ringing at Maidstone. Doesn't your worship hear?

Wyatt. Ay, for the Saints are come to reign again,

Most like it is a Saint's-day. There's no call

As yet for me; so in this pause, before The mine be fired, it were a pious

The mine be fired, it were a pious work To string my father's sonnets, left

about Like loosely-scatter'd jewels, in fair order,

And head them with a lamer rhyme of mine, To grace his memory.

William. Ay, why not, Sir Thomas? He was a fine courtier, he; Queen Anne loved him. All the women loved him. I loved him; I was in Spain with him. I couldn't eat in Spain, I couldn't sleep in Spain. I hate Spain, Sir Thomas.

Wyatt. But thou could'st drink in Spain if I remember.

William. Sir Thomas, we may grant the wine. Old Sir Thomas always granted the wine.

Wyatt. Hand me the casket with my father's sonnets.

William. Ay—sonnets—a fine courtier of the old Court, old Sir Thomas. [Exil. Wyatt. Courtier of many courts, he

loved the more
His own gray towers, plain life and
letter'd peace,

To read and rhyme in solitary fields, The lark above, the nightingale below, And answer them in song. The sire

And answer them in song. The sire
begets

Not half his likeness in the son. I

Where he was fullest: yet—to write it down. [He writes.



too.



Re-enter WILLIAM.

William. There is news, there is news, and no call for sonnet-sorting now, nor for sonnet-making either, but ten thousand men on Penenden Heath all calling after your worship, and your worship's name heard into Maidstone Market, and your worship the first man in Kent and Christendom, for the Queen's down, and the world's up,

and your worship a-top of it. Wyatt. Inverted Æsop-mountain out of mouse.

Say for ten thousand ten-and pothouse knaves,

Brain-dizzied with a draught of morning ale.

Enter ANTONY KNYVETT.

William. Here's Antony Knyvett. Knyvett. Look you, Master Wyatt, Tear up that woman's work there.

Wyatt No; not these, Dumb children of my father, that will

speak When I and thou and all rebellions

Dead bodies without voice. Song flies you know

For ages. Knyvett. Tut, your sonnet's a flying ant,

Wing'd for a moment.

Wyatt. Well, for mine own work, Tearing the paper. It lies there in six pieces at your feet; For all that I can carry it in my head. Knyvett. If you can carry your head upon your shoulders.

Wyatt. I fear you come to carry it off my shoulders,

And sonnet-making's safer.

Why, good Lord, Write you as many sonnets as you

Ay, but not now; what, have you eyes, ears, brains?

This Philip and the black-faced swarms of Spain. The hardest, cruellest people in the

world Come locusting upon us, eat us up,

Confiscate lands, goods, money-Wyatt, Wyatt, Wake, or the stout old island will be-

A rotten limb of Spain. They roar for you

On Penenden Heath, a thousand of them-more-

All arm'd, waiting a leader; there's no glory

Like his who saves his country and you sit

Sing-songing here; but, if I'm any judge, By God, you are as poor a poet, Wyatt.

As a good soldier Wyatt. You as poor a critic As an honest friend: you stroke me

on one cheek. Buffet the others Come, you bluster, Antony

You know I know all this. I must not move

Until I hear from Carew and the Duke

I fear the mine is fired before the time. Knyvett (showing a paper). here's some Hebrew. But

I half forgot it. Look; can you make it English? A strange youth

Suddenly thrust it on me, whisper'd, 'Wyatt,'

And whisking round a corner, show'd his back Before I read his face.

Wyatt. Ha! Courtenay's cipher. Reads.

'Sir Peter Carew fled to France : it is thought the Duke will be taken. am with you still; but, for appearance sake, stay with the Queen. Gardiner knows, but the Council are all at odds, and the Queen hath no force for re-Move, if you move, at sistance. once.

Is Peter Carew fled? Is the Duke taken? Down scabbard, and out sword! and

let Rebellion



Roar till throne rock, and crown fall. No; not that;

But we will teach Queen Mary how to reign.

Who are those that shout below there?

Knyvett. Why, some fifty That follow'd me from Penenden Heath in hope

To hear you speak.

Wyatt. Open the window, Knyvett;
The mine is fired, and I will speak to
them.

Men of Kent; England of England; you that have kept your old customs upright, while all the rest of England bow'd theirs to the Norman, the cause that hath brought us together is not the cause of a county or a shire, but of this England, in whose crown our Kent is the fairest jewel. Philip shall not wed Mary; and ye have called me to be your leader. I know Spain. I have been there with my father; I have seen them in their own land; have marked the haughtiness of their nobles; the cruelty of their priests. If this man marry our Queen, however the Council and the Commons may fence round his power with re-striction, he will be King, King of England, my masters; and the Queen, and the laws, and the people, his slaves. What? shall we have Spain on the throne and in the parliament; Spain in the pulpit and on the lawbench; Spain in all the great offices of state; Spain in our ships, in our forts, in our houses, in our beds?

Crowd. No! no! no Spain!
William. No Spain in our beds

—that were worse than all. I have been there with old Sir Thomas, and the beds I know. I hate Spain. A Peasant. But, Sir Thomas, must

we levy war against the Queen's Grace?

Wyatt. No, my friend; war for the Queen's Grace—to save her from herself and Philip—war against Spain. And think not we shall be alone thousands will flock to us. The Council, the Court itself, is on our side. The Lord Chancellor himself is on our side. The King of France is with us; the King of Denmark is with us; the world is with us-war against Spain! And if we move not now, yet it will be known that we have moved; and if Philip come to be King, O, my God! the rope, the rack, the thumbscrew, the stake, the fire. If we move not now, Spain moves, bribes our nobles with her gold, and creeps, creeps snake-like about our legs till we cannot move at all; and ye know, my masters, that wherever Spain hath ruled she hath wither'd all beneath Look at the New World-a her. paradise made hell; the red man, that good helpless creature, starved, maim'd, flogg'd, flay'd, burn'd, boil'd, buried alive, worried by dogs; and here, nearer home, the Netherlands, Sicily, Naples, Lombardy. I say no more-only this, their lot is yours. Forward to London with me! forward to London! If ye love your liberties or your skins, forward to London!

Crowd. Forward to London! A

Wyatt! a Wyatt!

Wyatt. But first to Rochester, to

take the guns
From out the vessels lying in the river.

Then on.

A Peasant. Ay, but I fear we be too few, Sir Thomas.

Wyatt. Not many yet. The world as yet, my friend, Is not half-waked; but every parish

tower Shall clang and clash alarum as we pass,

And pour along the land, and swoll'n and fed With indraughts and side-currents, in full force

Roll upon London.

Crowd. A Wyatt! a Wyatt! Forward!

Knyvett. Wyatt, shall we proclaim Elizabeth?

Wyatt. I'll think upon it, Knyvett.





Knyvett. Or Lady Jane?
Wyatt. No, poor soul; no.
Ah, gray old castle of Alington,
green field

Beside the brimming Medway, it may chance That I shall never look upon you

more.

Knyvett. Come, now, you're sonnet-

ting again.

Wyatt.

Not I.

I'll have my head set higher in the state;

Or-if the Lord God will it—on the

or—if the Lord God will it—on the stake.

[Excunt.

SCENE II.-GUILDHALL

SIR THOMAS WHITE (The Lord Mayor), LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, ALDER-MEN and CITIZENS.

White. I trust the Queen comes hither with her guards. Howard. Ay, all in arms. [Several of the citizens move hastity out of the hall.

ily out of the hall.
Why do they hurry out there?
White. My Lord, cut out the rot-

ten from your apple,
Your apple eats the better. Let

them go.
They go like those old Pharisees in John

Convicted by their conscience, arrant cowards,

Or tamperers with that treason out of Kent,

When will her Grace be here?

Howard. In some few minutes.

She will address your guilds and com-

panies.

I have striven in vain to raise a man for her,

But help her in this exigency, make Your city loyal, and be the mightiest

This day in England.

White. I am Thomas White.

Few things have fail'd to which I set

I do my most and best.

Howard. You know that after

The Captain Brett, who went with your train bands
To fight with Wyatt, had gone over

to him

With all his men, the Queen in that

distress
Sent Cornwallis and Hastings to the

traitor,
Feigning to treat with him about her
marriage—

Know too what Wyatt said.

White. He'd sooner be,

While this same marriage question was being argued, Trusted than trust—the scoundrel—

and demanded
Possession of her person and the

Tower.

Howard. And four of her poor
Council too, my Lord,

As hostages.

White. I know it. What do and
Say your Council at this hour?

Howard. I will trust you.
We fling ourselves on you, my Lord.

We fling ourselves on you, my Lord.
The Council,
The Parliament as well, are troubled
waters;

And yet like waters of the fen they know not

Which way to flow. All hangs on her address, And upon you, Lord Mayor.

White. How look'd the city
When now you past it? Quiet?
Horvard. Like our Council,
Your city is divided. As we past,
Some hail'd, some hiss'd us. There

were citizens Stood each before his shut-up booth, and look'd

As grim and grave as from a funeral. And here a knot of ruffians all in rags,

With execrating execrable eyes, Glared at the citizen. Here was a young mother,

Her face on flame, her red hair all blown back, She shrilling 'Wyatt,' while the boy she held

held



Mimick'd and piped her 'Wyatt,' as red as she In hair and cheek; and almost elbowing her,

So close they stood, another, mute as death,

And white as her own milk; her babe

in arms
Had felt the faltering of his mother's
heart,

And look'd as bloodless. Here a pious Catholic,

Mumbling and mixing up in his scared prayers Heaven and earth's Maries; over his

bow'd shoulder Scowl'd that world-hated and world-

hating beast,
A baggard Anabaptist. Many such
groups.

The names of Wyatt, Elizabeth, Courtenay, Nav the Oueen's right to reign—'fore

God, the rogues—
Were freely buzzed among them. So

I say Your city is divided, and I fear

One scruple, this or that way, of success Would turn it thither. Wherefore

now the Queen
In this low pulse and palsy of the

state,
Bad me to tell you that she counts
on you

And on myself as her two hands; on you,

In your own city, as her right, my Lord, For you are loval.

White. Am I Thomas White?
One word before she comes. Elizabeth—

Her name is much abused among these traitors. Where is she? She is loved by all of

us.

I scarce have heart to mingle in this

matter,
If she should be mishardled.

Howard. No; she shall not.

The Queen had written her word to come to court:

Methought I smelt out Renard in the letter, And fearing for her, sent a secret

missive,
Which told her to be sick. Happily
or not.

It found her sick indeed.

White. God send her well; Here comes her Royal Grace.

Enter Guards, Mary, and Gardi-Ner. Sir Thomas White leads her to a raised seat on the daïs.

White. I, the Lord Mayor, and these our companies and guilds of London, gathered here,

beseech Your Highness to accept our lowliest thanks

For your most princely presence; and we pray That we, your true and loyal citi-

zens, From your own royal lips, at once

may know
The wherefore of this coming, and so

Your royal will, and do it.—I, Lord Mayor Of London, and our guilds and com-

panies.

Mary. In mine own person am I

come to you,

To tell you what indeed ye see and
know,

How traitorously these rebels out of Kent
Have made strong head against ourselves and you.

selves and you.

They would not have me wed the Prince of Spain;
That was their pretext—so they spake

at first—
But we sent divers of our Council to

them, And by their answers to the question ask'd,

It doth appear this marriage is the least

Of all their quarrel.

They have betrayed the treason of their hearts:



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Likewise from any other, out of which Looms the least chance of peril to our

realm.
Wherefore be bold, and with your lawful Prince

lawful Prince
Stand fast against our enemies and
yours,

And fear them not. I fear them not.
My Lord,
I leave Lord William Howard in your

To guard and keep you whole and safe from all

The spoil and sackage aim'd at by these rebels,

Who mouth and foam against the

Who mouth and foam against the Prince of Spain.

Voices. Long live Queen Mary! Down with Wyatt! The Queen!

White. Three voices from our guilds and companies! You are shy and proud like English-

men, my masters, And will not trust your voices. Understand:

Your lawful Prince hath come to cast

On loyal hearts and bosoms, hoped to fall Into the wide-spread arms of fealty,

And finds you statues. Speak at once—and all!

Our sovereign Lady by King Harry's will; The Queen of England—or the Kent-

ish Squire?
I know you loyal. Speak! in the name of God!

The Queen of England or the rabble of Kent?

The reeking dungfork master of the mace! Your havings wasted by the scythe

and spade— Your rights and charters hobnail'd into slush—

into slush—
Your houses fired—your gutters bubbling blood—

Acclamation. No! No! The

clamation. No! No! The Queen! the Queen!

White. Your Highness hears
This burst and bass of Joyal harmony,
And how we each and all of us abhor
The venomous, bestial, devilish revolt
Of Thomas Wyatt. Hear us now
make oath

To raise your Highness thirty thousand men,

And arm and strike as with one hand,

and brush This Wyatt from our shoulders, like a

flea That might have leapt upon us una-

wares.
Swear with me, noble fellow-citizens,

With all your trades, and guilds, and companies.

Citizens. We swear!

Mary. We thank your Lordship
and your loyal city.

(Exit Mary attended.

[Exit Mary attended, White. I trust this day, thro' God, I have saved the crown.

First Alderman. Ay, so my Lord of Pembroke in command Of all her force be safe; but there are

doubts.

Second Alderman. I hear that Gardiner, coming with the Queen,
And meeting Pembroke, bent to his saddle-bow,

As if to win the man by flattering him. Is he so safe to fight upon her side?

First Alderman. If not, there's no man safe.

White. Yes, Thomas White. I am safe enough; no man need flatter me.

Second Alderman. Nay, no man need; but did you mark our Queen?

The color freely play'd into her free

The color freely play'd into her face, And the half sight which makes her look so stern, Seem'd thro' that dim dilated world of

hers,
To read our faces; I have never seen

So queenly or so goodly.

White. Cour.

White. Courage, sir,
That makes or man or woman look
their goodliest.







hour, not this the man; Bagenhall. Thomas White will prove this Thomas Wyatt That knows the Queen, the Spaniard, And he will prove an Iden to this Cade, And he will play the Walworth to

this Wat; Come, sirs, we prate; hence allgather your men— Myself must bustle. Wyatt comes to

Southwark: I'll have the drawbridge hewn into the

And see the citizens arm'd. Good day; good day. [Exit White. Bagenhall. One of much outdoor

and the Pope, Whether I be for Wyatt, or the Oneen? [Excunt.

SCENE III.-LONDON BRIDGE.

Enter SIR THOMAS WYATT and BRETT.

Wyatt. Brett, when the Duke of Norfolk moved against us



"BY THAT OLD BRIDGE WHICH, HALF IN RUINS THEN," - Page 123.



Thou cried'st 'A Wyatt!' and flying to our side
Left his all bare, for which I love
thee, Brett.

Have for thine asking aught that ! can give, For thro' thine help we are come to

London Bridge: But how to cross it halks me. I fear

we cannot. Brett. Nay, hardly, save by boat,

swimming, or wings. Wyatt. Last night I climb'd into the gate-house, Brett,

And scared the gray old porter and his wife,

And then I crept along the gloom and They had hewn the drawbridge down

into the river. It roll'd as black as death; and that

same tide Which, coming with our coming, seem'd to smile

And sparkle like our fortune as thou Ran sunless down, and moan'd

against the piers. But o'er the chasm I saw Lord Wil-

liam Howard By torchlight, and his guard; four guns gaped at me,

Black, silent mouths: had Howard spied me there And made them speak, as well he

might have done, Their voice had left me none to tell you this.

What shall we do?

Brett. On somehow. To go back Were to lose all. Wyatt. On over London Bridge We cannot: stay we cannot; there is ordnance

On the White Tower and on the Devil's Tower, And pointed full at Southwark; we

must round By Kingston Bridge Ten miles about.

Wyatt. Ev'n so. But I have notice from our partisans

Within the city that they will stand by us

If Ludgate can be reach'd by dawn tomorrow

Enter one of WYATT'S men.

Man. Sir Thomas, I've found this paper; pray your worship read it; 1 know not my letters: the old priests taught me nothing.

· Whosoever will apprehend the traitor Thomas Wvatt shall have a hundred pounds for re-

Man. Is that it? That's a hig lot of money.

Wratt. Ay, ay, my friend; not read it ? 'tis not written Half plain enough. Give me a piece

of paper Writes 'THOMAS WYATT' large. There, any man can read that.

Brett. But that's foolhardy No! boldness, which will give my followers boldness.

Enter MAN with a prisoner.

Man. We found him, your worship, a plundering o' Bishop Winchester's house; he say's he's a poor gentleman.

Wyatt. Gentleman! a thief! Go hang him. Shall we make Those that we come to serve our

sharpest foes? Brett. Sir Thomas-Wyatt. Hang him, I say. Brett. Wyatt, but now you promised me a boon.

Wyatt. Ay, and I warrant this fine fellow's life,

Brett, Ev'n so; he was my neigh-bor once in Kent,

He's poor enough, has drunk and All that he had, and gentleman he was

We have been glad together; let him live.

Wyatt. He has gambled for his life, and lost, he hangs.





Queen Mary.

The guards are all driven in, skulk into corners Like rabbits to their holes. A gracious guard

Truly; shame on them! they have shut the gates!

Enter SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

Southwell. The porter, please your Grace, hath shut the gates

On friend and foe. Your gentlemenat-arms, If this be not your Grace's order, cry

To have the gates set wide again, and they With their good battleaxes will do

you right
Against all traitors.

Mary. They are the flower of Eng-

Mary. They are the flower of England; set the gates wide.

[Exit Southwell.

Enter COURTENAY.

Courtenay. All lost, all lost, all yielded! A barge, a barge! The Queen must to the Tower.

Mary. Whence come you, sir?

Courtenay. From Charing Cross; the rebels broke us there, And I sped hither with what haste I might

To save my royal cousin.

Mary. Where is Pembroke?

Courtenay. I left him somewhere
in the thick of it.

Mary. Left him and fled, and

Mary. Left him and fled; and thou that wouldst be King, And hast nor heart nor honor. I myself

Will down into the battle and there bide The upshot of my quarrel, or die with those

That are no cowards and no Courtenays.

Courtenay. I do not love your

Grace should call me coward.

Enter another Messenger.

Messenger. Over, your Grace, all crush'd; the brave Lord William Thrust him from Ludgate, and the traitor flying
To Temple Bar, there by Sir Maurice

To Temple Bar, there by Sir Maurice Berkeley

Was taken prisoner.

Mary. To the Tower with him!

Messenger. 'Tis said he told Sir

Messenger. 'Tis said he told Sir Maurice there was one Cognizant of this, and party there-

unto, My Lord of Devon.

Mary. To the Tower with him!
Courtenay. O la, the Tower, the
Tower, always the Tower,
I shall grow into it—I shall be the

Tower.

Mary. Your Lordship may not have so long to wait.

Remove him!

Courtenay. La, to whistle out my life.

And carve my coat upon the walls again!

[Exit Courtenay guarded.

Messenger. Also this Wyatt did
confess the Princess

Cognizant thereof, and party thereunto.

Mary. What? whom—whom did

you say?

Messenger. Elizabeth,

Your Royal sister.

Mary. To the Tower with her!

My foes are at my feet and I am

Oueen.

[Gardiner and her Ladies kneel to her. Gardiner (rising). There let them

lie, your footstool! (Aside.)
Can I strike
Elizabeth?—not now and save the life

Of Devon: if I save him, he and his Are bound to me—may strike hereafter.

(Aloud.) Madam,

What Wyatt said, or what they said he said,

Cries of the moment and the street—
Mary. He said it.
Gardiner. Your courts of justice

will determine that.

Renard (advancing). 1 trust by this
your Highness will allow

te, and the







Blazed false upon her heart. Stafford. But this proud Prince-Nay, he is King, you

know the King of Naples.

The father ceded Naples, that the Being a King, might wed a Oneen,-

Flamed in brocade-white satin his

trunk-hose. Inwrought with silver,-on his neck a

Gold, thick with diamonds: hanging

down from this The Golden Fleece-and round his knee, misplaced,

Our English Garter, studded with great emeralds,

Rubies, I know not what. Have you had enough Of all this gear

Stafford. Ay, since you hate the telling it.

How look'd the Queen? Bagenhall. No fairer for her

And I could see that as the new-made

couple Came from the Minster, moving side by side

Beneath one canopy, ever and anon She cast on him a vassal smile of love, Which Philip with a glance of some distaste,

Or so methought, return'd. I may be wrong, sir

This marriage will not hold. I think with you. The King of France will help to break

it. Bagenhall. We once had half of France, and

hurl'd our battles Into the heart of Spain; but England

now Is but a ball chuck'd between France and Spain,

His in whose hand she drops: Harry of Bolingbroke Had holpen Richard's tottering throne

to stand. Could Harry have foreseen that all

our nobles

Would perish on the civil slaughter-

And leave the people naked to the crown,

And the crown naked to the people; the crown Female, too! Sir, no woman's regi-

Can save us. We are fallen, and as I

think, Never to rise again.

You are too black-Stafford. I'd make a move myself to hinder

that: 1 know some lusty fellows there in France.

Bagenhall. You would but make us weaker, Thomas Stafford. Wyatt was a good soldier, yet he

fail'd, And strengthen'd Philip.

Did not his last breath Stafford. Clear Courtenay and the Princess from the charge Of being his co-rebels?

Ay, but then What such a one as Wyatt says is nothing:

We have no men among us. The new Lords

Are quieted with their sop of Abbeylands And ev'n before the Oucen's face

Gardiner buys them With Philip's gold. All greed, no faith, no courage !

Why, ev'n the haughty prince, Northumberland.

The leader of our Reformation, knelt And blubber'd like a lad, and on the scaffold Recanted, and resold himself to

Rome. Stafford. I swear you do your country wrong, Sir Ralph.

I know a set of exiles over there, Dare-devils, that would eat fire and spit it out

At Philip's beard: they pillage Spain The French King winks at it. An

hour will come



When they will sweep her from the seas. No men? Did not Lord Suffolk die like a true

man? Is not Lord William Howard a true

man? Yea, you yourself, altho' you are

black-blooded:
And I, by God, believe myself a

Ay, even in the church there is a man
—Cranmer.
Fly would he not, when all men bad

Fly would he not, when all men bad him fly. And what a letter he wrote against

the Pope! There's a brave man, if any.

Bagenhall. Ay; if it hold.
Crowd (coming on). God save their
Graces!

Stafford. Bagenhall, I see The Tudor green and white. (Trumpets.) They are coming now. And here's a crowd as thick as her-

ring-shoals.

Bagenhall. Be limpets to this pillar, or we are torn

Down the strong wave of brawlets.

Crowd. God save their Graces!

[Procession of Trumpeters, fave-linmen, etc.; then Spanish and Flemish Nobles intermingled.

Flemish Nobles intermingled.
Stafford. Worth seeing, Bagenhall!
These black dog-Dons
Garb themselves bravely. Who's the

long-face there,
Looks very Spain of very Spain?
Bagenhall. The Duke

Of Alva, an iron soldier.

Stafford. And the Dutchman,

Now laughing at some jest?

Bagenhall. William of Orange,

William the Silent.
Stafford. Why do they call him so?
Bagenhall. He keeps, they say,
some secret that may cost

Philip his life.

Stafford. But then he looks so

merry.

Bagenhall. I cannot tell you why

agenhall. I cannot tell you why they call him so. [The King and Queen pass, attended by Peers of the Realm, Officers of State, etc., Cannon shot off.
Crowd. Philip and Mary, Philip

and Mary!
Long live the King and Queen, Philip

and Mary!

Stafford. They smile as if content

with one another.

Bagenhall. A smile abroad is oft a scowl at home.

[King and Queen pass on. Procession.

First Citizen. I thought this Philip

First Citizen. I thought this Philip had been one of those black devils of Spain, but he hath a yellow beard.

Second Citizen. Not red like Iscariot's

First Citizen. Like a carrot's, as thou say'st, and English carrot's better than Spanish licorice; but I thought he was a beast.

Third Citizen. Certain I had heard that every Spaniard carries a tail like a devil under his trunk-hose. Tailor. Ay, but see what trunk-hoses! Lord! they be fine; I neversitich'd none such. They make amends for the tails.

Fourth Citizen. Tut! every Spanish priest will tell you that all English

heretics have tails.

Fifth Citizen. Death and the Devil-

—if he find I have one—

Fourth Citizen. Lo! thou hast call'd them up! here they come—a pale horse for Death and Gardiner for

the Devil.

Enter GARDINER (turning back from the procession).

Gardiner. Knave, wilt thou wear thy cap before the Queen. Man. My Lord, I stand so squeezed among the crowd.

I cannot lift my hands unto my head.

Gardiner. Knock off his cap there,
some of you about him!

See there be others that can use their hands.

Thou art one of Wyatt's men?

Thou art one of Wyatt's men?

Man. No, my Lord, no.

Gardiner. Thy name, thou knave?

Man. I am nobody, my Lord.
Gardiner (shouting). God's passion! knave, thy name?
Man. I have ears to hear.

Gardiner. Ay, rascal, if I leave thee ears to hear. Find out his name and bring it me (to

Find out his name and bring it me (to
Attendant).

Attendant. Ay, my Lord.

Attendant. Ay, my Lord.

Gardiner. Knave, thou shalt lose
thine ears and find thy tongue,
And shalt be thankful if I leave thee
that.

[Coming before the Conduit.
The conduit painted—the nine worthies—ay!
But then what's here? King Harry

with a scroll.

Ha—Verbum Dei—verbum—word of

God!
God's passion! do you know the knave that painted it?

Attendant. I do, my Lord.
Gardiner. Tell him to paint it out,
And put some fresh device in lieu of

it—
A pair of gloves, a pair of gloves, sir;

There is no heresy there.

Attendant. I will, my Lord; The man shall paint a pair of gloves. I am sure

(Knowing the man) he wrought it ignorantly, And not from any malice.

Gardiner. Word of God In English! over this the brainless loons

That cannot spell Esaïas from St. Paul,

Make themselves drunk and mad, fly out and flare Into rebellions. I'll have their bibles

burnt.
The bible is the priest's. Ay! fellow, what!

Stand staring at me! shout, you gaping rogue!

Man. I have, my Lord, shouted

till I am hoarse.

Gardiner. What hast thou shouted, knave?

Man. Long live Queen Mary!

Gardiner. Knave, there be two.
There be both King and Queen,
Philip and Mary. Shout!

Man. Nay, but, my Lord,

Man. Nay, but, my Lord, The Queen comes first, Mary and Philip.

Gardiner. Shout, then,
Mary and Philip!

Man. Mary and Philip!

Gardiner. Now,
Thou hast shouted for thy pleasure.

Thou hast shouted for thy pleasure, shout for mine! Philip and Mary!

Man. Must it be so, my Lord?
Gardiner. Ay, knave.
Philip and Mary!
Gardiner. I distrust thee.

Thine is a half voice and a lean assent.

What is thy name?

Man. Sanders.

Man. Sanders.
What else?
Man. Zerubbabel.
Gardiner. Where dost thou live?
Man. In Cornhill.
Gardiner. Where, knave, where?
Man. Sign of the Talbot.

Man. Sign of the Talbot. Gardiner. Come to me to-mor-

row.—
Rascal!—this land is like a hill of fire,
One crater opens when another shure.

Put on Land the languagement the bare.

But so I get the laws against the heretic, Spite of Lord Paget and Lord William

Howard,
And others of our Parliament, revived,
I will show fire on my side—stake and
fire—

Sharp work and short. The knaves are easily cow'd.
Follow their Majesties.

[Exit. The crowd following,
Bagenhall. As proud as Becket.
Stafford. You would not have him
murder'd as Becket was?
Bagenhall No-murder fathers

Bagenhall. No-murder fathers murder: but I say There is no man—there was one

woman with us—

It was a sin to love her married, dead
I cannot choose but love her.

Stafford 1 adv lane?

Crowd (going off). God save their Graces!





And oversea they say this state of yours

Hath no more mortice than a tower of cards;

And that a puff would do it—then if 1
And others made that move I touch'd
upon,
Back'd by the power of France, and

landing here, Came with a sudden splendor, shout, and show,

And dazzled men and deafen'd by some bright

Lond venture, and the people so unquiet— And I the race of murder'd Bucking-

ham—
Not for myself, but for the kingdom—Sir,
I trust that you would fight along

with us.

Bagenhall. No; you would fling your lives into the gulf.

Stafford. But if this Philip, as he's

Stafford. But it this Philip, as he's like to do, Left Mary a wife-widow here alone, Set up a viceroy, sent his myriads.

hither
To seize upon the forts and fleet, and make us

A Spanish province; would you not fight then?

Bagenhall. I think I should fight

then.

Stafford. I am sure of it.

Hist! there's the face coming on here

of one
Who knows me. I must leave you.
Fare you well,

You'll hear of me again.

Bagenhall. Upon the scaffold.

SCENE II.—ROOM IN WHITEHALL

Exeunt.

MARY. Enter PHILIP and CARDINAL POLE.

Pole. Ave Maria, gratia plena, Benedicta tu in mulicribus. Mary. Loyal and royal cousin, humblest thanks. IIad you a pleasant voyage up the river?

Pole. We had your royal barge,

and that same chair,
Or rather throne of purple, on the
deck.
Our silver cross sparkled before the

prow, The ripples twinkled at their diamond-

dance, The boats that follow'd, were as glowing gay

As regal gardens; and your flocks of swans,
As fair and white as angels: and

your shores Wore in mine eyes the green of Paradise.

My foreign friends, who dream'd us blanketed In ever-closing fog, were much

amazed
To find as fair a sun as might have
flash'd
Upon their lake of Garda, fire the

Upon their lake of Garda, fire the Thames;
Our voyage by sea was all but miracle;
And here the river flowing from the

And here the river flowing from the sea,

Not toward it (for they thought not of our tides),

Seem'd as a happy miracle to make glide— In quiet—home your banish'd coun-

tryman.

Mary. We heard that you were sick in Flanders, cousin.

Pole. A dizziness.

Mary. And how came you round again?

Pole. The scarlet thread of Rahab

saved her life;
And mine, a little letting of the blood.

Mary. Well? now?
Pole. Ay, cousin, as the heathen giant

Had but to touch the ground, his force return'd—
Thus, after twenty years of banish-

ment,
Feeling my native land beneath my foot,



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His sword shall hew the heretic peoples down!

His faith shall clothe the world that will be his, Like universal air and sunshine!

()pen Ye everlasting gates! The King is here !-

My star, my son!

Enter PHILIP, DUKE OF ALVA, etc.

Oh, Philip, come with me; Good news have I to tell you, news to make

Both of us happy-ay, the Kingdom too

Nay come with me-one moment! Philip (to Alva). More than that: There was one here of late-William

the Silent They call him-he is free enough in talk.

But tells me nothing. You will be, we trust, Sometime the viceroy of those prov-

He must deserve his surname better. Ay, sir;

Inherit the Great Silence. True: the provinces Are hard to rule and must be hardly ruled:

Most fruitful, yet, indeed, an empty All hollow'd out with stinging here-

And for their heresies, Alva, they will fight; You must break them or they break

you. Alva (proudly). The first. Philip. Good!

Well, Madam, this new happiness of mine? Exeunt.

Enter THREE PAGES.

First Page. News, mates | a miracle, a miracle! news!

It was not meet the heretic swine should live

In Lambeth. Mary. There or anywhere, or at all. Philip. We have had it swept and

garnish'd after him. Pole. Not for the seven devils to enter in?

Philip. No, for we trust they parted in the swine.

True, and I am the Angel of the Pope. Farewell, your Graces.

Nay, not here-to me; I will go with you to the waterside.

Pole. Not be my Charon to the

counterside? Philip. No, my Lord Legate, the Lord Chancellor goes

Pole. And unto no dead world; but Lambeth palace, Henceforth a centre of the living

faith. [Excunt Philip, Pole, Paget, etc.

Manet Mary.

Mary. He hath awaked! he hath

He stirs within the darkness! Oh, Philip, husband! now thy love to mine

Will cling more close, and those bleak manners thaw, That make me shamed and tongue-

tied in my love. The second Prince of Peace-The great unborn defender of the

Faith, Who will avenge me of mine enemies-He comes, and my star rises,

The stormy Wyatts and Northumber-

The proud ambitions of Elizabeth, And all her fieriest partisans-are pale

Before my star!

The light of this new learning wanes and dies: The ghost of Luther and Zuinglins

fade Into the deathless hell which is their doom



'Philip!' says he. I had to cuff the rogue
For infant treason.

Third Member. But they say that bees.

If any creeping life invade their hive Too gross to be thrust out, will build

him round,

And bind him in from harming of their combs.

And Philip by these articles is bound From stirring hand or foot to wrong

the realm.

Second Member. By bonds of beeswax, like your creeping thing;
But your wise bees had stung him

But your wise bees had stung him first to death.

Third Member. Hush, hush! You wrong the Chancellor: the clauses added

To that same treaty which the em-

Were mainly Gardiner's: that no foreigner

Hold office in the household, fleet, forts. army;

That if the Queen should die without a child, The bond between the kingdoms be

dissolved;
That Philip should not mix us any wa
With his French wars—

Second Member. Ay, ay, but what security, Good sir, for this, if Philip—

Third Member. Peace—the Queen, Philip, and Pole. [All rise, and stand.

Enter MARY, PHILIP, and POLE.
[Gardiner conducts them to the

three chairs of state. Philip sits on the Queen's left, Pole on her right.

Gardiner. Our short-lived sun, before his winter plunge, Laughs at the last red leaf, and Andrew's Day.

Mary. Should not this day be held in after years

More solemn than of old?

Philip. Madam, my wish
Echoes your Majesty's.

Pole. It shall be so.

Gardiner. Mine echoes both your

Grace's; (aside) but the

Can we not have the Catholic church as well

Without as with the Italian? if we cannot,

Why then the Pope.

My lords of the upper house,

And ye, my masters, of the lower house,

Do ye stand fast by that which ye resolved?

Voices: We do.

Gardiner. And be you all one mind to supplicate

mind to supplicate
The Legate here for pardon, and acknowledge

The primacy of the Pope?

Foices. We are all one mind.
Gardiner. Then must I play the
vassal to this Pole. [Aside.]
[He draws a paper from under his
robes and presents it to the King
and Queen, who look through it
and return it to him; then as-

eends a tribune, and reads.
We, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal,

And Commons here in Parliament as-

Presenting the whole body of this realm Of England, and dominions of the

same,
Do make most humble suit unto your
Maiesties.

In our own name and that of all the state, That by your gracious means and in-

Our supplication be exhibited
To the Lord Cardinal Pole, sent here

as Legate
From our most Holy Father Julius,

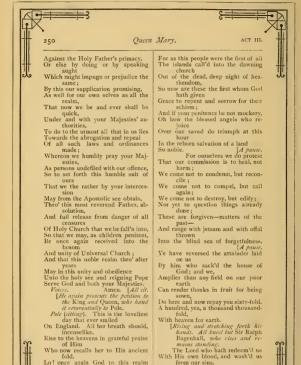
Pope, And from the Apostolic see of Rome; And do declare our penitence and

grief
For our love schism and disobedience.

Either in making laws and ordinances







To purchase for Himself a stainless bride;

hath given A token of His more especial Grace; He, whom the Father hath appointed Head Of all his church, He by His mercy

absolve yon! [A pause.
And we by that authority Apostolic
Given unto us, his Legate, by the

Our Lord and Holy Father, Julius, God's Vicar and Vicegerent upon

earth,

Do here absolve you and deliver you

And every one of you, and all the
realm

And its dominions from all heresy, All schism, and from all and every

censure, Judgment, and pain accruing there-

npon;
And also we restore you to the bosom
And unity of Universal Church.

[Turning to Gardiner.
Our letters of commission will declare

this plainleir.
[Queen heard sobbing. Cries of Amen! Amen! Some of the Members embrace one another. All but Sir Ralph Bagenhall pass out into the neighboring chapel whence is heard the Te

Deum.

Bagenhall. We strove against the papacy from the first,
In William's time, in our first Ed-

ward's time,
And in my master Henry's time; but
now,

The unity of Universal Church, Mary would have it; and this Gardiner follows;

The unity of Universal Hell, Philip would have it; and this Gardiner follows!

A Parliament of imitative apes! Sheep at the gap which Gardiner takes, who not

Believes the Pope, nor any of them believe— These spaniel-Spaniard English of the

time,
Who rub their fawning noses in the

dust,
For that is Philip's gold-dust, and
adore

This Vicar of their Vicar. Would I had been
Born Spaniard! I had held my head

np then.
I am ashamed that I am Bagenhall,
English.

Enter Officer.

Officer. Sir Ralph Bagenhall!

Bagenhall. What of that?

Officer. You were the one sole man
in either house

Who stood upright when both the houses fell.

Bagenhall. The honses fell!
Officer. I mean the houses knelt
Before the Legate.

Bagenhall. Do not scrimp your phrase, But stretch it wider; say when Eng-

But stretch it wider; say when England fell.

Officer. I say you were the one sole man who stood.

Basenhall. I am the one sole man

in either house,
Perchance in England, loves her like

a son.

Officer. Well, you one man, because you stood upright,

Her Grace the Queen commands you to the Tower.

Bagenhall. As traitor, or as here-

tic, or for what?

Officer. If any man in any way would be

The one man, he shall be so to his cost.

Bagenhall. What! will she have my head?

Officer. A round fine likelier.
Your pardon, [Calling to Attendant,
By the river to the Tower.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV. - WHITEHALL. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY, GARDINER, POLE, PAGET, BONNER, etc.

Mary. The King and I, my Lords, now that all traitors

8=1==

Catholics,

And many heretics loyal; heretic

Is in her Grace's hand to smite with.

Paget,

Von stand up here to fight for hereey

You stand up here to fight for heresy, You are more than guess'd at as a heretic,

And on the steep-up track of the true faith Your lapses are far seen.

Paget. The faultless Gardiner!

Mary. You brawl beyond the question; speak, Lord Legate!

tion; speak, Lord Legate!

Pole. Indeed, I cannot follow with
your Grace:

Rather would say—the shepherd doth

not kill
The sheep that wander from his flock,

but sends

His careful dog to bring them to the

fold.

Look to the Netherlands, wherein have been

Such holocausts of heresy! to what end?

For yet the faith is not established there.

Gardiner. The end's not come.

Pole. No—nor this way
will come,
Seeing there lie two ways to every end,
A better and a worse—the worse is

here To persecute, because to persecute Makes a faith hated, and is further-

more
No perfect witness of a perfect faith
In him who persecutes: when men
are tost

On tides of strange opinion, and not sure

Of their own selves, they are wroth with their own selves, And thence with others; then, who

lights the faggot?

Not the full faith, no, but the lurking

doubt.
Old Rome, that first made martyrs in the Church,

Trembled for her own gods, for these were trembling—

But when did our Rome tremble?

Paget. Did she not
In Henry's time and Edward's?

Pole. What, my Lord!

The Church on Peter's rock? never!

I have seen

A pine in Italy that cast its shadow Athwart a cataract; firm stood the pine—

The cataract shook the shadow. To my mind, The cataract typed the headlong

plunge and fall
Of heresy to the pit: the pine was

You see, my Lords, It was the shadow of the Church that trembled:

Your church was but the shadow of a church,

Wanting the Papal mitre.

Gardiner (muttering). Here be

Pole. And tropes are good to clothe a naked truth,

And make it look more seemly.

Gardiner. Tropes again!
Pole. You are hard to please.
Then without tropes, my Lord,

An overmuch severeness, I repeat, When faith is wavering makes the waverer pass

Into more settled hatred of the doctrines
Of those who rule, which hatred by

and by
Involves the ruler (thus there springs
to light

That Centaur of a monstrous Common-weal,
The traitor-heretic) then tho' some

may quail,
Yet others are that dare the stake and

fire, And their strong torment bravely borne, begets

An admiration and an indignation, And hot desire to imitate; so the plague

Of schism spreads; were there but three or four

Of these misleaders, yet I would not say Burn! and we cannot burn whole

Burn! and we cannot burn whol towns; they are many, As my Lord Paget says.

Gardiner. Yet my Lord Cardinal—





Wary. 255
Your violence and much roughness to

But to be mock'd and baited. Speak, friend Bonner, And tell this learned Legate he lacks

zeal.

The Church's evil is not as the King's,
Cannot be heal'd by stroking. The

mad bite
Must have the cautery—tell him—and
at once.

What would'st thou do hadst thou his power, thou

That layest so long in heretic bonds with me;
Would'st thou not burn and blast

Would'st thou not burn and blast them root and branch? Bonner. Ay, after you, my Lord. Gurdiner. Nay, God's passion, be-

Gardiner. Nay, God's passion, before me! speak! Bonner. I am on fire until I see

them flame.

Gardiner. Ay, the psalm-singing weavers, cobblers, scum—

But this most noble prince Plantagenet,

Our good Queen's cousin—dallying over seas

Even when his brother's, nay, his noble mother's, Head fell—

Pole. Peace, madman!
Thou stirrest up a grief thou canst

not fathom.

Thou Christian Bishop, thou Lord
Chancellor

Of England! no more rein upon thine anger Than any child! Thou mak'st me

much ashamed
That I was for a moment wroth at
thee.

Mary. I come for counsel and ye give me feuds, Like dogs that set to watch their mas-

ter's gate, Fall, when the thief is ev'n within the walls.

walls,
To worrying one another. My Lord
Chancellor,

You have an old trick of offending us; And but that you are art and part with us

In purging heresy, well we might, for this the Legate,
Have shut you from our counsels.
Cousin Pole,

You are fresh from brighter lands. Retire with me. His Highness and myself (so you al-

low us) Will let you learn in peace and pri-

What power this cooler sun of Eng-

In breeding godless vermin. And pray Heaven

That you may see according to our sight.

[Exeunt Queen and Pole, etc. Gardiner. Pole has the Plantagenet face.

But not the force made them our mightiest kings.

Fine eyes—but melancholy, irresolute— A fine beard, Bonner, a very full fine

beard. But a weak mouth, an indeterminate

—ha?

Bonner. Well, a weak mouth, perchance.

Gardiner. And not like thine To gorge a heretic whole, roasted or

Bonner. I'd do my best, my Lord; but yet the Legate

Is here as Pope and Master of the Church,

And if he go not with you—

Gardiner. Tut, Master Bishop,
Our bashful Legate, saw'st not how
he flush'd?

Touch him upon his old heretical talk,

He'll burn a diocese to prove his orthodoxy. And let him call me truckler. In

those times, Thou knowest we had to dodge, or

duck, or die;
I kept my head for use of Holy
Church;

And see you, we shall have to dodge again,

this

our eso-

H



Breaks into feather'd merriments, and flowers In silken pageants. Why do they

In silken pageants. Why do they keep us here?
Why still suspect your Grace?
Elizabeth. Hard upon both.

Elizabeth. Hard upon both.
[Writes on the window with a diamond.

Much suspected, of me Nothing proven can be. Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner.

Lady. What hath your Highness

Elizabeth. A true rhyme.

Lady. Cut with a diamond; so to last like truth.

Elizabeth. Ay, if truth last.

Lady. But truth, they say, will out, So it must last. It is not like a word, That comes and goes in uttering.

Elizabeth. Truth, a word!

The very Truth and very Word are one.

But truth of story, which I glanced at

girl,
Is like a word that comes from olden

days, And passes thro' the peoples: every tongue

Alters it passing, till it spells and speaks

Quite other than at first.

Lady.

I do not follow.

Elizabeth. How many names in the
long sweep of time

That so foreshortens greatness, may but hang

On the chance mention of some fool that once Brake bread with us, perhaps: and my

poor chronicle
Is but of glass. Sir Henry Bedingfield

May split it for a spite.

Lady. God grant it last,
And witness to your Grace's inno-

Till doomsday melt it.

Elizabeth. Or a second fire,

Like that which lately crackled underfoot And in this very chamber, fuse the glass, And char us back again into the dust We spring from. Never peacock against rain

Scream'd as you did for water.

Lady. And I got it.
I woke Sir Henry—and he's true to

you— I read his honest horror in his eyes.

Elizabeth. Or true to you?

Lady. Sir Henry Bedingfield!

I will have no man true to me, your

I will have no man true to me, your Grace, But one that pares his nails; to me?

the clown!

Elizabeth. Out, girl! you wrong a

noble gentleman.

Lady. For, like his cloak, his manners want the nap

And gloss of court; but of this fire he says,

Nay swears, it was no wicked wilfulness,

Only a natural chance.

Elizabeth. A chance—perchance One of those wicked wilfuls that men make,

Nor shame to call it nature. Nay, I

They hunt my blood. Save for my daily range

Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ I might despair. But there hath some

one come;
The house is all in movement. Hence, and see. [Exit Lady.

Milkmaid (singing without).

Shame upon you, Robin, Shame upon you now!

Kiss me would you? with my hands Milking the cow? Daisies grow again,

Kingcups blow again, And you came and kiss'd me milking the

Robin came behind me,

Kiss'd me well I vow; Cuff him could I? with my hands Milking the cow? Swallows fly again,





When next there comes a missive from the Queen It shall be all my study for one hour

To rose and lavender my horsiness,
Before I dare to glance upon your
Grace.

Elizabeth. A missive from the

Queen: last time she wrote, had like to have lost my life: it takes my breath:

O God, sir, do you look upon your boots,

Are you so small a man? Help me: what think you, Is it life or death?

Bedingfield. I thought not on my boots; The devil take all boots were ever

since man went barefoot. See, I lay

it here,
For I will come no nearer to your
Grace:

And, whether it bring you bitter news

And God hath given your Grace a nose, or not,

I'll help you, if I may.

Elizabeth. Your pardon, then;
It is the heat and narrowness of the cage

That makes the captive testy; with free wing The world were all one Araby.

Leave me now,
Will you, companion to myself, sir?

Bedingfield. Will 1?

With most exceeding willingness, I
will;
You know I never come till I be
call'd. [Exit.

Elizabeth. It lies there folded: is there venom in it? A snake—and if I touch it, it may

sting. Come, come, the worst!

Best wisdom is to know the worst at once. [Reads:

'It is the King's wish, that you should wed Prince Philibert of Savoy. You are to come to Court on the instant; and think of this in your coming.
'MARY THE QUEEN.'

Think! I have many thoughts; I think there may be birdlime here for me;

I think they fain would have me from the realm;

I think the Queen may never bear a child; I think that I may be some time the

Queen, Then, Queen indeed: no foreign

prince or priest
Should fill my throne, myself upon
the steps.

I think I will not marry anyone, Specially not this landless Philibert Of Savoy; but, if Philip menace me, I think that I will play with Philibert.—

As once the Holy Father did with mine,
Before my father married my good

Before my father married my good mother,— For fear of Spain.

Enter LADY.

Lady. O Lord! your Grace, your Grace,
I feel so happy: it seems that we

shall fly
These bald, blank fields, and dance
into the sun

That shines on princes.

Elizabeth. Yet, a moment since,
I wish'd myself the milkmaid singing
here.

To kiss and cuff among the birds and flowers—

A right rough life and healthful.

Lady. But the wench
Hath her own troubles; she is weeping now;

For the wrong Robin took her at her word. Then the cow kick'd, and all her milk was spilt.

Your Highness such a milkmaid?

Elizabeth. I had kept
My Robins and my cows in sweeter

My Robins and my cows in sweeter order









Against these burnings. Renard. And the Emperor Approved you, and when last he wrote, declared

His comfort in your Grace that you were bland And affable to men of all estates,

In hope to charm them from their hate of Spain. Philip. In hope to crush all

heresy under Spain. But, Renard, I am sicker staying here Than any sea could make me passing

Tho' I be ever deadly sick at sea. So sick am I with biding for this child. Is it the fashion in this clime for

women To go twelve months in bearing of a child?

The nurses yawn'd, the cradle gaped, they led Processions, chanted litanies, clash'd

their bells, Shot off their lying cannon, and her

Have preach'd, the fools, of this fair

prince to come Till, by St. James, I find myself the

Why do you lift your eyebrow at me thus?

Renard. I never saw your Highness moved till now. Philip. So weary am I of this wet

land of theirs, And every soul of man that breathes therein

Renard. My liege, we must not drop the mask before

The masquerade is over--Have I dropt it? I have but shown a loathing face to vou.

Who knew it from the first.

Enter MARY.

Mary (aside). With Renard. Still Parleying with Renard, all the day with Renard, And scarce a greeting all the day for

[Exit Mary And goes to-morrow. Philip (to Renard, who advances to him). Well, sir, is there more? Renard (who has perceived the Queen). May Simon Renard speak a single word?

And be forgiven for it? Simon Renard Knows me too well to speak a single

word

That could not be forgiven.

Penard Well, my liege, Your Grace hath a most chaste and

loving wife.
lip. Why not? The Queen of Philip should be chaste. Renard. Av., but, my Lord, you

know what Virgil sings, Woman is various and most mutable, She play the harlot! never.

Not dream'd of by the rabidest gos-

There was a paper thrown into the

'The King hath wearied of his barren bride.' She came upon it, read it, and then

rent if With all the rage of one who hates a truth

He cannot but allow. Sire, I would have you What should I say, I cannot pick my

words-Be somewhat less-majestic to your

Queen. Philip. Am I to change my manners, Simon Renard, Because these islanders are brutal

beasts? Or would you have me turn a sonnet-

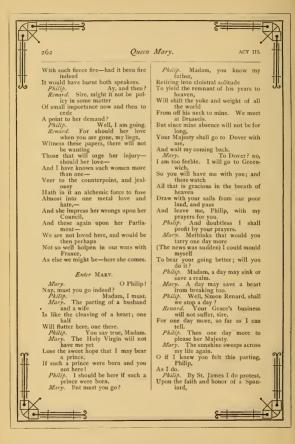
And warble those brief-sighted eyes of

hers? Renard. Brief-sighted tho' they be, I have seen them, sire, When you perchance were trifling

With some fair dame of court, sud-









Queen Mary.

Simon, is supper ready?

Ay, my liege, Renard. I saw the covers laying. Philip. Let us have it. [Excunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE L-A ROOM IN THE PAL-ACE

MARY, CARDINAL POLE.

Mary. What have you there? So please vour Majesty, A long petition from the foreign exiles spare the life of Cranmer.

Bishop Thirlby, And my Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,

Crave, in the same cause, hearing of your Grace.

Hath he not written himself-infatuated-

To sue you for his life? Mary. His life? Oh. no:

Not sued for that-he knows it were in vain. But so much of the anti-papal leaven

Works in him yet, he hath pray'd me not to sully Mine own prerogative, and degrade the

realm By seeking justice at a stranger's

hand Against my natural subject. King and Oueen.

To whom he owes his loyalty after God, Shall these accuse him to a foreign

prince? Death would not grieve him more. I

cannot be True to this realm of England and the Pope

Together, says the heretic. Pole. And there errs; As he hath ever err'd thro' vanity. A secular kingdom is but as the

Lacking a soul; and in itself a beast.

body

The Holy Father in a Secular king-Is as the soul descending out of

heaven

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Mary. Write to him, then. Pole. I will.

And sharply, Pole. Here come the Cranmerites!

Enter THIRLBY, LORD PAGET, LORD WILLIAM HOWARD

Howard. Health to your Grace! Good morrow, my Lord Cardinal:

We make our humble prayer unto your Grace

That Cranmer may withdraw to foreign parts,

Or into private life within the realm. In several bills and declarations, Madam.

He hath recanted all his heresies. Paget. Ay, ay; if Bonner have not forged the bills. [Aside.

Mary. Did not More die, and Fisher? he must burn. Howard. He hath recanted.

Madam. Mary. The better for him. He burns in Purgatory, not in Hell. Howard. Ay, ay, your Grace; but

it was never seen That any one recanting thus at full, As Cranmer hath, came to the fire on earth

Mary. It will be seen now, then. Thirlby. O Madam, Madam! I thus implore you, low upon my knees.

To reach the hand of mercy to my friend

I have err'd with him; with him I have recanted

What human reason is there why my Should meet with lesser mercy than myself?

Mary. My Lord of Ely, this. After a riot

We hang the leaders, let their following go.



Cranmer is head and father of these New learning as they call it; yea. may God Forget me at most need when I for-

get Her foul divorce-my sainted mother

-No!-Howard. Ay, ay, but mighty doctors doubted there

The Pope himself waver'd; and more than one Row'd in that galley-Gardiner to

wit Whom truly I deny not to have been Your faithful friend and trusty coun-

Hath not your Highness ever read his book,

His tractate upon True Obedience, Writ by himself and Bonner?

Mary. I will take Such order with all bad, heretical books

That none shall hold them in his house and live,

Henceforward. No, my Lord. Then never read it. The truth is here. Your father was a

man Of such colossal kinghood, yet so courteous.

Except when wroth, you scarce could meet his eye

And hold your own; and were he wroth indeed, You held it less, or not at all. I say,

Your father had a will that beat men down: Your father had a brain that beat men

down-Pole. Not me, my Lord. Howard. No, for you were not

here: You sit upon this fallen Cranmer's throne;

And it would more become you, my Lord Legate, To join a voice, so potent with her

Highness, To ours in plea for Cranmer than to stand

On naked self-assertion.

Mary. All your voices
Are waves on flint. The heretic must burn.

Howard. Vet once he saved your Majesty's own life :

Stood out against the King in your behalf At his own peril.

Mary. I know not if he did; And if he did I care not, my Lord Howard.

My life is not so happy, no such boon, That I should spare to take a heretic priest's.

Who saved it or not saved. Why do you vex me?

Paget. Yet to save Cranmer were to serve the Church, Your Majesty's 1 mean; he is effaced,

Self-blotted out; so wounded in his honor, He can but creep down into some

dark hole Like a hurt beast, and hide himself and die

But if you burn him,-well, your Highness knows

The saying, 'Martyr's blood—seed of the Church.' Mary. Of the true Church; but

his is none, nor will be. You are too politic for me, my Lord Paget. And if he have to live so loath'd a life,

It were more merciful to burn him now.

Thirlby. O yet relent. O, Madam, if you knew him As I do, ever gentle, and so gracious,

As I do, ever general.
With all his learning—
Yet a heretic still. His learning makes his burning the more just.

So worshipt of all those Thirlby. that came across him; The stranger at his hearth, and all his

house-Mary. His children and his concubine, belike

Thirlby. To do him any wrong was to beget A kindness from him, for his heart

was rich,







Of such fine mould, that if you sow'd therein
The seed of Hate, it blossom'd Char-

ity.

Pole. 'After his kind it costs him nothing,' there's
An old world English adage to the

point.

These are but natural graces, my good

Bishop, Which in the Catholic garden are as

flowers,
But on the heretic dunghill only

weeds.

Howard. Such weeds make dung-hills gracious.

Mary. Enough, my Lords. It is God's will, the Holy Father's will, And Philip's will, and mine, that he should burn.

He is pronounced anathema.

Howard. Farewell, Madam,

God grant you ampler mercy at your call Than you have shown to Cranmer.

[Exeunt Lords.
Pole. After this,
Your Grace will hardly care to over-

This same petition of the foreign exiles

For Cranmer's life.

Mary. Make out the writ to-night.

SCENE IL-Oxford. Cranmer

IN PRISON.

Cranmer. Last night, I dream'd the faggots were alight.

And that myself was fasten'd to the

stake, And found it all a visionary flame, Cool as the light in old decaying

wood; And then King Harry look'd from out a cloud,

And bad me have good courage; and 1 heard An angel cry 'There is more joy in Heaven,'—

Heaven,'—

And after that, the trumpet of the dead. [Trumpets without.

Why, there are trumpets blowing now: what is it?

Enter FATHER COLE.

Cole. Cranmer, I come to question you again;

Have you remain'd in the true Catholic faith I left you in?

Cranmer. In the true Catholic faith,
By Heaven's grace, I am more and
more confirm'd.

Why are the trumpets blowing, Father Cole?

Cole. Cranmer, it is decided by the Council

That you to-day should read your recantation
Before the people in St. Mary's

Church.

And there be many heretics in the

town,
Who loathe you for your late return
to Rome.

And might assail you passing through the street,

And tear you piecemeal: so you have a guard.

Cranmer. Or seek to rescue me.

I thank the Council.

Cole. Do you lack any money?
Cranmer. Nay, why should 1?
The prison fare is good enough for me.

Cole. Ay, but to give the poor.
Cranmer. Hand it me, then
I thank you.

Cole. For a little space, farewell; Until 1 see you in St. Mary's Church. [Exit Cole. Cranmer. It is against all prece-

dent to burn
One who recants; they mean to pardon me.
To give the poor—they give the poor

who die.
Well, burn me or not burn me I am
fixt;

It is but a communion, not a mass: A holy supper, not a sacrifice;

No man can make his Maker-Villa Garcia.



Which frights you back into the ancient faith: And so you have recanted to the

Pope. How are the mighty fallen, Master

Cranmer! Cranmer. You have been more fierce against the Pope than I; But why fling back the stone he

[Aside. strikes me with? O Bonner, if 1 ever did you kindness-Power hath been given you to try

faith by fire-Pray you, remembering how yourself

have changed, Be somewhat pitiful, after I have

To the poor flock-to women and to children-

That when I was archbishop held with me.

Bonner. Ay-gentle as they call you-live or die! Pitiful to this pitiful heresy?

I must obey the Queen and Council, man Win thro' this day with honor to your-

self, And I'll say something for you-so-

good-bye.

This hard coarse man of Cranmer. old hath crouch'd to me Till I myself was half ashamed for

Enter THIRLBY.

Weep not, good Thirlby. Thirlby. Oh, my Lord, my Lord! My heart is no such block as Bonner's

him.

Who would not weep?

Cranmer. Why do you so my-lord Who am disgraced?

Thirlby. On earth; but saved in heaven

By your recanting.
Will they burn me,

Thirlby. Alas, they will; these burnings will not help

The purpose of the faith; but my poor voice Against them is a whisper to the roar

Of a spring-tide. Cranmer. And they will surely

burn me? Thirlby. Ay; and besides, will

have you in the church Repeat your recantation in the ears Of all men, to the saving of their souls,

Before your execution. May God help you Thro' that hard hour!

Cranmer. And may God bless you. Thirlby! Well, they shall hear my recantation

there. [Exit Thirlby. Disgraced, dishonor'd !-not by them,

By mine own self-by mine own hand! O thin-skinn'd hand and jutting veins,

'twas you That sign'd the burning of poor Joan

of Kent: But then she was a witch. You have written much. But you were never raised to plead

for Frith, Whose dogmas I have reach'd: he was deliver'd

To the secular arm to burn; and there was Lambert: Who can foresee himself? truly these

burnings, As Thirlby says, are profitless to the

And help the other side. You shall burn too, Burn first when I am burnt.

Fire-inch by inch to die in agony! Latimer Had a brief end-not Ridley. Hooper

burn'd Three-quarters of an hour. Will my faggots

Be wet as his were? It is a day of rain.

I will not muse upon it. My fancy takes the burner's part, and makes

The fire seem even crueller than it is.









Oucen Mary.

Pray with one breath, one heart, one

The man's conversion and remorse of

Yourselves shall hear him speak. Speak, Master Cranmer, your promise made me, and

Your true undoubted faith, that all

may hear And that I will.

God, Father of Heaven! Son of God, Redeemer of world!

Three persons and one God, have mercy on me.

Most miserable sinner, wretched man. I have offended against heaven and

More grievously than any tongue can Then whither should I flee for any

help? I am ashamed to lift my eyes to heaven, And I can find no refuge upon

For thou art merciful, refusing none That come to Thee for succor, unto Thee, Therefore, I come; humble myself to

Saying, O Lord God, although my sins be great,

For thy great mercy have mercy! O Not for slight faults alone, when thou

Man in the Flesh, was the great mystery wrought;

O God the Father, not for little sins Didst thou yield up thy Son to human death:

But for the greatest sin that can be sinn'd.

Yea, even such as mine, incalculable

There stands a man, once of so high prelate of our Church, arch-

bishop, first In Council, second person in the realm. Friend for so long time of a mighty

King; And now ve see downfallen and From councillor to caitiff-fallen so

low. The leprous flutterings of the byway, scum And offal of the city would not

change Estates with him; in brief, so miser-

There is no hope of better left for No place for worse.

Yet, Cranmer, be thou glad. This is the work of God. He is

glorified In thy conversion: lo! thou art

He brings thee home: nor fear but

Thou shalt receive the penitent thief's And be with Christ the Lord in Paradise

Remember how God made the fierce fire seem To those three children like a pleas-

Remember, too. The triumph of St. Andrew on his

cross. The patience of St. Lawrence in the

fire. Thus, if thou call on God and all the

God will beat down the fury of the flame. Or give thee saintly strength to un-

dergo. And for thy soul shall masses here be sung By every priest in Oxford. Pray for him.

Cranmer. Ay, one and all, dear brothers, pray for me;







And every syllable taught us by our Lord,
His prophets, and apostles, in the

Testaments, Both Old and New.

Cole. Be plainer, Master Cranmer. Cranmer. And now I come to the

great cause that weighs Upon my conscience more than any-

thing
Or said or done in all my life by
me;
For there he writings I have set

For there be writings I have set abroad Against the truth I knew within my

heart, Written for fear of death, to save my life,

If that might be; the papers by my hand Sign'd since my degradation—by this

[Holding out his right hand. Written and sign'd—I here renounce them all;

And, since my hand offended, having written

Against my heart, my hand shall first be burnt,

So I may come to the fire.
[Dead silence

Protestant murmurs.
First Protestant. I knew it would be so.

Second Protestant. Our prayers are heard! Third Protestant. God bless him!

Catholic murmurs. Out upon him!
out upon him!
Liar! dissembler! traitor! to the
fire!

Williams (raising his voice). You know that you recanted all you said Touching the sacrament in that same

You wrote against my Lord of Winchester;

Dissemble not; play the plain Christian man.

Cranmer. Alas, my Lord, I have been a man loved plainness all my life; I did dissemble, but the hour has come

For utter truth and plainness; where-

fore, I say,
I hold by all I wrote within that book.

Moreover, As for the Pope I count him Antichrist,

With all his devil's doctrines; and refuse,

Reject him, and abhor him. I have said.
[Cries on all sides, 'Pull him

down! Away with him!'
Cole. Ay, stop the heretic's mouth!
Hale him away!

Williams. Harm him not, harm him not! have him to the fire! [Cranmer goes out between Two Friars, smiling; hands are reached to him from the crowd. LORD WILLIAM HOWARD and LORD PAGET are left alone in

the church.

Paget. The nave and aisles all empty as a fool's jest!

o, here's Lord William Howard.

What, my Lord,
You have not gone to see the burn-

ing?

Howard.

Fie!

To stand at ease, and stare as at a

show,
And watch a good man burn. Never
again.
I saw the deaths of Latimer and Rid-

ley.

Moreover, tho' a Catholic, I would

For the pure honor of our common nature

Hear what I might—another recan-

tation
Of Cranmer at the stake.

Pagel. You'd not hear that.

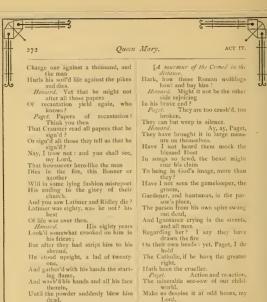
Paget. You'd not hear that. He pass'd out smiling, and he walk'd upright; His eve was like a soldier's, whom

the general
He looks to and he leans on as his
God.

Hath rated for some backwardness and bidd'n him



T



Ridley was longer burning; but he died As manfully and boldly, and, 'forc God, I know them heretics, but right English ones.
If ever, as heaven grant, we clash

with Spain, Our Ridley-soldiers and our Latimersoldiers

Will teach her something.

Paget. Your mild Legate Pole
Will tell you that the devil helpt them
thro' it.

Heaven help that this re-action not re-act

Vet fiercelier under Queen Elizabeth,

So that she come to rule, us.

Howard. The world's mad.

Paget. My Lord, the world is like

Who cannot move straight to his end
—but reels

Now to the right, then as far to the

Push'd by the crowd beside—and underfoot



An earthquake; for since Henry for a doubt— Which a young lust had clapt upon

Which a young lust had clapt upon the back, Crying, 'Forward!'—set our old church rocking, men

church rocking, men
Have hardly known what to believe,
or whether
They should believe in anything; the

currents
So shift and change, they see not

now they are borne, Nor whither. I conclude the King a beast;

Verily a lion if you will—the world A most obedient beast and fool—myself

Half beast and fool as appertaining to it

Altho' your Lordship hath as little of each

Cleaving to your original Adam-clay, As may be consonant with mortality.

Howard. We talk and Cranmer

The kindliest man I ever knew; see, see, I speak of him in the past. Unhappy

land!
Hard-natured Queen, half-Spanish in

And grafted on the bard-grain'd stock of Spain—

Her life, since Philip left her, and she lost
Her fierce desire of bearing him a

child,
Hath, like a brief and bitter winter's

day,
Gone narrowing down and darkening
to a close.

There will be more conspiracies, I fear.

Paget. Ay, ay, beware of France. Howard. O Paget, Paget! I have seen heretics of the poorer sort,

Expectant of the rack from day to day,

To whom the fire were welcome, lying

chain'd In breathless dungeons over steaming

breathless dungeons over steaming sewers,

Fed with rank bread that crawl'd upon the tongue,

And putrid water, every drop a worm. Until they died of rotted limbs; and then Cast on the dunghill naked, and be-

come Hideously alive again from head to heel.

Made even the carrion-nosing mongrel vomit

With hate and horror.

Paget. Nay, you sicken me.
To hear you.

Howard. Fancy-sick; these things are done,

Done right against the promise of this Queen
Twice given.

Paget. No faith with heretics, my Lord! Hist! there be two old gossips—

gospellers, I take it; stand behind the pillar

I warrant you they talk about the burning.

Enter Two Old Women. Joan, and after her Tib.

forn. Why, it be Tib!
Tib. I cum behind tha, gall, and
couldn't make tha hear. Eh, the
wind and the wet! What a day, what
a day! nigh upo' judgement daay loike.
Pwoaps be pretty things, Joan, but
they wunt set i' the Lord's cheer o'
that daay.

hat daay, foon. I must set down myself, foon. I fib; it be a war waay vor my owld legs up vro' Islip. Eh, my rheumatizy be that bad howiver be I to win to the burnin'.

Tib. I should saay twur ower by now. I'd ha' been here avore, but Dumble wur blow'd wi' the wind, and Dumble's the best milcher in Islip.

foan. Our Daisy's as good 'z her
Tib. Noa, Joan.
Jour. Our Daisy's butter's as good
'z hern.

Tib. Noa, Joan.







best milcher in Islip. Thou's thy way wi' man and beast, Tib. I wonder at tha', it beats me! Eh, but I do know ez Pwoaps and vires be bad things; tell 'ee now, I heerd summat as summun towld summun o' owld Bishop Gardiner's end; there wur an owld lord a-cum to dine wi' un, and a wur so owld a couldn't bide vor his dinner, but a had to bide howsomiver, vor 'I wunt dine, says my Lord Bishop, says he, 'not till I hears ez Latimer and Ridley be a-vire;' and so they bided on and on till your o' the clock, till his man cum in post vro' here and tells un ez the vire has tuk holt. 'Now,' says the Bishop, says he, 'we'll gwo to dinner;' and the owld lord fell to 's meat wi' a will, God bless un! but Gardiner wur struck down like by the hand o' God avore a could taste a mossel, and a set un all a-vire, so 'z the tongue on un cum a-lolluping out o' 'is mouth as black as a rat. Thank the Lord, therevore. The fools!

Tib. Ay, Joan; and Queen Mary gwoes on a-burnin' and a-burnin', to get her baaby born: but all her burnin's 'ill never burn out the hypocrisy nought but the vire of God's hell ez can burn out that.

Joan. Thank the Lord, therevore. Paget. The fools!

Tib. A-burnin', and a-burnin', and

Ah, what an acrid wine has Luther brew'd!

Paget. Pooh, pooh, my Lord! poor garrulous country-wives. Buy you their cheeses, and they'll side

with you; You cannot judge the liquor from the

Howard. I think that in some sort we may. But see,

Enter PETERS.

my gentleman, an honest Catholic,

Who follow'd with the crowd to Cranmer's fire.

One that would neither misreport nor lie,

Not to gain paradise: no, nor if the Pope, Charged him to do it-he is white as

death. Peters, how pale you look! you bring

the smoke Of Cranmer's burning with you.

Peters. Twice or thrice The smoke of Cranmer's burning

wrapt me round. Howard. Peters, you know me Catholic, but English.

Did he die bravely? Tell me that, or

All else untold. My Lord, he died most

bravely.

bravely.

Then tell me all.

Master Pete Howard. Paget. Ay, Master Peters, tell 115.





friars

Still plied him with entreaty and reproach:

But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm Steers, ever looking to the happy

Where he shall rest at night, moved to

his death: And I could see that many silent hands

Came from the crowd and met his own; and thus,

When we had come where Ridley burnt with Latimer. He, with a cheerful smile, as one

whose mind Is all made up, in haste put off the

rags They had mock'd his misery with, and

all in white. His long white beard, which he had never shaven

Since Henry's death, down-sweeping

to the chain, Wherewith they bound him to the stake, he stood

More like an ancient father of the Church. Than heretic of these times; and still

the friars Plied him, but Cranmer only shook his head.

Or answer'd them in smiling negatives;

Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry :-'Make short! make short!' and so

they lit the wood. Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to

And thrust his right into the bitter flame;

And crying, in his deep voice, more than once, 'This hath offended-this unworthy

hand l' So held it till it all was burn'd, before The flame had reach'd his body; I

stood near-

a statue, Unmoving in the greatness of the

Gave up the ghost; and so past mar-

tyr-like-Martyr I may not call him-past-

but whither? Paget. To purgatory, man, to purgatory

Peters. Nay, but, my Lord, he denied purgatory.

Paget. Why then to Heaven, and God ha' mercy on him. Howard. Paget, despite his fearful heresies.

I loved the man, and needs must moan for him:

O Cranmer! Paget. But your moan is useless now

Come out, my Lord, it is a world of fools. Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.-LONDON. HALL IN THE PALACE.

QUEEN, SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

Heath. Madam. I do assure you, that it must be look'd to:

Calais is but ill-garrison'd, in Guisnes Are scarce two hundred men, and the French fleet

Rule in the narrow seas. It must be look'd to,

If war should fall between yourself and France; Or you will lose your Calais.

I wish you a good morning, good Sir Nicholas:

Here is the King. [Exit Heath.

It shall be look'd to:

Enter PHILIP.

Mary.

Philip. Sir Ni holas tells you true,

And you must look to Callis when I

Mary. Go? must you go, indeed -again-so soon? Why, nature's licensed vagabond, the

swallow, That might live always in the sun's

warm heart. Stays longer here in our poor north

than you :-Knows where he nested-ever comes

again. Philip. And, Madam, so shall I.

Mary. O, will you? will you? I am faint with fear that you will come no more.

Philip. Ay, ay; but many voices call me hence.

Mary. Voices-I hear unhappy rumors-nay,

I say not, I believe. What voices call you

Dearer than mine that should be dearest to you? Alas, my Lord! what voices and how

many?

Philip. The voices of Castille and

Aragon, Granada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan,-The voices of Franche-Comté, and

the Netherlands. The voices of Peru and Mexico. Tunis, and Oran, and the Philippines,

And all the fair spice-islands of the Mary (admiringly). You are the

mightiest monarch upon earth, 1 but a little Oueen: and, so indeed.

Need you the more.

Philip. A little Queen! but when

the seas

came to wed your majesty, Lord Howard. Sending an insolent shot that dash'd

Upon us, made us lower our kingly flag To yours of England.

Mary. Howard is all English! There is no king, not were he ten

times king,
Ten times our husband, but must
lower his flag

To that of England in the seas of England

Philip. Is that your answer?
Mary. Being Queen of England, I have none other.

But wherefore not Helm the huge vessel of your state,

my liege, Here by the side of her who loves you most?

Philip. No, Madam, no! a candle Is all but smoke-a star beside the

moon Is all but lost; your people will not

crown me-Your people are as cheerless as your

clime: liate me and mine: witness the

brawls, the gibbets. Here swings a Spaniard-there an Englishman;

The peoples are unlike as their complexion;

Yet will I be your swallow and return— But now I cannot bide. Not to help me?

They hate me also for my love to you, My Philip; and these judgments on the land-

Harvestless autumns, horrible agues, plague-Philip. The blood and sweat of

heretics at the stake Is God's best dew upon the barren field.

Burn more ! Mary. I will, I will; and you will stay?

Philip. Have I not said? Madam, I came to suc Your Council and yourself to declare

war. Mary. Sir, there are many English in your ranks

To help your battle. So far, good. I say I came to sue your Council and your-

self

To declare war against the King of France.





Mary. Not to see me? Ay, Madam, to see you. Philip. Ay, Status, Unalterably and pesteringly fond! [Aside. But, soon or late you must have war

with France; King Henry warms your traitors at his hearth.

Carew is there, and Thomas Stafford there.

Courtenay, belike-Mary. A fool and teather.

Philip. Ay, but they use his name. A fool and featherhead!

In brief, this Henry Stirs up your land against you to the

That you may lose your English heri-

tage. And then, your Scottish namesake marrying

The Dauphin, he would weld France, England, Scotland,

Into one sword to hack at Spain and me. And yet the Pope is now Mary.

colleagued with France; Von make your wars upon him down in Italy:

Philip, can that be well?

Philip. Content vou. Madam: You must abide my judgment, and my father's. Who deems it a most just and holy

war. The Pope would cast the Spaniard out of Naples:

He calls us worse than Jews, Moors, Saracens.

The Pope has pushed his horns bevond his mitre-Beyond his province. Now,

Duke Alva will but touch him on the horns, And he withdraws; and of his holv

head-For Alva is true son of the true church-No hair is harm'd. Will you not help

me here? Mary. Alas! the Council will not hear of war.

They say your wars are not the wars of England.

They will not lay more taxes on a land So hunger-nipt and wretched; and you know The crown is poor. We have given

the church-lands back : The nobles would not; nay, they

clant their hands Upon their swords when ask'd; and therefore God

Is hard upon the people. What's to

Sir, I will move them in your cause And we will raise us loans and subsi-

dies Among the merchant. Thomas Gresham the merchants; and Sir

Will aid us. There is Antwerp and the Jews. Zip. Madam, my thanks. Philip.

Mary. And you will stay your going? And further to discourage

and lay lame The plots of France, altho' you love

her not, You must proclaim Elizabeth your

She stands between you and the Oueen of Scots Mary. The Queen of Scots at

least is Catholic, Philip. Ay, Madam, Catholic; but I will not have

The King of France the King of England too.

Mary. But she's a heretic, and.

when I am gone, Brings the new learning back.

It must be done. You must proclaim Elizabeth your

heir. Then it is done; but you Mary. will stay your going Somewhat beyond your settled purpose?

Philip. Mary. What, not one day? You beat upon the rock. Mary. And I am broken there. Is this a place

To wail in, Madam? what! a public





Renard. Also, sire,
Might I not say—to please your wife,
the Queen?
Philip. Ay, Renard, if you care to
put it so. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

MARY, sitting: a rose in her hand. LADY CLARENCE. ALICE, in the background.

Mary. Look! I have play'd with this poor rose so long I have broken off the head.

Lady Clarence. Your Grace hath been More merciful to many a rebel head

That should have fallen, and may rise again.

Mary. There were not many hang'd for Wyatt's rising.

hang'd for Wyatt's rising.

Lady Clarence. Nay, not two hundred.

Marv. I could weep for them

Mary. I could weep for them
And her, and mine own self and all
the world.

Lady Clarence. For her? for
whom, your Grace?

Enter USHER.

Usher. The Cardinal.

Enter CARDINAL POLE. (MARY rises.)

Mary. Reginald Pole, what news hath plagued thy heart? What makes thy favor like the bloodless head

Fall'n on the block, and held up by the hair ? Philip ?—

Pole. No, Philip is as warm in life As ever.

Mary. Ay, and then as cold as ever. Is Calais taken? Pole. Cousin, there hath chanced A sharper harm to England and to Rome.

Than Calais taken. Julius the Third

1

Was ever just, and mild, and fatherlike; But this new Pope Caraffa, Paul the

Fourth, Not only reft me of that legateship Which Julius gave me, and the legate-

Annex'd to Canterbury—nay, but worse—

And yet I must obey the Holy Father, And so must you, good cousin;—worse than all,

A passing bell toll'd in a dying ear— He hath cited me to Rome, for heresy,

Before his Inquisition.

Mary. I knew it, cousin,
But held from you all papers sent by

Rome, That you might rest among us, till the Pope,

To compass which I wrote myself to Rome, Reversed his doom, and that you

Reversed his doom, and that you might not seem To disobey his Holiness.

Pole. He hates Philip; He is all Italian, and he hates the Spaniard; He cannot dream that I advised the

war; He strikes thro' me at Philip and yourself. Nay, but I know it of old, he hates

me too; So brands me in the stare of Christendom

A heretic! Now, even now, when bow'd before my time, The house half-ruin'd ere the lease be

out; When I should guide the Church in peace at home,

After my twenty years of banishment, And all my lifelong labor to uphold The primacy—a heretic. Long ago, When I was ruler in the patrimony, I was too lenient to the Lutheran, And I and learned friends among our-

selves Would freely canvass certain Lutheranisms.







Or I will burn thee; ' and this other; see !-

'We pray continually for the death Of our accursed Queen and Cardinal Pole.

This last-I dare not read it her. Away! Why do you bring me these?

I thought you knew me better. never read. tear them; they come back upon

my dreams. The hands that write them should be burnt clean off

As Cranmer's, and the fiends that utter them

Tongue-torn with pincers, lash'd to death, or lie

Famishing in black cells, while Eat them alive. Why do they bring

me these ? Do you mean to drive me mad?

I had forgotten How these poor libels trouble you. Your pardon,

Sweet cousin, and farewell! 'O bubble world, Whose colors in a moment break and

fly! Why, who said that? I know not-

true enough! Puts up the papers, all but the last, which falls. Exit Pole. Alice. If Cranmer's spirit were a

And heard these two, there might be sport for him. Mary. Clarence, they hate me; even while I speak

mocking one,

There lurks a silent dagger, listening In some dark closet, some long gallery, drawn,

And panting for my blood as I go by. Lady Clarence. Nay, Madam, there

And I have often found them. Find me one! Lady Clarence, Av. Madam : but

cellor. Would see your Highness. Mary. Wherefore should I him? Lady Clarence. Well, Madam, he

may bring you news from Philip. Mary. So. Clarence.

Lady Clarence. Let me first put up your hair :

It tumbles all abroad. And the gray dawn Of an old age that never will be

mine Is all the clearer seen. No, no: what matters?

Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn,

Enter SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

Heath. I bring your Majesty such grievous news I grieve to bring it. Madam, Calais

is taken. Mary. What traitor spoke? Here, let my cousin Pole

Seize him and burn him for a Lutheran.

Heath. Her Highness is unwell. I will retire.

Lady Clarence. Madam, your Chancellor, Nicholas Sir

Mary. Sir Nicholas! I am stunn'd -Nicholas Heath? Methought some traitor smote me on

the head. What said you, my good Lord, that our brave English

sallied out from Calais and The Frenchmen from their trenches?

Alas! no. That gateway to the mainland over

Our flag hath floated for two hundred

Is France again. Mary. So; but it is not lost-Not yet. Send out: let England as of old

Rise lionlike, strike hard and deep

The prey they are rending from her -ay, and rend





Re-enter Alice.

Give me the lute.

He hates me!

(She sings.)

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing '

Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in loathing:

Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the world is nothing— Low, lute, low!

Love will hover round the flowers when they first awaken;

Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be

overtaken;
Low, my lute! oh low, my lute! we fade
and are forsaken—

Take it away! not low enough for me!

Alice. Your Grace hath a low

Low, dear lute, low!

Alice. Your Grace hath a low voice.

Mary. How dare you say it?
Even for that he hates me. A low

voice
Lost in a wilderness where none can

hear! A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea!

A low voice from the dust and from the grave (Sitting on the ground). There, am

I low enough now?

Alice. Good Lord! how grim and

ghastly looks her Grace, With both her knees drawn upward

to her chin.

There was an old-world tomb beside my father's,

my tather's,
And this was open'd, and the dead
were found
Sitting, and in this fashion; she looks

a corpse.

Enter Lady Magdalen Dackes.

Lady Magdalen. Madam, the Count de Feria waits without, in hopes to see your Highness.

In hopes to see your Highness.

Lady Clarence (pointing to Mary).

Wait he must—

Her trance again. She neither sees nor hears,

And may not speak for hours.

Lady Magdalen. Unhapppiest

Of Queens and wives and women!

Alice (in the foreground with Lady
Magdalen). And all along
Of Philip.

Lady Magdalen. Not so loud!
Our Clarence there

Sees ever such an aureole round the Queen,
It gilds the greatest proper of her

It gilds the greatest wronger of her peace,
Who stands the nearest to her.

Alice. Ay, this Philip;
I used to love the Queen with all my

heart—
God help me, but methinks I love
her less

For such a dotage upon such a man. I would I were as tall and strong as

Lady Magdalen. I seem halfshamed at times to be so tall. Alice. You are the stateliest deer

in all the herd—
Beyond his aim—but I am small and scandalous,

And love to hear bad tales of Philip.

Lady Magdalen. Why?
I never heard him utter worse of you
Than that you were low-statured.

Alice. Does he think Low stature is low nature, or all women's

Low as his own?

Lady Magdalen. There you strike
in the nail.

This coarseness is a want of phantasy. It is the low man thinks the woman low;

Sin is too dull to see beyond himself.

Alice. Ah, Magdalen, sin is bold
as well as duil.

How dared he?

Lady Magdalen. Stupid soldiers oft are bold.

Poor lads, they see not what the general sees,

A risk of utter ruin. I am not Beyond his aim, or was not.

Who? Not you?

Tell, tell me; save my credit with myself.

Lady Magdalen. I never breathed

it to a bird in the eaves,
Would not for all the stars and
maiden moon

Our drooping Queen should know! In Hampton Court My window look'd upon the corri-

My window look'd upon the corridor; And I was robing;—this poor throat

of mine,
Barer than I should wish a man to see it,—

When he we speak of drove the window back,

And, like a thief, push'd in his royal hand; But by God's providence a good stout

staff
Lay near me; and you know me
strong of arm;

I do believe I lamed his Majesty's
For a day or two, tho', give the Devil

I never found he bore me any spite.

Alice. I would she could have wedded that poor youth,

My Lord of Devon-light enough, God knows.

And mixt with Wyatt's rising—and the boy

Not out of him—but neither cold,

coarse, cruel,
And more than all—no Spaniard.

Lady Clarence. Not so loud.

Lord Devon, girls! what are you whispering here?

Alice. Probing an old state-secret —how it chanced

That this young Earl was sent on foreign travel, Not lost his head.

Lady Clarence. There was no proof against him. Alice. Nay, Madam; did not Gardiner intercent

Gardiner intercept
A letter which the Count de Noailles
wrote

To that dead traitor Wyatt, with full proof
Of Courtenay's treason? What he

Of Courtenay's treason? What be-

Lady Clarence. Some say that Gardiner, out of love for him, Burnt it, and some relate that it was lost

When Wyatt sack'd the Chancellor's house in Southwark. Let dead things rest

Let dead things rest.

Alice. Ay, and with him who died Alone in Italy.

Alone in Italy.

Lady Clarence. Much changed, I
hear.

Had put off levity and put graveness

The foreign courts report him in his manner Noble as his young person and old

shield.

It might be so—but all is over now;
He caught a chill in the lagoons of

He caught a chill in the lagoons of Venice, And died in Padua.

Mary (looking up suddenly). Died in the true faith? Lady Clarence. Ay, Madam, hap-

pily.

Mary. Happier he than I.

Lady Magdalen. It seems her

Highness hath awaken'd.

That I might dare to tell her that the

Mary. I will see no man hence for evermore,

Saving my confessor and my cousin Pole. Lady Magdalen. It is the Count

de Feria, my dear lady.

Mary. What Count?

Lady Magdalon. The Count de
Feria, from his Majesty

King Philip.

Mary. Philip! quick! loop up my hair!

Throw cushions on that seat, and make it throne-like.

Arrange my dress—the gorgeous

That Philip brought me in our happy days!—

That covers all. So—am I some-

what Queenlike,
Bride of the mightiest sovereign upon
earth?

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Lady Clurence. Av, so your Grace would bide a moment yet. Mary. No, no, he brings a letter. I may die

SCENE II.

Before I read it. Let me see him at once

Enter Count DE FERIA (kneels).

Feria. I trust your Grace is well. (Aside) How her hand burns! Mary. I am not well, but it will

better me, Sir Count, to read the letter which you bring.

Feria. Madam, I bring no letter.

Mary. How! no letter.
Feria. His Highness is so vex'd with strange affairs—
Mary. That his own wife is no

affair of his. Feria. Nay, Madam, nav! he sends his veriest love,

And says, he will come quickly. Doth he, indeed? Mary. You, sir, do you remember what you

said When last you came to England? Feria. Madam, I brought

My King's congratulations; it was

Your Highness was once more in happy state

To give him an heir male. Mary. Sir, you Sir, you said more; You said he would come quickly. 1 had horses

On all the road from Dover, day and On all the road from Harwich, night

and day But the child came not, and the hus-

And yet he will come quickly. . . Thon hast learnt Thy lesson, and I mine. There is no

For Philip so to shame himself again.

And tell him that I know he comes no

Tell him at last I know his love is

And that I am in state to bring forth

Thou art commission'd to Elizabeth. And not to me!

Feria. Mere compliments wishes But shall I take some message from

your Grace? Mary. Tell her to come and close

my dying eyes. And wear my crown, and dance upon

my grave. a. Then I may say your Grace Feria.

will see your sister Your Grace is too low-spirited. Air and sunshine.

I would we had you, Madam, in our warm Spain. You droop in your dim London.

Mary. Have him away! I sicken of his readiness.

Lady Clarence. My Lord Count, Her Highness is too ill for colloquy. Feria (knecls, and kisses her hand).
I wish her Highness better. (Aside) How her hand burns! [Excunt.

SCENE III .- A HOUSE NEAR

ELIZABETH, STEWARD OF THE HOUSEHOLD, ATTENDANTS.

Elizabeth. There's half an angel wrong'd in your account; Methinks I am all angel, that I bear

Without more ruffling. Cast it o'er again.
Steward. I were whole devil if I

wrong'd you, Madam. Exit Steward.

Attendant. The Count de Feria. from the King of Spain. Elizabeth. Ab!-let him enter.

Nay, you need not go: To her Ladies. Remain within the chamber, but

apart. We'll have no private conference.

Welcome to England!

Enter FERIA.

Feria. Fair island star!

Elizabeth. I shine! What else,
Sir Count?

Feria. As far as France, and into Philip's heart.

Philip's heart.

My King would know if you be fairly served.

And lodged, and treated.

Elizabeth. You see the lodging, sir, I am well-served, and am in every-

thing
Most loyal and most grateful to the
Queen.

Feria. You should be grateful to my master, too. He spoke of this: and unto him you

owe That Mary hath acknowledged you

her heir.

Elizabeth. No, not to her nor him;

but to the people,
Who know my right, and love me, as
I love

The people! whom God aid!

Feria. You will be Queen,

And, were I Philip— Elizabeth. Wherefore pause you—

what?

Feria. Nay, but I speak from mine own self, not him;

Your royal sister cannot last; your hand Will be much coveted! What a

delicate one!
Our Spanish ladies have none such—

and there, Were, you in Spain, this fine fair gossamer gold—

Like sun-gilt breathings on a frosty

That hovers round your shoulder— Elizabeth. Is it so fine?

Troth, some have said so.

Feria. —would be deemed a miracle.

Elizabeth. Your Philip hath gold hair and golden beard; There must be ladies many with hair like mine.

Feria. Some few of Gothic blood have golden hair, But none like yours.

Elizabeth. I am happy you ap

Feria. But as to Philip and your Grace—consider,—

If such a one as you should match with Spain,

What hinders but that Spain and England join'd,

Should make the mightiest empire earth has known. Spain would be England on her seas,

and England

Mistress of the Indies.

Elizabeth. It may chance, that

Will be the Mistress of the Indies

Without the help of Spain.

Feria. Impossible;

Except you put Spain down.
Wide of the mark ev'n for a madman's dream.

Elizabeth. Perhaps; but we have seamen. Count de Feria,

I take it that the King hath spoken to you; But is Don Carlos such a goodly

match?

Feria. Don Carlos, Madam, is but

twelve years old.

Elizabeth. Ay, tell the King that

l will muse upon it;
He is my good friend, and I would
keep him so;

But-he would have me Catholic of Rome,

And that I scarce can be; and, sir, till now My sister's marriage, and my father's marriages.

Make me full fain to live and die a maid. But I am much beholden to your

King.
Have you aught else to tell me?

Feria. Nothing, Madam, Save that methought I gathered from the Queen

That she would see your Grace before she—died.

Elizabeth. God's death! and wherefore spake you not before? We dally with our lazy moments hers are number'd. Horses

there, without!

I am much beholden to the King. your master.

Why did you keep me prating? Horses, there!

[Exit Elizabeth, etc. Feria. So from a clear sky falls the thunderbolt!

Don Carlos? Madam, if you marry Then I and he will snaffle your 'God's

death.' And break your paces in, and make

you tame; God's death, forsooth-vou do not know King Philip.

SCENE IV .- LONDON BEFORE THE PALACE.

A light burning within. Voices of the night passing.

First. Is not you light in the

They say she's dying.

So is Cardinal Pole. May the great angels join their wings, Down for their heads to heaven! Amen. Come on.

Two Others

First. There's the Queen's light. I hear she cannot live. Second. God curse her and her Legate! Gardiner burns

Already; but to pay them full in The hottest hold in all the devil's

den Were but a sort of winter; sir, in Guernsey,

I watch'd a woman burn; and in her agony

The mother came upon her-a child was born-And, sir, they hurl'd it back into the

fire, That, being but baptized in fire, the

Might be in fire forever. Ah, good

neighbor, There should be something fierier than fire

To vield them their deserts. Amen to all

Your wish, and further.

A Third Voice. Deserts! Amen to what? Whose deserts? Yours? You have a gold ring on your finger, and soft raiment about your body; and is not the woman up youder sleeping after all she has done, in peace and quietness, on a soft bed, in a closed room, with light, fire, physic, tendance; and I have seen the true men of Christ lying famine-dead by scores, and under no ceiling but the cloud that wept on them, not for

First. Friend, tho' so late, it is not safe to preach.

You had best go home. What are you?

Third. What am I? One who cries continually with sweat and tears to the Lord God that it would please Him out of His infinite love to break down all kingship and queenship, all priesthood and prelacy; to cancel and abolish all bonds of human allegiance, all the magistracy, all the nobles, and all the wealthy; and to send us again, according to His promise, the one King, the Christ, and all things in common, as in the day of the first common, when Um.

King.

King.

First. If ever I heard a madman,

Why, you long-winded Sir, you go beyond me I pride myself on being moderate.

Good night! Go home. Besides, you curse so lond.

The watch will hear you. Get you home at once.





SCENE V.—LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

A Gallery on one side. The moonlight streaming through a range of windows on the wall opposite. Mark, LADY CLARENCE, LADY MAGDALEN DACRES, ALICE. QUEEN pacing the Gallery. A writing-table in front. QUEEN comes to the table and writer and goes again, pacing the Gallery.

Lady Clarence. Mine eyes are dim: what hath she written? read. Alice. 'I am dying, Philip; come to me.'

Lady Magdalen. There—up and down, poor lady, up and down.

Aluce. And how her shadow

Crosses one by one
The moonlight casements pattern'd
on the wall,

Following her like her sorrow. She turns again.

[Queen sits and writes, and goes again.

Lady Clarence. What hath she written now?

Alice. Nothing; but 'come, come, come,' and all awry,
And blotted by her tears. This can-

not last. [Queen returns.

Mary. I whistle to the bird has broken cage,

And all in vain. [Sitting down. Calais gone—Guisnes gone, too—and Philip gone!

Lady Clarence. Dear Madam, Philip is but at the wars; I cannot doubt but that he comes

And he is with you in a measure still. I never look'd upon so fair a likeness As your great King in armor there, his hand

Upon his helmet.

[Pointing to the portrait of Philip on the wall.

Mary. Doth he not look noble?

I had heard of him in battle over seas,

And I would have my warrior all in

He said it was not courtly to stand helmeted Before the Queen. He had his gra-

cious moment,
Altho' you'll not believe me. How
he smiles
As if he loved me yet!

Lady Clarence. And so he does.

Mary. He never loved me—nay,
he could not love me.

It was his father's policy against France.

I am eleven years older than he, Poor boy! | Weeps.

Alice. That was a lusty boy of twenty-seven; [Aside. Poor enough in God's grace?

Mary. —And all in vain!
The Queen of Scots is married to the
Dauphin,

And Charles, the lord of this low world, is gone;

And all his wars and wisdoms past away; And in a moment I shall follow him. Ludy Clarence. Nay, dearest Lady,

Ludy Clarence. Nay, dearest Lady, see your good physician. Mary. Drugs—but he knows they

cannot help me—says
That rest is all—tells me I must not
think—

That I must rest—I shall rest by and by.

Catch the wild cat, cage him, and when he springs And maims himself against the bars.

say 'rest': Why, you must kill him if you would have him rest—

Dead or alive you cannot make him happy. Lady Clarence. Your Majesty has

lived so pure a life, And done such mighty things by Holy Church, I trust that God will make you happy

Mary. What is the strange thing happiness? Sit down here:

Tell me thine happiest hour.

Ludy Clarence. I will, if that
May make your Grace forget yourself
a little.









HAROLD.

A DRAMA.

To HIS EXCELLENCY

THE RIGHT HON. LORD LYTTON, Vicerov and Governor-General of India.

My DRAR LORD LYTTON.-After old-world records-such as the Bayeux tapestry and the Roman de Rou,-Edward Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest, and your father's Historical Romance treating of the same times, have been maioly helpful to me in writing this Drama. Your father dedicated his 'Harold' to my father's brother; allow me to dedicate my 'Harold' to yourself.

A. TENNYSON.

SHOW-DAY AT BATTLE ABBEY, 1876.

A GARDEN here-May breath and bloom of spring-The cuckoo yonder from an English elm Crying 'with my false egg I overwhelm The native nest;' and fancy hears the ring Of harness, and that deathful arrow sing, And Saxon battleaxe clang on Norman helm. Here rose the dragon-banner of our realm: Here fought, here fell, our Norman-slander'd king, O Garden blossoming out of English blood!
O strange hate-healer Time! We stroll and stare Where might made right eight hundred years ago; Might, right? av good, so all things make for good-But he and he, if soul be soul, are where Each stands full face with all he did below.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD THE CONCESSOR STIGAND, created Archbishop of Canterbury by the Antipope Benedict. THE NORMAN BISHOP OF LONDON. ALDRED, Archbishop of York. HAROLD, Earl of Wessex, afterwards King of England Tostig, Earl of Northumbria GURTH. Earl of East Anglia Sons of LEOFWIN, Earl of Kent and Essex WHITENOTH COUNT WILLIAM OF NORMANDY. WILLIAM RUFUS.

WILLIAM MALET, a Norman Noble.1 EDWIN, Earl of Mercia Sons of Alfgar of Mercia. MORCAR, Earl of Northumbria after Tostig Guy. Count of Ponthicu. Gamel, a Northumbrian Thane. ROLF, a Ponthieu Fisherman, HUGH MARGOT, a Norman Monk.

OSGOD and ATHELRIC, Canons from Waltham THE QUEEN, Edward the Confessor's Wife, Daughter of Godwin ALDWYTH, Daughter of Alfgar and Widow of Griffyth, King of Wales.

EDITH, Ward of King Edward. Courtiers, Earls and Thanes, Men-at-Arms, Canons of Waltham, Fishermen, etc.

> , quidam partim Normannus et Anglus Compater Heraldi. (Guy of Amiens, 587.)











(A comet seen through the open window.)

ALDWYTH, GAMEL, COURTIERS talking together.

First Courtier. Lo! there once more-this is the seventin night!

Yon grimly-glaring, treble-brandish'd scourge

Of England!

Second Courtier. Horrible! First Courtier. Look you, there's

That dances in it as mad with agony! Third Courtier. Ay, like a spirit in Hell who skips and flies

To right and left, and cannot scape the flame.

Second Courtier, Steam'd upward from the undescendible

Abysm. First Courtier. Or floated downward from the throne Of God Almighty.

Aldwyth.

Gamel, son of Orm, What thinkest thou this means? War, my dear lady! Gamel. Aldrovth. Doth this affright thee? Gamel. Mightily, my dear lady! Aldwyth. Stand by me then, and look upon my face, Not on the comet.

(Enter MORCAR.)

Brother! why so pale?

Morcar. It glares in heaven, it
flares upon the Thames, The people are as thick as bees below, They hum like bees,-they cannot

speak-for awe : Look to the skies, then to the river, strike

Their hearts, and hold their babies up

(Enter LEOFWIN, after him GURTH.) Ask thou Lord Leofwin what he

thinks of this! Morcar, Lord Leofwin, dost thou

believe, that these Three rods of blood-red fire up vonder mean

The doom of England and the wrath of Heaven Bishop of London (passing). Did

ve not cast with bestial violence Our holy Norman bishops down from

Their thrones in England? I alone

Why should not Heaven be wroth? Leofwin. With us, or thee? Bishop of London. Did ve not out-

law your archbishop Robert. Robert of Jumiéges-well-nigh murder him too?

Is there no reason for the wrath of Heaven? Leofwin. Why then the wrath of

Heaven hath three tails, The devil only one.

[Exit Bishop of London.

(Enter Archbishop Stigand.)

Ask our Archbishop. Stigand should know the purposes of Heaven

Stigand. Not I. I cannot read the face of heaven; Perhaps our vines will grow the better

for it. Leofwin (laughing). He can but read the king's face on his coins.

Stigand. Ay, ay, young lord, there the king's face is power. Gurth. O father, mock not at a public fear.

But tell us, is this pendent hell in heaven A harm to England?









In Flanders.

Be there not fair woods and fields In England? Wilful, wilful. Gothe Saints

Pilot and prosper all thy wandering ont

And homeward. Tostig, I am faint again. Son Harold, I will in and pray for

thee. Exit, leaning on Tostig, and

followed by Stigand, Morcar, and Courtiers. Harold. What lies upon the mind

of our good king That he should harp this way on Nor-

mandy? Oueen. Brother, the king is wiser

than he seems: And Tostig knows it; Tostig loves the king.

Harold. And love should know; and-be the king so wise,-Then Tostig too were wiser than he seems

I love the man but not his phantasies.

(Re-enter Tostig.)

Well, brother, When didst thou hear from thy North-

Tostig. When did I hear aught but this ' When ' from thee Leave me alone, brother, with my

Northumbria: She is my mistress, let me look to

her The king hath made me Earl; make

me not fool! Nor make the King a fool, who made me Earl!

Harold. No, Tostig-lest I make myself a fool Who made the King who made thee,

make thee Earl. Tostig. Why chafe me then? Thou knowest I soon go wild. Gurth. Come, come! as yet thou

art not gone so wild But thou canst hear the best and wisest of us.

Harold. So says old Gurth, not I: yet hear! thine earldom, Tostig, hath been a kingdom. Their

old crown Is yet a force among them, a sun set But leaving light enough for Alfgar's

house To strike thee down by-nay, this

ghastly glare May heat their fancies Tostie. My most worthy brother,

Thou art the quietest man in all the world-Ay, ay and wise in peace and great in

Pray God the people choose thee for their king!

But all the powers of the house of Godwin

Are not enframed in thee. Thank the Saints, no ! Harold. But thou hast drain'd them shallow by

thy tolls, And thou art ever here about the King:

Thine absence well may seem, a want of care. Cling to their love; for, now the sons

of Godwin Sit topmost in the field of England, envv.

Like the rough bear beneath the tree, good brother,

Waits till the man let go.

Tostig. Good counsel truly! I heard from my Northumbria vesterday.

Harold rold. How goes it then with thy Northumbria? Well? Tostig. And wouldst thou that it went aught else than well? Harold. I would it went as well as

with mine earldom, Leofwin's and Gurth's.

Ye govern milder men. Tostig. Gurth. We have made them milder by just government. Tostig. Ay, ever give yourselves your own good word.

Leofwin. An honest gift, by all the Saints, if giver

And taker be but honest " but they bribe



St. Olaf, not while I am by! . Come.

Each other, and so often, an honest world Will not believe them.

Harold. I may tell thee, Tostig, I heard from thy Northumberland to-

day. Tostig. From spies of thine to spy my nakedness In my poor North! Harold. There is

a movement there,

A blind one-nothing yet.

Tostig. Crush it at once

With all the power I have !-- I must
-- I will !--Crush it half-born! Fool still? or

wisdom there, My wise head-shaking Harold?

Make not thou The nothing something. Wisdom when in power

And wisest, should not frown as Power, but smile

As kindness, watching all, till the true must Shall make her strike as Power: but

when to strike-O Tostig, O dear brother-If they

prance. Rein in, not lash them, lest they rear

and run And break both neck and axle. Tostig. Good again!

Good counsel the' scarce needed. Pour not water In the full vessel running out at

top To swamp the house.

Leofwin. Nor thou be a wild thing Out of the waste, to turn and bite the hand

Would help thee from the trap Thou playest in tune. Leofwin. To the deaf adder thee, that wilt not dance

However wisely charm'd. No more, no more! Gurth. I likewise cry 'no more.'

Unwholesome talk For Godwin's house! Leofwin, thou

hast a tongue! Tostig, thou look'st as thou wouldst spring upon him.

come, Join hands, let brethren dwell in unity:

Let kith and kin stand close as our shield-wall, Who breaks us then? I say, thou

hast a tongue, And Tostig is not stout enough to

bear it. Vex him not, Leofwin.

Tostig. No. I am not vext .-Altho' ye seek to vex me, one and all. I have to make report of my good

earldom To the good king who gave it-not to you-

Not any of you .- I am not vext at all. Harold. The king? the king is ever at his prayers;

In all that handles matter of the state In an the king.

I am the king.

That shalt thou never be

Brother, brother! Harold

Tostig. Awayt [Exit Tostig. Queen. Spite of this grisly star ye

three must gall

Poor Tostig.

Tostig, sister, galls him-He cannot smell a rose but pricks his

nose Against the thorn, and rails against the rose.

Queen. I am the only rose of all the stock never thorn'd him: Edward

loves him, so Ye hate him. Harold always hated him.

Why-how they fought when boysand, Holy Mary!

How Harold used to beat him! Harold. Why, boys will fight Leofwin would often fight me, and I beat him.

Even old Gurth would fight. I had much ado To hold mine own against old Gurth.

We fought like great states for grave

cause; but Tostig-



On a sudden-at a something-for a The boy would fist me hard, and when we fought

I conquer'd, and he loved me none the

Till thou wouldst get him all apart, and tell him That where he was but worsted, he

was wrong'd.

Ah! thou hast taught the king to

spoil him too: Now the spoilt child sways both. Take heed, take heed:

Thou art the Queen; ye are boy and girl no more

Side not with Tostig in any violence, Lest thou be sideways guilty of the

Queen. Come fall not foul on me. I leave thee, brother.

Harold. Nay, my good sister-Exeunt Queen, Harold, Gurth, and Leofwin.

Aldwyth. Gamel, son of Orm, What thinkest thou this means? Pointing to the comet.

War, my dear lady, War, waste, plague, famine, all malignities.

Aldwith. It means the fall Tostig from his earldom.

Gamel. That were too small a

matter for a coinci! Aldwyth. It means the lifting of the house of Alfgar.

Gamel. Too small! a comet would not show for that ! Aldwyth, Not small for thee, if

thou canst compass it. Gamel. Thy love? Aldzovth. As much as I can give

thee, man; This Tostig is, or like to be, a

tyrant: Stir up thy people: oust him! Gamel. And thy love? Aldwyth. As much as thou canst

bear. Gamel. I can bear all. And not be giddy.

No Aldroyth. more now: tomorrow.

SCENE II .- IN THE GARDEN. KING'S HOUSE NEAR LONDON. SUNSET.

Edith. Mad for thy mate, passionate nightingale .

I love thee for it-ay, but stay a moment;

He can but stay a moment: he is going. I fain would hear him coming! . . .

near me . . near, Somewhere—To draw him nearer with a charm

Like thine to thine.

(Singing.) Love is come with a song and a smile, Welcome Love with a smile and a song

Love can stay but a little while. Why cannot he stay? They call him

Ye do him wrong, ye do him wrong; Love will stay for a whole life long.

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. The nightingales Haveringatte-Bower Sang out their loves so loud, that

Edward's prayers Were deafen'd and he pray'd them dumb, and thus

I dumb thee too, my wingless nightin-Kissing her. Edith. Thou art my music! Would their wings were mine To follow thee to Flanders! Must

thou go? Not must, but will. It is Harold. but for one moon.

Edith. Leaving so many foes in Edward's hall To league against thy weal. The Lady Aldwyth

Was here to-day, and when she touch'd on thee She stammer'd in her hate; I am sure

she hates thee, Pants for thy blood.

Harold. Well, I have given her cause-

I fear no woman.



Hate not one who felt Some pity for thy hater! I am sure Her morning wanted sunlight, she so

The convent and lone life-within the

pale-Beyond the passion. Nay-she held with Edward.

At least methought she held with holy

That marriage was half sin. A lesson worth

Finger and thumb-thus (snaps his fingers). And my answer to

See here-an interwoven H and E! Take thou this ring: I will demand his ward

From Edward when I come again. Ay, would she?

She to shut up my blossom in the dark!

Thou art my nun, thy cloister in mine arms.

Edith (taking the ring). Yea, but Earl Tostig-That's a truer fear!

For if the North take fire, I should be back:

I shall be, soon enough.

Ay, but last night Edith. An evil dream that ever came and went-

Harold. A gnat that vext thy pillow! Had I been by, I would have spoil'd his horn. girl, what was it?

Edith. Oh! that thou wert not going!

For so methought it was our marriage-morn, And while we stood together, a dead

Rose from behind the altar, tore away

My marriage ring, and rent my bridal

And then I turn'd, and saw the church all fill'd With dead men upright from their

graves, and all The dead men made at thee to murder thee.

But thou didst back thyself against a strike among them with thy

battle-axe-There, what a dream!

Well, well-a dream-Harold. no more!

Edith. Did not Heaven speak to men in dreams of old? Harold. Av-well-of old. I tell

thee what, my child; Thou hast misread this merry dream of thine,

Taken the rifted pillars of the wood For smooth stone columns of the

The shadows of a hundred fat dead deer

For dead men's ghosts. True, that the battle-axe Was out of place; it should have

been the bow .-Come, thou shalt dream no more such

dreams; I swear it, By mine own eyes-and these two

sapphires-these Twin rubies, that are amulets against

The kisses of all kind of womankind In Flanders, till the sea shall roll me back To tumble at thy feet.

Edith. That would but shame me. Rather than make me vam. The sea

may roll Sand, shingle, shore-weed, not the living rock

Which guards the land. Harold. Except it be a soft one, And undereaten to the fall. Mine amulet . .

This last . . . upon thine evelids, to shut in A happier dream. Sleep, sleep, and

thou shalt see My grayhounds fleeting like a beam of

light, And hear my peregrine and her bells

in heaven; And other bells on earth, which yet

are heaven's; Guess what they be.







Perchance that Harold wrongs me; tho' I would not That it should come to that.

Morear. I will both flash
And thunder for thee.
Aldwyth. I said 'secretly:'

Aldwyth. I said 'secretly;'
It is the flash that murders, the poor thunder
Never harm'd head.

Morcar. But thunder may bring

That which the flash hath stricken.

Aldwyth. Down with Tostig!

That first of all.—And when doth

Harold go?

Morcar. To-morrow—first to Bosham, then to Flanders.

Aldwyth. Not to come back till
Tostig shall have shown
And redden'd with his people's blood

the teeth
That shall be broken by us—yea, and thou

Chair'd in his place. Good-night, and dream thyself

Their chosen Earl. [Exit Aldwyth.

Morcar. Earl first, and after that
Who knows I may not dream myself
their king!

ACT II.

SCENE I.-SEASHORE. PONTHIEU.
NIGHT.

HAROLD and his Men, wrecked.

Harold. Friends, in that last inhospitable plunge Our boat hath burst her ribs: but

ours are whole ; I have but bark'd my hands.

Attendant. I dug mine into My old fast friend the shore, and clinging thus Felt the remorseless outdraught of

the deep Haul like a great strong fellow at my

legs.

And then I rose and ran. The blast

that came So suddenly hath fallen as suddenlyPut thou the comet and this blast together— Harold. Put thou thyself and

mother-wit together.

Be not a fool!

(Enter Fishermen with torches, HAR-OLD going up to one of them, ROLF.)

Wicked sea-will-o'-the-wisp!
Wolf of the shore! dog, with thy
lying lights

Thou hast betray'd us on these rocks of thine!

Rolf. Ay, but thou liest as loud as the black herring-pond behind thee. We be fishermen; I came to see after my nets.

Harold. To drag us into them.

Harold. To drag us into them.
Fishermen? devils!
Who, while ye fish for men with your
false fires.

Let the great Devil fish for your own souls.

Rolf. Nay then, we be liker the

blessed Apostles; they were fishers of men, Father Jean says.

Harold. I had liefer that the fish

had swallowed me. Like Jonah, than have known there were such devils. What's to be done?

[To his Men-goes apart with them.

Fisherman. Rolf, what fish did
swallow Jonah?

Fitherman. Then a whale to a whelk we have swallowed the King of England. I saw him over there. Look thee, Rofit when I was down in the fever, the was down with the hungra, and thou didst stand by her and give her thy crabs, and set her up again, till now, by the patient Saints, she's as crabb'd as ever.

Roff. And I'll give her my crabs

again, when thou art down again.

Fisherman. I thank thee, Rolf.

Fisherman. I thank thee, Roll. Run thou to Count Guy; he is hard at hand. Tell him what hath crept into our creel, and he will fee thee as freely as he will wrench this outlander's ransom out of him—and why not?







Thy villians with their

lying lights have wreck'd us! Guy, Art thou not Earl of Wessex? Harold. In mine earldom

A man may hang gold bracelets on a bush. And leave them for a year, and com-

ing back Find them again Thou art a mighty man

In thine own earldom! Harold. Were such murderous liars

In Wessex-if I caught them, they Cliff-gibbeted for sea-marks; our sea-

mew Winging their only wail!

Ay, but my men Hold that the shipwreckt are accursed

of God ;-What hinders me to hold with mine own men?

thou know'st my claim on Eng-

Thro' Edward's promise: we have him in the toils. And it were well, if thou shouldst let

How dense a fold of danger nets him round, So that he bristle himself against my

will. Malet. What would I do, my lord,

if I were you? William. My lord, he is thy guest. William. Nay, by the splendor of God, no guest of mine.

He came not to see me, had past me To hunt and hawk elsewhere, save for

the fate Which hunted him when that un-

Saxon blast, And bolts of thunder moulded His boat on Ponthieu beach; where our friend Guy

Had wrung his ransom from him by the rack, But that I stept between and pur-

chased him,
Translating his captivity from Guy

To mine own hearth at Bayeux, where he sits

My ransom'd prisoner.

Malet. Well, if not with gold, With golden deeds and iron strokes that brought

Thy war with Brittany to a goodlier close

Than else had been, he paid his ransom back.

William. So that henceforth they are not like to league
With Harold against me.

Malet. A marvel, how He from the liquid sands of Coesnon Haled thy shore-swallow'd, armor'd Normans up

To fight for thee again!

William. Perchance against Their saver, save thou save him from himself.

Malet. But I should let him home again, my lord. William. Simple! let fly the bird

within the hand, To catch the bird again within the

No. Smooth thou my way, before he clash with me:

I want his voice in England for the crown,

I want thy voice with him to bring him round; And being brave he must be subtly

cow'd, And being truthful wrought upon to swear

Vows that he dare not break. England our own Thro' Harold's help, he shall be my

dear friend
As well as thine, and thou thyself

Large lordship there of lands and territory.

Malet, I knew thy purpose; he

and Wulfnoth never
Have met, except in public; shall
they meet

In private? I have often talk'd with Wulfnoth,

And stuff'd the boy with fears that these may act

On Harold when they meet.

William. Then let them meet!

Malet. I can but love this noble, honest Harold. William. Love him! why not?

thine is a loving office,

I have commission'd thee to save the
man:

Help the good ship, showing the sunken rock,
Or he is wreckt for ever.

Enter WILLIAM RUFUS.

William Rufus. Father.
William. Well. boy.
William Rufus. They have taken
away the toy thou gavest me,
The Norman knight.

William. Why, boy?
William Rufus. Because I broke
The horse's leg—it was mine own to
break;

I like to have my toys, and break them too.

William. Well, thou shalt have another Norman knight! William Rufus. And may I break

his legs?

William. Yea,—get thee gone!

William Rufus. I'll tell them I
have had my way with thee.

Malet. I never knew thee check thy will for ought

Save for the prattling of thy little ones.

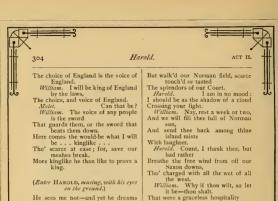
William. Who shall be kings of

England. I am heir
Of England by the promise of her
king.
Malet. But there the great Assem-

Malet. But there the great A bly choose their king,







He sees me not-and vet he dreams of me. Earl, wilt thou fly my falcons this fair day? They are of the best, strong-wing'd against the wind.

Harold (looking up suddenly, having caught but the last word). Which way does it blow?

William, Blowing for England, ha? Thou hast not learnt thy

quarters here The winds so cross and jostle among these towers.

Harold. Count of the Normans, thou hast ransom'd us, Maintain'd, and entertain'd us rovally!

William. And thou for us hast fought as loyally, Which binds us friendship-fast for

Harold. But lest we turn the scale of courtesy By too much pressure on it, I would fain,

Since thou hast promised Wulfnoth home with us, Be home again with Wulfnoth.

William. William. Stay—as yet Thou hast but seen how Norman hands can strike,

from over seas With news for thee. [Exit Page. Come, Malet, let William. hear!

[Exeunt Count William and Malet.

To chain the free guest to the banquet-board

To-morrow we will ride with thee to

For happier homeward winds than that which crack'd

Thy bark at Ponthieu,-yet to us, in

A happy one-whereby we came to

Ay, and perchance a happy one for

Provided-I will go with thee to-mor-

Nav-but there be conditions, easy

So thou, fair friend, will take them

Enter PAGE.

Page. My lord, there is a post

valor and thy value, noble

Harfleur, And see thee shipt, and pray in thy

behalf

know

earl.

thee,

row-

Harold. Conditions? What conditions? pay him back His ransom? 'easy —that were easy

No money-lover he! What said the King?

'I pray you do not go to Normandy.' And fate hath blown me hither, bound

me too
With bitter obligation to the Count—
Have I not fought it out? What did

he mean?
There lodged a gleaming grimness in his eyes,

Gave his shorn smile the lie. The walls oppress me,

And you huge keep that hinders half the heaven. Free air! free field!

[Moves to go out. A Man-at-arms follows him.

Harold (to the Man-at-arms). I need thee not. Why dost thou follow me?

Man-at-arms. I have the Count's commands to follow thee. Harold. What then? Am I in

danger in this court?

Man-at-arms. I cannot tell. I
have the Count's commands.

Harold. Stand out of earshot then, and keep me still In eyeshot.

Man-at-arms. Yea, lord Harold.
[Withdraws.
Harold. And arm'd men
Ever keep watch beside my chamber

door, And if I walk within the lonely wood, There is an arm'd man ever glides behind!

(Enter MALET.)

Why am I follow'd, haunted, harass'd, watch'd?

See yonder!

[Pointing to the Man-at-arms.

Malet. 'Tis the good Count's care

for thee!
The Normans love thee not, nor thou the Normans,

Or-so they deem.

Harold. But wherefore is the wind, Which way soever the vane-arrow swing, Not ever fair for England? Why but

Not ever fair for England? Why but now He said (thou heardst him) that I

must not hence
Save on conditions.

Malet. So in truth he said.

Harold. Malet, thy mother was an
Englishwoman;

Englishwoman; There somewhere beats an English pulse in thee!

Malct. Well—for my mother's sake I love your England, But for my father I love Normandy. Harold. Speak for thy mother's

sake, and tell me true.

Malet. Then for my Mother's sake,
and England's sake

That suffers in the daily want of thee, Obey the Count's conditions, my good friend.

Harold. How, Malet, if they be not honorable!

Malet. Seem to obey them.

Harold. Better die than lie!

Malet. Choose therefore whether

thou wilt have thy conscience White as a maiden's hand, or whether England Be shattered into fragments.

Harold. News from England?

Malet. Morcar and Edwin have stirr'd up the Thanes

Against thy brother Tostig's governance; And all the North of Humber is one

storm.

Harold. I should be there, Malet,
I should be there!

Malet. And Tostig in his own hall on suspicion Hath massacred the Thane that was

his guest, Gamel, the son of Orm ; and there be more

As villainously slain.

Harold. The wolf! the beast!

Ill news for guests, ha, Malet!

More? What more?

What do they say? did Edward know of this?





Malet. They say, his wife was knowing and abetting.

Harold. They say, his wife!—To

marry and have no husband
Makes the wife fool. My God, I
should be there.

I'll hack my way to the sea.

Malet. Thou canst not, Harold; Our Duke is all between thee and the sea.

Our Duke is all about thee like a God; All passes block'd. Obey him, speak him fair.

For he is only debonair to those That follow where he leads, but stark

as death
To those that cross him.—Look thou,

here is Wulfnoth!

I leave thee to thy talk with him

alone;
How wan, poor lad! how sick and
sad for home! [Exit Malet.
Harold (muttering). Go not to
Normandy—go not to Normandy!

(Enter WULFNOTH.)

Poor brother! still a hostage!

Wulfnoth. Yea, and I Shall see the dewy kiss of dawn no

Make blush the maiden-white of our tall cliffs,

Nor mark the sea-bird rouse himself and hover

Above the windy ripple, and fill the

With free sea-laughter—never—save indeed Thou canst make yield this irou-

mooded Duke To let me go. Harold. Why, brother, so he will;

But on conditions. Canst thou guess at them?

Wulfnoth. Draw nearer.—I was in

the corridor, I saw him coming with his brother

Odo
The Bayeux bishop, and I hid myself.

The Bayeux bishop, and I hid myself.

Harold. They did thee wrong who
made thee hostage; thou

Wast ever fearful.

Wulfnoth. And he s

Wulfnoth. And he spoke—I heard him—
'This Harold is not of the royal

blood, Can have no right to the crown,' and

Odo said,
'Thine is the right, for thine the

might; he is here,
And yonder is thy keep.'

Harold. No. Wulfnoth, no.

Wulfnoth. And William laugh'd and swore that might was right,

Far as he knew in this poor world of

'Marry, the Saints must go along with us, And, brother, we will find a way,'

And, brother, we will find a way,' said he—
Yea, yea, he would be king of Eng-

land.

Harold. Never!

Wulfnoth. Yea, but thou must not this way answer him.

Harold. Is it not better still to speak the truth?

Wulfnoth. Not here, or thou wilt never hence nor I: For in the racing toward this golden

goal He turns not right or left, but tramples flat

Whatever thwarts him; hast thou never heard

His savagery at Alençon,—the town Hung out raw hides along their walls, and cried 'Work for the tanner.'

Harold. That had anger'd me Had I been William.

Had I been William.
Wulfnoth. Nay, but he had prisoners,

He tore their eyes out, sliced their hands away, And flung them streaming o'er the battlements

Upon the heads of those who walk'd within-

O speak him fair, Harold, for thine own sake.

Harold. Your Welshman says, 'The Truth against the World,'





Much more the truth against myself. Wulfnoth. But for my sake, oh brother! oh! for

my sake! Harold. Poor Wulfnoth! do they

not entreat thee well? Wulfnoth. I see the blackness of

my dungeon loom Across their lamps of revel, and be-

wond The merriest murmurs of their ban-

quet clank The shackles that will bind me to the

wall.
Too fearful still! Harold. Wulfnoth. Oh no, no-speak

him fair ! Call it to temporize; and not to lie; Harold, I do not counsel thee to lie. The man that hath to foil a murder-

ous aim May, surely, play with words.

Harold. Words are the man. Not ev'n for thy sake, brother, would I lie.

Wulfnoth. Then for thine Edith? Harold. There thou prick'st

me deep. Wulfnoth. And for our Mother

England? Deeper still. Harold.

Wulfnoth. And deeper still the deep down oubliette. Down thirty feet below the smiling

dayblackness-dogs' food thrown

upon thy head. And over thee the suns arise and set, And the lark sings, the sweet stars

come and go, And men are at their markets, in their fields.

And woo their loves and have forgotten thee; And thou art upright in thy living

grave, Where there is barely room to shift

thy side, And all thine England hath forgotten

And he our lazy-pious Norman King, With all his Normans round him once again,

Counts his old beads, and hath forgotten thee. Harold. Thou art of my blood,

and so methinks, my boy, Thy fears infect me beyond reason,

Peace! Wulfnoth. And then our fiery

Tostig, while thy hands Are palsied here, if his Northumbrians rise

And hurl him from them,-I have heard the Normans

Count upon this confusion-may he not make

A league with William, so to bring him back? Harold.

shadow of the chance. Wulfnoth. And like a river in flood thro' a burst dam

Descends the ruthless Norman-our good King

Kneels mumbling some old bone-our helpless folk Are wash'd away, wailing, in their

own blood—

Harold. Wailing! not warring?

Boy, thou hast forgotten That thou art English. Then Wulfnoth. modest women-

I know the Norman license-thine own Edith-Harold. No more! I will not hear

thee-William comes. Wulfnoth. I dare not well be seen in talk with thee.

Make thou not mention that I spake with thee. Moves away to the back of the stage.

Enter WILLIAM, MALET, and Officer.

Officer. We have the man that rail'd against thy birth. William. Tear out his tongue.

He shall not rail again,

He said that he should see confusion On thee and on thine house.

Officer.

Tear out his eyes, William. And plunge him into prison.

Officer. It shall be done.





William. Look not amazed, fair earl! Better leave undone Than do by halves—tongueless and eyeless, prison'd—

Harold. Better methinks h slain the man at once! William. We have respect

William. We have respect for man's immortal soul, We seldom take man's life, except in war;

It frights the traitor more to maim and blind.

Harold. In mine own land I should have scorn'd the man, Or lash'd his rascal back, and let him

go.

William. And let him go? To

slander thee again!
Yet in thine own land in thy father's
day

They blinded my young kinsman, Alfred—ay, Some said it was thy father's deed.

Harold. They lied.

William. But thou and he—whom at thy word, for thou

Art known a speaker of the truth, I free From this foul charge—

Harold. Nay, nay, he freed himself By oath and compurgation from the charge.

The king, the lords, the people clear'd him of it. William. But thou and he drove

our good Normans out From England, and this rankles in us

yet.

Archbishop Robert hardly scaped
with life.

Harold. Archbishop Robert! Rob-

ert the Archbishop!
Robert of Jumiéges, he that—
Malet.
Harold. Count! if there sat within

the Norman chair
A ruler all for England—one who

All offices, all bishopricks with English—
We could not move from Dougs to

We could not move from Dover to the Humber Saving thro' Norman bishopricks—I say Ye would appland that Norman who

should drive The stranger to the fiends!

William. Why, that is reason!

Warrior thou art, and mighty wise withal! Ay, ay, but many among our Norman

lords
Hate thee for this, and press upon

me—saying God and the sea have given thee to our hands—

To plunge thee into life-long prison here:—

Vet I hold out against them, as I may,
Yea—would hold out, yea, tho' they

should revolt—
For thou hast done the battle in my

I am thy fastest friend in Normandy.

Harold. I am doubly bound to

thee . . . if this be so.

William. And I would bind thee
more, and would niyself
Be bounden to thee more.

Harold. Then let me hence
With Wulfnoth to King Edward.
William. So we will.

We hear he hath not long to live.

Harold. It may be.

William. Why then the heir of
England, who is he?

Harold. The Atheling is nearest to the throne. William. But sickly, slight, half-

witted and a child,
Will England have him king?
Harold. It may be, no.
William. And hath King Edward
not pronounced his heir?

Harold. Not that I know.
William. When he was here in
Normandy,

He loved us and we him, because we found him
A Norman of the Normans.

Harold. So did we.
William. A gentle, gracious, pure
and saintly man!





Harold.

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And grateful to the hand that shielded

He promised that if ever he were king In England, he would give his kingly

To me as his successor. Knowest thou this?

Harold. I learn it now.
William. Thou knowest I am his

consin. And that my wife descends from Alfred?

Harold. William. Who bath a better claim

then to the crown So that ye will not crown the Atheling? Harold. None that I know . . . if

that but hung upon King Edward's will.

William, Wilt thou whold my claim?

Malet (aside to Harold). Be careful of thine answer, my good friend. Wulfnoth (aside to Harold). Oh! Harold, for my sake and for thine own!

Harold. Ay . . . if the king not revoked his promise. if the king have William. But hath he done it then?

Harold. Not that I know. William. Good, good, and thou wilt help me to the crown? Harold. Ay . . . if the Witan will

consent to this. William. Thou art the mightiest voice in England, man, Thy voice will lead the Witan—shall

I have it? Wulfnoth (aside to Harold). Oh! Harold, if thou love thine Edith, ay.

Harold. Ay, if-Malet (aside to Harold). Thine 'ifs' will sear thine eyes out-

William. I ask thee, wilt thou help me to the crown? And I will make thee my great Earl

of Earls Foremost in England and in NorThou shalt be verily king-all but the name-For I shall most sojourn in Nor-

And thou be my vice-king in England. Speak.

Wulfnoth (aside to Harold). brother-for the sake of England-av. Harold. My lord-

Malet (aside to Harold). heed now. Harold. Ay.

William. I am content, For thou art truthful, and thy word

thy bond. To-morrow will we ride with thee to Exit William. Harfleur. Malet. Harold, I am thy friend,

one life with thee, And even as I should bless thee saving mine,

I thank thee now for having saved thyself. Exit Malet. Harold. For having lost myself to save myself,

Said 'ay' when I meant 'no,' lied like a lad

That dreads the pendent scourge, said 'av' for 'no '! Ay! No !-he hath not bound me by

an oath-Is 'ay 'an oath? is 'ay' strong as an

Or is it the same sin to break my word

As break mine oath? He call'd my word my bond!

He is a liar who knows I am a liar, And makes believe that he believes my word-

The crime be on his head-not bounden-no.

Suddenly doors are flung open, discovering in an inner half COUNT WILLIAM in his state robes, seated upon his throne, between two Bishops, ODO OF BAYEUX being one: in the centre of the hall an ark covered with cloth of gold; and on either side of it the Norman barons.









Stigand shall give me absolution for

blood.-Enough! Thou wilt not break it! I, the Count-the King-Thy friend-am grateful for thine

honest oath Not coming fiercely like a conqueror. now.

But softly as a bridegroom to his own. For I shall rule according to your laws.

And make your ever-jarring Earldoms move

To music and in order-Angle, Jute, Dane, Saxon, Norman, help to build a throne

Out-towering hers of France . . . The wind is fair For England now . . . To-night we

will be merry.
To-morrow will I ride with thee to Harfleur.

[Exeunt William and all the Norman barons, etc.

Harold. To-night we will be merry

-and to-morrow-Juggler and bastard-bastard-he

hates that most-William the tanner's bastard! Would he heard me!

O God, that I were in some wide, waste field

With nothing but my battle-axe and him To spatter his brains 3 Why let earth

rive, gulf in These cursed Normans—yea and mine own self.

Cleave heaven, and send thy saints that I may say Ev'n to their faces, 'If ye side with

William Ye are not noble.' How their pointed fingers

Glared at me! Am I Harold, Harold, son Of our great Godwin? Lo! I touch

mine arms, My limbs-they are not mine-they are a liar's-

I mean to be a liar-I am not bound-

Did the chest move? did it move? I am utter craven !

O Wulfnoth, Wulfnoth, brother, thou hast betray'd me! Wulfnoth. Forgive me, brother,

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I will live here and die. Enter PAGE.

Page. My lord! the Duke awaits thee at the banquet. Harold.

rold. Where they eat dead men's flesh, and drink their

Page. My Lord-Harold. I know I know your Norman cookery is so spiced, It masks all this.

My lord! thou art white Page. as death

With looking on the dead. Harold. Am I so white? Thy Duke will seem the darker. Hence, I follow. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I .- THE KING'S PALACE. LONDON

KING EDWARD dying on a couch, and by him standing the QUEEN, HAR-OLD, ARCHBISHOP STIGAND, GURTH, LEOFWIN, ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, ALDWYTH, and EDITH.

Stigand. Sleeping or dving there? If this be death. Then our great Council wait to crown thee King-

Come hither, I have a power; [To Harold. They call me near, for I am close to thee England-I,

Stigand, I, Dry as an old wood-fungus on a dead tree

I have a power!









See here this little, key about my neck! There lies a treasure buried down in

Ely:

If e'er the Norman grow too hard for

thee,
Ask me for this at thy most need, son

Harold, At thy most need—not sooner.

Harold. So I will.

Stigand. Red gold—a hundred

purses—yea, and more!
If thou canst make a wholesome use of these

To chink against the Norman, I do

My old crook'd spine would bud out two young wings To fly to heaven straight with.

Harold. Thank thee, father!
Thou art English, Edward too is

English now, He hath clean repented of his Nor-

manism.

Stigand. Ay, as the libertine repents who cannot

Make done undone, when thro' his

Shrills 'lost thro' thee.' They have built their castles here; Our priories are Norman; the Nor-

Our priories are Norman; the Norman adder Hath bitten us; we are poison'd: our

dear England
Is demi-Norman. He!—,
[Pointing to King Edward, sleeping.

Harold. I would I were As holy and as passionless as he! That I might rest as calmly! Look at him—

The rosy face, and long down-silvering beard, The brows unwrinkled as a summer

mere.—
Stigand. A summer mere with sudden wreckful gusts

rom a side-gorge. Passionless? How he flamed

When Tostig's anger'd earldom flung him, nay,

He fain had calcined all Northumbria To one black ash, but that thy patriot passion Siding with our great Council against Tostig, Out-passion'd his! Holy? ay, ay,

Out-passion'd his! Holy? ay, ay, forsooth,

A conscience for his own soul, not his

realm;
A twilight conscience lighted thro' a chink;

Thine by the sun; nay, by some sun

When all the world hath learnt to speak the truth, And lying were self-murder by that

state Which was the exception.

Harold. That sun may God speed! Stigand. Come, Harold, shake the cloud off! Harold. Can I, father?

Our Tostig parted cursing me and England;

Our sister hates us for his banishment; He hath gone to kindle Norway

e hath gone to kindle Norway against England,

And Wulfnoth is alone in Normandy.
For when I rode with William down
to Harfleur,
'Wulfnoth is sick,' he said; 'he can-

'Wulfnoth is sick,' he said; ' he cannot follow;'
Then with that friendly-fiendly smile

of his,
'We have learnt to love him, let him
a little longer

Remain a hostage for the loyalty Of Godwin's house.' As far as touches Wulfnoth

I that so prized plain word and naked truth
Have sinn'd against it—all in vain.

Leofwin. Good brother,

By all the truths that ever priest hath preach'd,

Of all the lies that ever men have

lied, Thine is the pardonablest.

Hareld. May be so!
I think it so, I think I am a fool
To think it can be otherwise than so.
Stigand. Tut, tut, I have absolved

thee: dost thou scorn me. Because I had my Canterbury pallium, From one whom they dispoped?



Godwin, That, were a man of state nakedly

true Men would but take him for the craftier liar.

Be men less delicate than the Devil himself? I thought that naked Truth would

shame the Devil The Devil is so modest.

Gurth. He never said it! Leofwin. Be thou not stupid-honest, brother Gurth! Harold. Better to be a liar's dog.

and hold My master honest, than believe that

lying And ruling men are fatal twins that

cannot Move one without the other. Edward wakes !-

Dazed-he hath seen a vision. F.dward. The green tree!

Then a great Angel past along the highest Crying 'the doom of England,' and at

He stood beside me, in his grasp a sword

Of lightnings, wherewithal he cleft the tree From off the bearing trunk, and

hurl'd it from him Three fields away, and then he dash'd and drench'd,

He dyed, he soak'd the trunk with human blood, And brought the sunder'd tree again,

and set it Straight on the trunk, that thus baptized in blood

Grew ever high and higher, beyond my seeing, And shot out sidelong boughs across

the deep That dropt themselves, and rooted in

far isles Beyond my seeing: and the great Angel rose

And past again along the highest cry-

'The doom of England!'-Tostig, raise my head! Falls back senseless.

Harold (raising him). Let Harold serve for Tostig! Harold served Oueen.

Tostig so ill, he cannot serve for Tostig! Ay, raise his head, for thou hast laid

it low! The sickness of our saintly king, for

whom My prayers go up as fast as my tears

I well believe, hath mainly drawn itself From lack of Tostig-thou hast ban-

ish'd him.

Harold. Nay—but the council, and the king himself,

Queen. Thou hatest him, hatest him. Harold (coldly). Ay-Stigand,

unriddle

This vision, canst thou? Stigand. Dotage ! Edward (starting up). It is fin

ish'd. I have built the Lord a house-the Lord hath dwelt

In darkness. I have built the Lord a house-Palms, flowers, pomegranates, golden

With twenty-cubit wings from wall to

I have built the Lord a house-sing. Asaph! clash The cymbal, Heman! blow the trum-

pet, priest! Fall, cloud, and fill the house-lo!

Harold, Gurth,-where am I?

Where is the charter of our Westminster? Stigand. It lies beside thee, king,

upon thy bed. Edward. Sign, sign at once-take,

sign it, Stigand, Aldred!







In all obedience, as mine own hath

heen: God bless thee, wedded daughter. Laying his hand on the Queen's head.

Bless thou too That brother whom I love beyond the rest.

My banish'd Tostig.

All the sweet Saints Edward. bless him!

Spare and forbear him, Harold, if he comes!

And let him pass unscathed; he loves me, Harold! Be kindly to the Normans left among

Who follow'd me for love! and dear son, swear

When thou art king, to see my solemn vow

Accomplish'd

Harold. Nay, dear lord, for I have sworn Not to swear falsely twice.

Edward. Thou wilt not swear? Harold. I cannot. Edward. Then on thee remains

the curse. Harold, if thou embrace her: and on

thee. Edith, if thou abide it .-

[The King swoons; Edith falls and kneels by the couch. Stigand. He hath swoon'd! Death? . . . no, as yet a breath.

Harold. Look up! lool Look up! look up!

Aldred. Confuse her not; she hath begun

Her life-long prayer for thee. Aldwyth. O noble Harold, I would thou couldst have sworn. Harold.

For thine own pleasure? Aldroyth. No, but to please our dying king, and those

Who make thy good their own—all England, Earl. Aldred. I would thou couldst have sworn. Our holy king

His promise brought it on me

Aldred. O good son ! That knowledge made him all the carefuller

To find a means whereby the curse might glance

From thee and England. Harold. Father, we so loved-

Aldred. The more the love, the mightier is the prayer: The more the love, the more acceptable

The sacrifice of both your loves to heaven. No sacrifice to heaven, no help from

heaven: That runs thro' all the faiths of all the world.

And sacrifice there must be, for the king

Is holy, and hath talk'd with God, and seen A shadowing horror; there are signs

in heaven-Harold. Your comet came and went.

Aldred. And signs on earth!

Knowest thou Senlac hill?

Harold. I know all Sussex; A good entrenchment for a perilous hour!

Aldred. Pray God that come not suddenly! There is one Who passing by that hill three nights

He shook so that he scarce could out with it-Heard, heard-

The wind in his hair? Aldred. Blowing continually, and faint battle-

And cries, and clashes, and the groans of men;

And dreadful shadows strove upon the And dreadful lights crept up from out

the marsh-

Corpse-candles gliding over nameless





Senlac Edward (waking). Senlac! San-

The Lake of Blood! Stigand. This lightning before death

Plays on the word,-and Normanizes too!

Hush, father, hush! Thou uncanonical fool. Wilt thou play with the thunder

North and South Thunder together, showers of blood

are blown Before a never ending blast, and hiss Against the blaze they cannot quench

—a lake, A sea of blood-we are drown'd in blood-for God

Has fill'd the quiver, and Death has drawn the bow-Sanguelac! Sanguelac! the arrow! [Dies.

Stigand. It is the arrow of death in his own heart-

And our great Council wait to crown thee King.

SCENE IL-IN THE GARDEN. THE KING'S HOUSE NEAR LONDON.

Edith. Crown'd, crown'd and lost, crown'd King-and lost to me!

Two young lovers in winter weather. None to guide them, Walk'd at night on the misty heather; Night, as black as a raven's feather: Both were lost and found together, None beside them.

That is the burthen of it-lost and

Together in the cruel river Swale A hundred years ago; and there's

Lost, lost, the light of day,

To which the lover answers lovingly

"I am beside thee "

Lost, lost, we have lost the way. 'Love, I will guide thee.' Whither, O whither? into the

ACT III.

Where we two may be lost to-

gether, And lost for ever? 'Oh! never.

oh! never. Tho' we be lost and be found together.'

Some think they loved within the pale

By Holy Church: but who shall say? the truth Was lost in that fierce North, where

they were lost, Where all good things are lost, where

Tostig lost The good hearts of his people. It is

(Enter HAROLD.)

Harold the King!

Harold. Call me not King, but Harold.

Edith. Nay, thou art King! Harold. Thine, thine, or Thine, thine, or King or churl!

My girl, thou hast been weeping: turn not thou Thy face away, but rather let me

King of the moment to thee, and command

kiss my due when subject, which will make My kingship kinglier to me than to

King of the world without it.

F.dith. Ask me not, Lest I should yield it, and the second curse

Descend upon thine head, and thou King of the moment over England.

Tho' somewhat less a king to my true

Than ere they crown'd me one, for I have lost



"A SATYR, A SATYR, SEE, FOLLOWS."-Page 152.



Somewhat of upright stature thro' mine oath, Yet thee I would not lose, and seil

not thou

Our living passion for a dead man's

dream; Stigand believed he knew not what he spake.

Oh God! I cannot help it, but at times
They seem to me too narrow, all the

They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths Of this grown world of ours, whose

baby eye
Saw them sufficient. Fool and wise,

This curse, and scorn it. But a little light!—

And on it falls the shadow of the priest;

Heaven yield us more! for better.

Heaven yield us more! for better, Woden, all Our cancell'd warrior-gods, our grim

Walhalla, Eternal war, than that the Saints at

The Holiest of our Holiest one should be

This William's fellow-tricksters;—better die

Than credit this, for death is death,

or else Lifts us beyond the lie. Kiss me-

A holy sister yet, my girl, to fear
There might be more than brother in
my kiss,

And more than sister in thine own.

Edith. I dare not.

Harold. Scared by the church—

'Love for a whole life long'

When was that sung?

Edith. Here to the nightingales.

Harold. Their anthems of no church, how sweet they are!

church, how sweet they are! Nor kingly priest, nor priestly king to cross Their billings ere they nest.

Edith. They are but of spring, They fly the winter change—not so with us—

No wings to come and go.

Harold. But wing'd souls flying

Beyond all change and in the eternal distance
To settle on the Truth.

Edith. They are not so true, They change their mates.

Harold. Do they? I did not know it.

Edith. They say thou art to wed

the Lady Aldwyth.

Harold. They say, they say.

Edith. If this be politic,

Edith. If this be politic, And well for thee and England—and for her—

Care not for me who love thee.

Gurth (calling). Harold, Harold!

Harold. The voice of Gurth!

(Enter GURTH.) Good even,

my good brother!

Gurth. Good even, gentle Edith.

Edith. Good even, Gurth.

Gurth. Ill news hath come! Our

hapless brother, Tostig-He, and the giant King of Norway,

Harold Hardrada—Scotland, Ireland, Iceland

Orkney,
Are landed North of Humber, and in

So packt with carnage that the dykes and brooks Were bridged and damm'd with dead,

have overthrown

Morcar and Edwin.

Harold. Well then, we must fight.

How blows the wind?

Gurth. Against St. Valery
And William.

Harold. Well then, we will to the

North
Gurth. Ay, but worse news: this
William sent to Rome.

Swearing thou swearest falsely by his Saints:

The Pope and that Archdeacon Hildebrand His master, heard him, and have sent

him back A holy gonfanon, and a blessed hair Of Peter, and all France, all Bur-

gundy,
Poitou, all Christendom is raised

against thee;



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He nath cursed thee, and all those who fight for thee, And given thy realm of England to the bastard.

Harold. Ha! ha! Edith. Oh! laugh not!... Strange

and ghastly in the gloom And shadowing of this double thundercloud

That lours on England—laughter!

Harold. No, not strange!
This was old human laughter in old

Rome Before a Pope was born, when that

Call'd itself God.—A kindly rendering Of 'Render unto Cæsar.' The Good Shepherd!

Take this, and render that.

Gurth. They have taken York.

Harold. The Lord was God and
came as man—the Pope
Is man and comes as God.—York

taken?

Gurth. Yea,

Tostig hath taken York!

Harold. To York then. Edith,
Hadst thou been braver, I had better

braved
All—but I love thee and thou me—
and that

Remains beyond all chances and all churches,

And that thou knowest.

Edith. Ay, but take back thy ring.
It burns my hand—a curse to thee
and me.

I dare not wear it.

[Proffers Harold the ring, which
he lakes.

Harold. But I dare. God with thee! [Excunt Harold and Gurth. Edith. The King hath cursed him,

if he marry me;
The Pope hath cursed him, marry me

God help me! I know nothing—can but pray

For Harold—pray, pray, pray—no help but prayer, A breath that fleets beyond this iron

world, And touches Him that made it.

ACT IV.

SCENE I .- IN NORTHUMBRIA.

ARCHBISHOP ALDRED, MORCAR, EDWIN, and Foices. Enter Harold. The standard of the golden Dragon of Wessex preceding him.

Harold. What! are thy people sullen from defeat?

Our Wessex dragon flies beyond the Humber, No voice to greet it.

Edwin. Let not our great king Believe us sullen—only shamed to the quick

Before the king-as having been so bruised

By Harold, king of Norway; but our help

Is Harold, king of England. Pardon us, thou! Our silence is our reverence for the

king!

Harold. Earl of the Mercians! if
the truth be gall,

Cram me not thou with honey, when our good hive

Needs every sting to save it.

Voices. Aldwyth, Aldwyth!

Harold, Why cry thy people on
thy sister's name?

Morear. She hath won upon our people thro' her beauty, And pleasantness among them.

Harold. They shout as they would have her for a queen.

Morear. She hath followed with

our host, and suffer'd all.

Harold. What would ye, men?

Voice. Our old Northumbrian

crown,
And kings of our own choosing.

Harold. Your old crown
Were little help without our Saxon

carles
Against Hardrada.
Voice.
Little! we are Danes,
Who conquer'd what we walk on, our

own field.

e it.





Harold. They have been plotting here! [Aside. Voice. He calls us little! Harold. The kingdoms of this

world began with little,
A hill, a fort, a city—that reach'd a
hand
Down to the field beneath it. 'Be

thou mine,'
Then to the next, 'Thou also!' If

the field
Cried out 'I am mine own;' another

hill
Or fort, or city, took it, and the first
Fell, and the next became an Empire.

Voice. Yet
Thou art but a West Saxon: we are

Danes!

Harold. My mother is a Dane,
and I am English;

There is a pleasant fable in old books, Ye take a stick, and break it; bind a score

All in one faggot, snap it over knee, Ye cannot.

Voice. Hear King Harold! he says true!

Harold. Would ye be Norsemen?

Voices. No!

Harold. Or Norman?

Voices. No!

Harold. Snap not the faggot-band

Harold. Snap not the faggot-band then.

Voice. That is true!

Voice. Ay, but thou art not kingly,

only grandson

To Wulfnoth, a poor cow-herd.

Harold. This old Wulfnoth

Would take me on his knees and tell me tales Of Alfred and of Athelstan the Great

Who drove you Danes; and yet he held that Dane, Jute, Angle, Saxon, were or should be

all
One England, for this cow-herd, like
niv father,

Who shook the Norman scoundrels off the throne,

Had in him kingly thoughts—a king of men, Not made but born, like the great king of all, A light among the oxen.

Voice. That is true!

Voice. Ay, and I love him now, for mine own father

Was great, and cobbled.

Votce. Thou art Tostig's brother,
Who wastes the land.

Harold. This brother comes to save

Your land from waste; I saved it once before,

For when your people banish'd Tostig hence,

And Edward would have sent a host

against you, Then I, who loved my brother, bad

the king Who doted on him, sanction your

decree
Of Tostig's banishment, and choice of
Morcar,

To help the realm from scattering.

Voice. King! thy brother, If one may dare to speak the truth, was wrong'd.

Wild was he, born so: but the plots against him

Had madden'd tamer men.

Morear. Thou art one of those

Who brake into Lord Tostig's treasure house And slew two hundred of his follow-

ing, And now, when Tostig hath come

back with power,

Are frighted back to Tostig.

Old Thane. Ugh! Plots and feuds!

This is my ninetieth birthday. Can

ye not Be brethren? Godwin, still at feud with Alfgar,

And Alfgar hates King Harold.
Plots and feuds!

This is my ninetieth birthday!

Härold. Old man, Harold

Hates nothing; not his fault, if our
two houses

Be less than brothers.

Voices. Aldwyth, Harold, Aldwyth!

What do they mean?









Aldwyth. I can, my lord, for mine

own sake, for thine, For England, for thy poor white dove,

who flutters Between thee and the porch, but then would find

Her nest within the cloister, and be still. Harold. Canst thou love one, who

cannot love again? Aldwyth. Full hope have I that

love will answer love.

Harold. Then in the name of the great God, so be it!

Come, Aldred, join our hands before the hosts.

That all may see.

[Aldred joins the hands of Harold and Aldwyth and blesses them. Voices, Harold, Harold and Aldwyth!

Harold. Set forth our golden Dragon, let him flap The wings that beat down Wales!

Advance our Standard of the Warrior,

Dark among gems and gold; and thou, brave banner, Blaze like a night of fatal stars on

those Who read their doom and die.

Where lie the Norsemen? on the Derwent? ay

At Stamford-bridge. Morcar, collect thy men; Edwin, my friend-

Thou lingerest.-Gurth,-Last night King Edward came to me in dreams-

The rosy face and long down-silvering

He told me I should conquer :-I am no woman to put faith in dreams.

(To his army).

Last night King Edward came to me in dreams, And told me we should conquer. Forward! Forward! BATTLE OF

HAROLD and his Guard.

Harold. Who is it comes this way? Tostig? (Enter Tostic with a small force.) O brother, What art thou doing here?

I am foraging For Norway's army.

Harold. I could take and slay thee.

Thou art in arms against us Take and slay me,

For Edward loved me. Harold. Edward bad me spare thee.

Tostig. I hate King Edward, for he join'd with thee

To drive me outlaw'd. Take and slav me, I say,

Or I shall count thee fool. Harold. Take thee, or free thee, Free thee or slay thee, Norway will

have war: No man would strike with Tostig, save for Norway.

Thou art nothing in thine England, save for Norway, Who loves not thee but war. What

dost thou here, Trampling thy mother's bosom into

Tostig. She hath wean'd me from it with such bitterness.

I come for mine own Earldom, my Northumbria: Thou hast given it to the enemy of

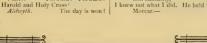
our house. Harold. Northumbria threw thee off, she will not have thee,

Thou hast misused her: and, O crowning crime! Hast murder'd thine own guest, the

son of Orm, Gamel, at thine own hearth. The slow, fat fool !

He drawl'd and prated so, I smote him suddenly.

I knew not what I did. He held with Morcar.—







thou back to us Tostig (after a pause turning to him). Never shall any man say that I, that Tostig

Conjured the mightier Harold from his North To do the battle for me here in Eng-

land, Then left him for the meaner! thee !-

Thou hast no passion for the House of Godwin-Thou hast but cared to make thyself

a king-Thou hast sold me for a cry.-Thou gavest thy voice against me in the Council-

I hate thee, and despise thee, and defy thee. Farewell for ever! [Exit.

Harold. On to Stamford-bridge!

SCENE III.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD-BRIDGE. BANQUET.

HAROLD and ALDWYTH. GURTH, LEOFWIN, MORCAR, EDWIN, and other Earls and Thanes.

Harold. I have lost the boy who play'd at ball with me,

With whom I fought another fight than this Of Stamford-bridge.

Ay! ay! thy victories Aldwyth. Over our own poor Wales, when at thy side

He conquer'd with thee. Harold. No-the childish fist That cannot strike again.

Aldowth. Thou art too kindly.

Why didst thou let so many Norsemen hence?

Thy fierce forekings had clench'd their pirate hides To the bleak church doors, like kites

upon a barn. Harold. Is there so great a need to tell thee why? Aldwyth. Yea, am I not thy

wife? Voices. Hail, Harold, Aldwyth! Bridegroom and bride!

Aldwyth. Answer them! To Harold. Harold (to all). Earls and Thanes!

Full thanks for your fair greeting of my bride! Earls, Thanes, and all our country-men! the day,





Fifth Thane. The Falaise byblow! Enter a Thane, from Pevensey, spatter'd with mud.

Harold. Ay, but what late guest, As haggard as a fast of forty days, And caked and plaster'd with a hundred mires, Hath stumbled on our cups?

Thane from Pevensey. My lord the King! William the Norman, for the wind

had changed—

Harold. I felt it in the middle of that fierce fight

At Stamford-bridge. William hath

Sleep like their swine . . . in South and North at once

I could not be. (Aloud.) Gurth, Leofwin, Morcar, Edwin

(Pointing to the revellers.) The curse of England! these are drown'd in wassail, And cannot see the world but thro'

their wines! Leave them! and thee too, Aldwyth, must I leave-

Harsh is the news! hard is our honeymoon! Thy pardon. (Turning round to his

attendant ..) Break the ban-Ye four! quet up . And thou, my carrier-pigeon of black news,



Harold.

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Cram thy crop full, but come when thou art call'd. [Exit Harold.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A TENT ON A MOUND, FROM WHICH CAN BE SEEN THE FIELD OF SENLAC.

HAROLD, sitting; by him standing HUGH MARGOT the Monk, GURTH, LEOFWIN.

Harold. Refer my cause, my crown to Rome! . . . The

wolf Mudded the brook and predetermined all.

Monk, Thou hast said thy say, and had my constant 'No'

For all but instant battle. I hear no more.

Margot. Hear me again—for the last time. Arise,

Scatter thy people home, descend the hill, Lay hands of full allegiance in thy

Lord's And crave his mercy, for the Holy

Father
Hath given this realm of England to

Hath given this realm of England to the Norman.

Harold. Then for the last time, monk, I ask again

When had the Lateran and the Holy Father To do with England's choice of her

own king?

Margot. Earl, the first Christian

Cæsar drew to the East
To leave the Pope dominion in the
West.

He gave him all the kingdoms of the West.

Harold. So!—did he?—Earl—I

have a mind to play
The William with thine eyesight and
thy tongue.

Earl—ay—thou art but a messenger of William.

I am weary—go: make me not wroth with thee! Margot. Mock-king, I am the messenger of God, His Norman Daniel! Mene, Mene,

Tekel!
Is thy wrath Hell, that I should spare

to cry, You heaven is wroth with thee?

Hear me again! Our Saints have moved the Church that moves the world,

And all the Heavens and very God: they heard—

They know King Edward's promise and thine-thine.

Harold. Should they not know free England crowns herself?

Not know that he nor I had power to promise? Not know that Edward cancell'd his

own promise?
And for my part therein—Back to

that juggler, [Rising. Tell him the Saints are nobler than he dreams,

Tell him that God is nobler than the Saints,

And tell him we stand arm'd on Senlac Hill, And bide the doom of God. Marvet. Hear it thro' me.

Margot. Hear it thro' me.
The realm for which thou art foresworn is cursed,
The babe enwomb'd and at the breast

The corpse thou whelmest with thine

The soul who fighteth on thy side is cursed.

The seed thou sowest in thy field is cursed,

The steer wherewith thou plowest thy

field is cursed,

The fowl that fleeth o'er thy field is cursed.

And thou, usurper, liar—

Harold. Out, beast monk!

[Lifting his hand to strike him.

Gurth stops the blow.

I ever hated monks.

Margot.

I am but a voice

Among you: murder, martyr me if ye will—





Thanks, Gurth! Harold. simple, silent, selfless man Is worth a world of tonguesters. Margot.) Get thee gone!

He means the thing he says. him out safe!

Leofwin. He hath blown himself as red as fire with curses. An honest fool! Follow me, honest

fool, But if thou blurt thy curse among our folk.

I know not-I may give that egg-bald head

The tap that silences

See him out safe. [Excunt Leofwin and Margot. Gurth. Thou hast lost thine even temper, brother Harold!

wold. Gurth, when I past by Waltham, my foundation Harold. For men who serve the neighbor, not

themselves, I cast me down prone, praying; and,

when I rose, They told me that the Holy Rood had

lean'd And bow'd above me; whether that

which held it Had weaken'd, and the Rood itself were bound

To that necessity which binds us down: Whether it bow'd at all but in their

Or if it bow'd, whether it symbol'd ruin Or glory, who shall tell? but they were sad.

And somewhat sadden'd me. Yet if a fear, Gurth.

Or shadow of a fear, lest the strange Saints By whom thou swarest, should have

power to balk Thy puissance in this fight with him,

who made And heard thee swear-brother-/

have not sworn-If the king fall, may not the kingdom fall?

But if I fall, I fall, and thou art king; And, if I win, I win, and thou art king;

Draw thou to London, there make strength to breast Whatever chance, but leave this day

to me Leofwin (entering). And waste the

land about thee as thou goest, And be thy hand as winter on the

To leave the foe no forage,

Harold. Noble Gurth! Best son of Godwin! If I fall, I

The doom of God! How should the people fight

win, art thou mad? When the King flies? How should the King of England

waste the fields Of England, his own people?-No

glance yet Northumbrian helmet on the Of the heath?

Leofwin. No, but a shoal of wives upon the heath.

And someone saw thy willy-nilly nun Vying a tress against our golden

fern.

J. Vying a tear with our cold dews, a sigh

With these low-moaning heavens. Let her be fetch'd.

We have parted from our wife with-out reproach. Tho' we have pierced thro' all her

And that is well. Leofwin. I saw her even now: She hath not left us

Harold. Nought of Morcar then? Gurth. Nor seen, nor heard; thine,

William's or his own As wind blows, or tide flows : belike he watches,

If this war-storm in one of its rough Wash up that old crown of Northum-

Harold, I married her for Morcar

-a sin against The truth of love. Evil for good, it seems

Is oft as childless of the good as evil

Good for good hath borne at times A bastard false as William.

Ay, if Wisdom

Pair'd not with Good. But I am somewhat worn. A snatch of sleep were like the peace

of God. Gurth, Leofwin, go once more about

the hill-What did the dead man call it-Sanguelac.

The lake of blood? Leofwin. A lake that dips in Wil-

As well as Harold.

Harold. Like enough. I have seen The trenches dug, the palisades up-

rear'd And wattled thick with ash and wil-

low-wands: Yea, wrought at them myself. Go round once more:

See all be sound and whole. Norman horse Can shatter England, standing shield

by shield; Tell that again to all.

Gurth. I will, good brother. Our guardsman hath but Harold. toil'd his hand and foot,

I hand, foot, heart and head. Some wine! (One pours wine into a goblet which he hands to Har-Too much ! old.)

What? we must use our battle-axe to-day. Our guardsmen have slept well, since we came in?

Leofwin. Ay, slept and snored. Your second-sighted man

That scared the dying conscience of the king,

Misheard their snores for groans. They are up again And chanting that old song of Brun-

anburg Where England conquer'd.

Harold. That is well. The Nor-

man, What is he doing?

Leofwin. Praying for Normandy: Our scouts have heard the tinkle of their bells. Harold. And our old songs are

prayers for England too But by all Saints-Leofwin.

Barring the Norman! Harold. Nav. Were the great trumpet blowing doomsday dawn

I needs must rest. Call when the Norman moves-

[Excunt all, but Harold. No horse-thousands of horses-our shield wall-

Wall-break it not-break notbreak-[Sleeps. Vision of Edward. Son Harold, I

thy king, who came before To tell thee thou shouldst win at Stamford-bridge.

Come yet once more, from where I am at peace, Because I loved thee in my mortal

day, To tell thee thou shalt die on Senlac

hill-Sanguelac !

Vision of Wulfnoth. O brother. from my ghastly oubliette I send my voice across the narrow

seas-No more, no more, dear brother, never-more-

Sanguelac! Vision of Tostig. O brother, most unbrotherlike to me,

Thou gavest thy voice against me in my life, I give my voice against thee from the grave-

Sanguelac! Vision of Norman Saints. O hap-less Harold! King but for an hour!

Thou swarest falsely by our blessed lones, We give our voice against thee out of

heaven! Sanguelac! Sanguelac! The arrow! the arrow l

Harold (starting up, battle-axe in hand). Away!







Thou didst arouse the fierce Northumbrians! Thou hast been false to England and

to me !-. in some sort . . . I have been false to thee.

Leave me. No more-Pardon on both sides-Go! Aldwyth. Alas, my lord, I loved

thee. With a love Harold (bitterly). Passing thy love for Griffyth! where-

fore now Obey my first and last commandment.

Aldwyth. O Harold! husband! Shall we meet again? Harold. After the battle-after

the battle. Go. Aldwyth. I go. (Aside.) That I could stab her standing there! Exit Aldwyth.

Edith. Alas, my lord, she loved thee. Harold. Never! never!

Edith. I saw it in her eyes! I see it in thine. And not on thee-nor England-fall

God's doom! Edith. On thee? on me. thou art England! Alfred

Was England. Ethelred was noth-England ing. Is but her king, and thou art Harold!

Harold. The sign in heaven-the sudden blast at sea-

My fatal oath-the dead Saints-the dark dreams-

Pope's Anathema-the Holy Rood That bow'd to me at Waltham-Edith.

if I, the last English King of England-First of a line that coming from the

And chosen by the people-And fighting for

And dying for the people—

Edith. Living! living! Harold. Yea so, good cheer! thou

art Harold, I am Edith!

Look not thus wan! Edith. What matters how I look?

Have we not broken Wales and Norseland? slain. Whose life was all one battle, incar-

nate war, Their giant-king, a mightier man-in-

arms Than William

Harold. Av. my girl, no tricks in him-

No bastard he! when all was lost, he

And bit his shield, and dash'd it on the ground,

And swaying his two-handed sword about him, Two deaths at every swing, ran in

upon us And died so, and I loved him as I

hate This liar who made me liar. If Hate

can kill, And Loathing wield a Saxon battle-

Edith. Waste not thy might before the battle!

And thou must hence, Stigand will

see thee safe, And so-Farewell.

[He is going, but turns back. The ring thou darest not wear, I have had it fashion'd, see, to meet my hand.

[Harold shows the ring which is on his finger. Farewell

He is going, but turns back again. I am dead as Death this day to ought of earth's

Save William's death or mine. Edith. Thy death !- to-day ! Is it not thy birthday?

Ay, that happy day ! A birthday welcome! happy days and many!

One-this! They embrace. Look, I will bear thy blessing into the battle

And front the doom of God.

Norman cries (heard in the distance). Ha Rou! Ha Rou!





Stivand. Our javelins Answer their arrows. All the Norman foot Are storming up the hill. The range of knights

Sit, each a statue on his horse, and wait.

Harold and God Almighty! Norman cries. Ha Rou! Ha Rou! Canons (singing).

> Eques cum pedite Præpediatur! Illorum in lacrymas Cruor fundatur I Pereant, pereant, Anglia precatur.

Stigand. Look, daughter, look. Nay, father, look for me! Stigand. Our axes lighten with a single flash

About the summit of the hill, and heads

And arms are sliver'd off and splinter'd by Their lightning-and they fly-the

Norman flies. Edith. Stigand, O father, have we won the day?

Stigund. No, daughter, no-they fall behind the horse-Their horse are thronging to the barri-

cades; I see the gonfanon of Holy Peter Floating above their helmets-ha! he is down

Edith. He down! Who down? Stigand. The Norman Count is down. So perish all the enemies F. lith

of England!

and. No, no, he hath risen again—he bares his face— Stigand. Shouts something-he points onward

-all their horse Swallow the hill locust-like, swarming

up.

Edith. O God of battles, make his battle-axe keen As thine own sharp-dividing justice, heavy

ful heads Charged with the weight of heaven wherefrom they fall! Canons (singing).

Tacta tonitrua Deus bellator! Surgas e tenebris. Sis vindicator! Fulmina, fulmina Deus vastator!

Edith. O God of battles, they are three to one, Make thou one man as three to roll them down!

Canons (singing).

Equus cum equite Dejiciatur! Acies, Acies Prona sternatur! Illorum lanceas

Frange Creator! Stigand. Yea, yea, for how their lances snap and shiver

Against the shifting blaze of Harold's axe!

War-woodman of old Woden, how he The mortal copse of faces! There!

And there! The horse and horseman cannot meet the shield,

The blow that brains the horseman cleaves the horse, The horse and horseman roll along

the hill, They fly once more, they fly, the Norman flies!

> Equus cum equite Præcipitatur.

Edith. O God, the God of truth

hath heard my cry. Follow them, follow them, drive them to the sea!

> Illorum scelera Pœna sequatur!

Stigand. Truth ! no; a lie; a trick, a Norman trick!



As thine own holts that fall on crime-



Edith. So thou saidest. Aldwyth. I say it now, forgive me! F dith Cross me not!

I am seeking one who wedded me in secret Whisper! God's angels only know it.

Hal What art thou doing here among the dead ?

They are stripping the dead bodies naked yonder,
And thou art come to rob them of

their rings! Aldwyth. O Edith, Edith, I have lost both crown

And husband. Edith. So have I.

Aldwyth. I tell thee, girl, I am seeking my dead Harold. And I mine! The Holy Father strangled him with a

Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt: The wicked sister clapt her hands and

laugh'd: Then all the dead fell on him.

Aldwyth. Edith, Edith-Edith. What was he like, this husband? like to thee? Call not for help from me. I knew

him not. He lies not here: not close beside the

Here fell the truest, manliest hearts of

Go further hence and find him. Aldwith. She is crazed! Eaith. That doth not matter either. Lower the light. He must be here.

> Enter two Canons, Osgod and ATHELRIC, with toerhes. They turn over the dead bodies and examine them as they pass.

Osgod. I think that this is Thurkill.

Athelric. More likely Godric. I am sure this body Is Alfwig, the king's uncle.

Athelric. So it is ! No, no-brave Gurth, one gash from brow to knee!

Osgod. And here is Leofwin. And here is He! Aldwyth, Harold? Oh no-nay, if it were-my God,

They have so maim'd and murder'd all his face

There is no man can swear to him. Edith. But one woman! Look you, we never mean to part

again. I have found him, I am happy. Was there not someone ask'd me for

forgiveness? I yield it freely, being the true wife Of this dead King, who never bore revenge.

Enter COUNT WILLIAM and WIL-LIAM MALET.

William. Who be these women? And what body is this? Edith. Harold, thy better!

William. Ay, and what art thou?

wyth.

William (to Aldwyth). Wast thou Aldwyth. I was the Oueen of

Wales William. Why then of England. Madam, fear us not.

(To Malet). Knowest thou this other? Malet. When I visited England,

Some held she was his wife in secretsome-Well-some believed she was his paramour.

Norman, thou liest! liars all of you. Your Saints and all! I am his wife! and she-

For look, our marriage ring! She draws it off the finger of

I lost it somehow-









BECKET

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE EARL OF SELBORNE.

My DEAR SELBORNE—To you, the honored Chancellor of our own day, I dedicate this dramatic memorial of your great predecessor:—which, altho' not intended in its present form to meet the exigencies of our modern theatre, has nevertheless—for so you have assured me—woo your approbation.—Ever yours,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY II. (son of the Earl of Anjon).

THOMAS BECKET, Chancellor of England, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

GILBERT FOLIOT, Bishop of London, ROGER, Archbishop of York.

Bishop of Hereford. HILARY, Bishop of Chichester.

Jocelyn, Bishop of Salisbury.

HERBERT OF BOSHAM | friends of Becket.

WALTER MAP, reputed author of 'Golias,' Latin poems against the priesthood.

King Louis of France.

GEOFFREY, son of Rosamund and Henry.

GRIM, a monk of Cambridge.
SIR REGINALO FITZURSE

SIR RICHARD DE BRITO

SIR WILLIAM DE TRACY

Becket.

SIR HUGH DE MORVILLE

DE BROC OF SALTWOOD CASTLE, LOND LEICESTER.

PHILIP DE ELEBMOSYNA.

Two Knight Templars,
John of Oxford (called the Swearer).

ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE, Queen of England (divorced from Louis of France),
ROSAMUND DE CLIFFORD.

MARGERY.

Knights, Monks, Beggars, etc.

PROLOGUE.

A Castle in Normandy. Interior of the Hall. Roofs of a City seen thro Windows.

HENRY and BECKET at chess.

Henry. So then our good Archbishop Theobald

Lies dying.

Becket. I am grieved to know as

Henry. But we must have a mightier man than he

For his successor.

Becket. Have you thought of one?

Henry. A cleric lately poison'd

his own mother,

And being brought before the courts
of the Church,

They but degraded him. I hope they whipt him.

I would have hang'd him.

Becket.

It is your move.

Henry.

Well—there. [Moves.







The trees are all the statelier, and the flowers Are all the fairer.

Henry. And thy thoughts, thy fancies?

Becket. Good dogs, my liege, well

train'd, and easily call'd Off from the game.

Henry. Save for some once or

twice,
When they ran down the game and
worried it.

Becket. No, my liege, no!—not once—in God's name, no!

Henry. Nay, then, I take thee at

thy word—believe thee
The veriest Galahad of old Arthur's

hall. And so this Rosamund, my true heartwife,

Not Eleanor-she whom I love indeed

As a woman should be loved—Why dost thou smile
So dolorously?

Becket. My good liege, if a man Wastes himself among women, how should he love

A woman, as a woman should be loved?

Henry. How shouldst thou know that never hast loved one? Come, I would give her to thy care in

England When I am out in Normandy or An-

jou.

Becket. My lord, I am your subject,
not your—

Henry.

Pander.

God's eyes! I know all that—not my purveyor Of pleasures, but to save a life—her

life; Ay, and the soul of Eleanor from hell-

fire.

I have built a secret bower in England, Thomas,

A nest in a bush.

Becket. And where, my liege?

Henry (whispers). Thine ear.

Becket. That's lone enough.

Henry (laying paper on table). This chart here mark'd 'Her Bower,'

Take, keep it, friend. See, first, a circling wood, A hundred pathways running every-

way,
And then a brook, a bridge; and after

This labyrinthine brickwork maze in maze,

And then another wood, and in the midst A garden and my Rosamund. Look,

this line—
The rest you see is color'd green—but

this
Draws thro' the chart to her.

Becket. This blood-red line?

Henry. Ay! blood, perchance, except thou see to her.

Becket. And where is she? There in her English nest?

Henry. Would God she were—no.

here within the city. We take her from her secret bower in Anjou

And pass her to her secret bower in England.

She is ignorant of all but that I love her.

Becket. My liege, I pray thee let

me hence: a widow

And orphan child, whom one of thy
wild barons—

Henry. Ay, ay, but swear to see to her in England.

Becket. Well, well, I swear, but not to please myself. Henry. Whatever come between

us?

Becket. What should come
Between us, Henry?

Henry. Nay—I know not, Thomas. Becket. What need then? Well—

whatever come between us.

Henry. A moment! thou didst help me to my throne In Theobald's time, and after by thy

wisdom
Hast kept it firm from shaking; but
now I,

For my realm's sake, myself must be the wizard







The reign of the roses is done-Henry (to Becket, who is going).
Thou shalt not go. I have not

ended with thee. Eleanor (seeing chart on table). This chart with the red line! her bower! whose bower?

Henry. The chart is not mine, but Becket's: take it, Thomas.

Eleanor. Becket! O-ay-and these chessmen on the floor - the king's crown broken! Becket hath beaten thee again-and thou hast kicked down the board. I know

thee of old. Henry. True enough, my mind was set upon other matters.

Eleanor. What matters? - State matters? love matters? Henry. My love for thee, and thine

for me. Eleanor. Over! the sweet summer

closes. The reign of the roses is done; Over and gone with the roses,

And over and gone with the sun. Here; but our sun in Aquitaine lasts longer. I would I were in Aquitaine again-your north chills me.

Over! the sweet summer closes. And never a flower at the close; Over and gone with the roses, And winter again and the snows,

That was not the way I ended it first -but unsymmetrically, preposterously, illogically, out of passion, with-out art—like a song of the people. Will you have it? The last Parthian shaft of a forlorn Cupid at the King's left breast, and all left-handedness and under-handedness.

And never a flower at the close, Over and gone with the roses. Not over and gone with the rose.

True, one rose will outblossom the rest, one rose in a bower. I speak after my fancies, for I am a Troubadour, you know, and won the violet at Toulouse; but my voice is harsh here, not in tune, a nightingale out of season; for marriage, rose or no rose, has killed the golden violet. Becket. Madam, you do ill to scorn wedded love.

Eleanor. So I do. Louis of France loved me, and I dreamed that I loved Louis of France: and I loved Henry of England, and Henry of England dreamed that he loved me; but the marriage-garland withers even with the putting on, the bright link rusts with the breath of the first aftermarriage kiss, the harvest moon is the ripening of the harvest, and the honeymoon is the gall of love; he dies of his honeymoon. I could pity this poor world myself that it is no better ordered.

Henry. Dead is he, my Queen? What, altogether? Let me swear nay to that by this cross on thy neck. God's eyes! what a lovely cross! What jewels!

Eleanor. Doth it please you? Take it and wear it on that hard heart of yours—there. [Gives it to him. Henry (puts it on). On this left breast before so hard a heart,

To hide the scar left by thy Parthian dart.

Eleanor. Has my simple song set you jingling? Nay, if I took and translated that hard heart into our Provençal facilities, I could so play about it with the rhyme-

Henry. That the heart were lost in the rhyme and the matter in the metre. May we not pray you, Madam, to spare us the hardness of your facility?

Eleanor. The wells of Castaly are not wasted upon the desert. We did but iest.

Henry. There's no jest on the brows of Herbert there. What is it, Herbert?

Enter HERBERT OF BOSHAM.

Herbert. My liege, the good Archbishop is no more.

Henry. Peace to his soul! Herbert. I left him with peace on











PROLOGUE.

his face-that sweet other-world smile. which will be reflected in the spiritual body among the angels. But he longed much to see your Grace and the Chancellor ere he past, and his last words were a commendation of Thomas Becket to your Grace as his successor in the archbishopric

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Henry. Ha, Becket! thou remem-

berest our talk! Becket. My heart is full of tears-

I have no answer. Henry. Well, well, old men must die, or the world would grow mouldy, would only breed the past again. Come to me to-morrow. Thou hast but to hold out thy hand. Meanwhile the revenues are mine. A-hawking, a-hawking! If I sit, I grow

Leaps over the table and exit. Becket. He did prefer me to the chancellorship,

Believing I should ever aid the Church-But have I done it? He commends

me now From out his grave to this archbishop-

bert. A dead man's dying wish should be of weight.

Becket. His should. Come with me. Let me learn at full

The manner of his death, and all he

Excunt Herbert and Becket. Eleanor. Fitzurse, that chart with the red line-thou sawest it-her bower.

Fitzurse. Rosamund's? Eleanor. Av-there lies the secret of her whereabonts, and the King

gave it to his Chancellor.

Fitzurse. To this son of a London merchant—how your Grace must hate him.

Eleanor. Hate him? as brave a soldier as Henry and a goodlier man: but thou-dost thou love this Chancellor, that thou hast sworn a volun-tary allegiance to him?

Fitzurse. Not for my love toward him, but because he had the love of the King. How should a baron love a beggar on horseback, with the retinue of three kings behind him, outroyalling royalty? Besides, he holp the King to break down our castles, for the which I hate him. Eleanor. For the which I honor

him. Statesman not Churchman he. A great and sound policy that: I could embrace him for it: you could not see the King for the kinglings.

Fitzurse. Ay, but he speaks to a noble as tho' he were a churl, and to

a churl as if he were a noble Eleanor. Pride of the plebeian! Fitzurse. And this plebeian like

to be Archbishop!

Eleanor. True, and I have an inherited loathing of these black sheep

of the Papacy. Archbishop? 1 can see further into a man than our hotheaded Henry, and if there ever come fend between Church and Crown, and I do not then charm this secret out of our loyal Thomas, I am not

Fitzurse. Last night I followed a woman in the city here. Her face was veiled, but the back methought was Rosamund-his paramour, thy rival. I can feel for thee.

Eleanor. Thou feel for me !- paramonr-rival! King Louis had no paramours, and I loved him none the more. Henry had many, and I loved him none the less-now neither more nor less-not at all; the cup's empty. I would she were but his paramour, for men tire of their fancies; but I fear this one fancy hath taken root, and borne blossom too, and she, whom the King loves indeed, is a power in the State. Rival !-ay, and when the King passes, there may come a crash and embroilment as in Stephen's time; and her childrencanst thou not-that secret matter which would heat the King against thee (whispers him and he starts). Nay, that is safe with me as with thyself : but canst thou not-thou art drowned in debt-thou shalt have our love, our silence, and our gold-canst







MAUD .- Page 155.



thou not-if thou light upon her-free me from her?

Fitzurse. Well, Madam, I have loved her in my time.

Eleanor. No, my bear, thou hast not. My Courts of Love would have held thee guiltless of love—the fine attractions and repulses, the delicacies.

the subtleties.

Fileurse. Madam, I loved according to the main purpose and intent of nature.

Acknown. I warrant thee! thou couldst hag thy Cupid till his ribs cracked—enough of this. Follow me this Rosammet day and night, whither-soever she goes; track her, if thou canst, even into the King's lodging, that I may (clearless her far)—may at least have my cry against him and her,—and thou in thy way shouldst be jealous of the King, for thou in thy way didst once, what shall I call it, affect her thin own self.

Fitzurze. Ay, but the young colt winced and whinnied and flung up her heels; and then the King came honeying about her, and this Becket, her father's friend, like enough staved us from her.

Eleanor. Us!

Fiturse. Yea, by the Blessed Virgin! There were more than I buzzing round the blossom—De Tracy—even that flint De Brito.

Eleanor. Carry her off among you; run in upon her and devour her, one and all of you; make her as hateful to herself and to the King, as she is to me.

Fitzurse. I and all would be glad to wreak our spite on the rosefaced minion of the King, and bring her to the level of the dust, so that the King—

Eleanor. Let her eat it like the serpent, and be driven out of her paradise.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—BECKET'S HOUSE IN LONDON.

Chamber barely furnished. Becket unrobing. Herbert of Bosham and Servant.

Servant. Shall I not help your lordship to your rest?

Beeket. Friend, am I so much bet-

ter than thyself
That thou shouldst help me? Thou

art wearied out
With this day's work, get thee to
thine own bed.

Leave me with Herbert, friend.

| Exit Servant. Help me off, Herbert, with this—and this.

Herbert. Was not the people's blessing as we past Heart-comfort and a balsam to thy

blood?

Becket. The people know their
Church a tower of strength,

A bulwark against Throne and Baronage.

Too heavy for me, this; off with it, Herbert! Herbert. Is it so much heavier

than thy Chancellor's robe?

Becket. No; but the Chancellor's
and the Archbishop's

Together more than mortal man can bear.

Herbert. Not heavier than thine armor at Thoulouse?

Becket. O Herbert, Herbert, in

my chancellorship
I more than once have gone against
the Church.

Herbert. To please the King?

Becket. Ay, and the King of kings,

Or justice; for it seem'd to me but just

The Church should pay her scutage like the lords. But hast thou heard this cry of Gil-

bert Foliot
That I am not the man to be your

Primate,
For Henry could not work a mira-

Make an Archbishop of a soldier?

Herbert. Ay,





And yet I seem appall'd—on such a sudden At such an eagle-height I stand and

At such an eagle-height I stand and see The rift that runs between me and

the King.
I served our Theobald well when I was with him;

I served King Henry well as Chancellor;

I am his no more, and I must serve the Church.

This Canterbury is only less than

Rome, And all my doubts I fling from me

like dust, Winnow and scatter all scruples to

the wind, And all the puissance of the warrior, And all the wisdom of the Chancel-

And all the wisdom of the Chancellor, And all the heap'd experiences of

life,
I cast upon the side of Canterbury—

Our holy mother Canterbury, who sits With tatter'd robes. Laics and barons, thro' The random gifts of careless kings,

have graspt
Her livings, her advowsons, granges,

farms,
And goodly acres—we will make her

whole; Not one rood lost. And for these Royal customs,

These ancient Royal customs—they

Not of the Church—and let them be anathema,

And all that speak for them anathema.

Herbert. Thomas, thou art moved too much.

Becket. O Herbert, here

I gash myself asunder from the King, Tho' leaving each, a wound; mine own, a grief To show the scar for ever—his, a

To show the scar for ever-his, a

Not ever to be heal'd.

Enter ROSAMUND DE CLIFFORD, flying from SIR REGINALD FITZURSE. Drops her veil. Becket. Rosamund de Clifford!
Rosamund. Save me, father, hide
me—they follow me—and I must not
be known.

Becket. Pass in with Herbert there. [Exeunt Rosamund and Herbert by side door.

Enter FITZURSE.

Fitzurse. The Archbishop!

Becket. Ay! what wouldst thou, Reginald? Fitzurse. Why—why, my lord, I

Fitzurse. Why—why, my lord, I follow'd—follow'd one—

Becket. And then what follows?

Let me follow thee.

Fitzurse. It much imports me I should know her name.

Becket. What her? Fitzurse. The woman that I sol-

low'd hither.

Becket. Perhaps it may import her
all as much

Not to be known.

Fitzurse. And what care I for that?

Come, come, my lord Archbishop; I saw that door

Close even now upon the woman.

Becket. Well?

Fitzurse (making for the door).

Nay, let me pass, my lord, for
I must know.

Becket. Back, man!

Fitzurse. Then tell me who and what she is.

Becket. Art thou so sure thou followedst anything? Go home, and sleep thy wine off, for

thine eyes
Glare stupid-wild with wine.

Fitzurse (making to the door).

must and will.

I care not for thy new archbishopric.

Becket. Back, man, I tell thee!

What! Shall I forget my new archbishop-

ric
And smite thee with my crozier on

the skull?
'Fore God, I am a mightier man than thou.



Fitzurse. It well befits thy new archbishopric To take the vagabond woman of the street

Into thine arms!
O drunken ribaldry!

Out, beast! out, bear! Filzurse. I shall remember this. Becket. Do, and begone l

Exit Fitzurse. Going to the door, sees De Tracy.

Tracy, what dost thou here? De Tracy. My lord, I follow'd Reginald Fitzurse. Becket. Follow him out !

De Tracy. I shall remember this Discourtesy. Becket. Do. These those baron-brutes That havock u Stephen's day. all the land in

Rosamund de Clifford.

Re-enter ROSAMUND and HERBERT.

Rosamund. Here am I. Why here? Becket. We gave thee to the charge of John of Salisbury,

To pass thee to thy secret bower tomorrow.

Wast thou not told to keep thyself from sight?
Rosamund. Poor bird of passage!

so I was; but, father, They say that you are wise in winged things,

And know the ways of Nature. Bar the bird From following the fled summer—a chink—he's out,

Gone! And there stole into the city a breath

Full of the meadows, and it minded me Of the sweet woods of Clifford, and

the walks Where I could move at pleasure, and

Lo! I must out or die. Or out and die. Becket. And what hast thou to do with this

Fitzurse?

Resamund. Nothing. He sued my hand. I shook at him. He found me once alone. Nay-nay -I cannot

Tell you: my father drove him and his friends, De Tracy and De Brito, from our

castle. I was but fourteen and an April then.

I heard him swear revenge. Becket. Why will you court it By self-exposure? flutter out at

night? Make it so hard to save a moth from the fire?

Rosamund. I have saved many of 'em. You catch 'em, so, Softly, and fling them out to the free

air. They burn themselves within-door. Becket. Our good John Must speed you to your bower at once. The child

Is there already. Yes—the child—the child-

O rare, a whole long day of open field. Becket. Ay, but you go disguised.
Rosamund. O rare again! We'll baffle them, I warrant. What shall it be?

I'll go as a nun.

No. Rosamund. What, not good enough Even to play at nun?

Dan John with a nun, Becket. That Map, and these new railers at the Church

May plaister his clean name with scurrilous rhymes !

Go like a monk, cowling and clouding That fatal star, thy Beauty, from the

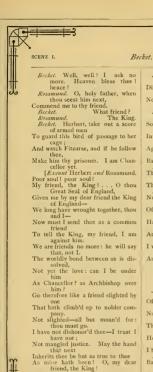
squint Of last and glare of malice. Good night! good night! Rosamund. Father, I am so tender

to all hardness!

Nay, father, first thy blessing. Wedded? Becket. Rosamund. Fatherl







O brother !- I may come to martyr-

martyr in myself already.— Herbert!

dom.

I am

Herbert (re-entering). My lord, the town is quiet, and the moon Divides the whole long street with light and shade, No footfall-no Fitzurse. We have seen her home. Becket. The hog hath tumbled himself into some corner, Some ditch, to snore away his drunkenness Into the sober headache,-Nature's moral Against excess. Let the Great Seal be sent Back to the King to-morrow. Herbert. Must that be? The King may rend the bearer limb from limb. Think on it again. Becket. Against the moral excess No physical ache, but failure it may Of all we aim'd at. John of Salisbury Hath often laid a cold hand on my heats And Herbert hath rebuked me even I will be wise and wary, not the soldier As Foliot swears it .- John, and out of breath! Enter JOHN OF SALISBURY. John of Salisbury. Thomas, thou wast not happy taking charge Of this wild Rosamund to please the King, Nor am 1 happy having charge of her-The included Danaë has escaped again Her tower, and her Acrisius-where to seek? I have been about the city. Becket. Back in her lodging. Go with herat once-

To-night-my men will guard you to the gates.

Be sweet to her, she has many en-

mies.



De Broc, De Tracy, De Brito, De Morville (passing).

Eleanor. To the Castle?

De Broc.

Ay!

Eleanor. Stir up the King, the

Lords!

Set all on fire against him!

De Brito. Ay, good Madam! [Excunt.
Eleanor. Fool! I will make thee

hateful to thy King.

Churl! I will have thee frighted into
France,

France,
And I shall live to trample on thy
grave.

SCENE III.—THE HALL IN NORTHAMPTON CASTLE.

On one side of the stage the doors of an inner Council-chamber, half-spen. At the bottom, the great doors of the Hall. ROGER ARCHISTON, DON, HILARY OF CHENESTER, BISHOP OF HEREYORD, RICHARY OF CHENESTER, DE HALL GOOD OF THE REPORT, RICHARY OF CHENESTER, DE MARY OF THE STAGE OF

Enter BECKET and HERBERT OF BOSHAM.

Becket. Where is the King?
Roger of York. Gone hawking on
the Nene,

His heart so gall'd with thine ingratitude, He will not see thy face till thou hast

sign'd

These ancient laws and customs of

the realm.

Thy sending back the Great Seal madden'd him,

He all but pluck'd the bearer's eyes away.

Take heed, lest he destroy thee utterly.

Becket. Then shalt thou step into my place and sign. Roger of York. Didst thou not pro-

mise Henry to obey
These ancient laws and customs of

the realm?

Becket. Saving the honor of my order—ay.

Customs, traditions,—clouds that come and go; The customs of the Church are Peter's

rock.

Roger of York. Saving thine order!

But King Henry sware
That, saving his King's kingship, he
would grant thee

would grant thee
The crown itself. Saving thine order, Thomas,

der, Thomas,
Is black and white at once, and comes
to nought.

O bolster'd up with stubbornness and pride,

Wilt thou destroy the Church in fighting for it,

And bring us all to shame?

Becket. Roger of York,
When I and thou were youths in

Theobald's house,
Twice did thy malice and thy calum-

Exile me from the face of Theobald.

Now I am Canterbury and thou art

York.

Roger of York. And is not York the peer of Canterbury? Did not Great Gregory bid St. Austin

here Found two archbishoprics, London

and Vork?

Becket. What came of that? The first archbishop fled,
And Vork lay barren for a hundred

And York lay barren for a hundred years. Why, by this rule, Foliot may claim

For London too.

Foliet. And with good reason too,
For London had a temple and a

For London had a temple and a priest

When Canterbury hardly bore a









Becket.

The semblance of defeat: I have heard him say He means no more; so if thou sign,

my lord, That were but as the shadow of an

assent.

Becket. 'Twould seem too like the substance, if I sign'd.

My lord, Philip de Eleemosyna. thine ear! I have the ear of

the Pope. As thou hast honor for the Pope our master,

Have pity on him, sorely prest upon By the fierce Emperor and his Anti-

Thou knowest he was forced to fly to

France; He pray'd me to pray thee to pacify Thy King; for if thou go against thy

Then must be likewise go against thy King And then thy King might join the An-

tipope, And that would shake the Papacy as it stands.

Besides, thy King swore to our cardinals He meant no harm nor damage to the

Church. Smoothe thou his pride-thy signing is but form; Nay, and should harm come of it, it is

the Pope Will be to blame-not thou. Over and over

He told me thou shouldst pacify the King, Lest there be battle between Heaven and Earth,

And Earth should get the better-for the time. Cannot the Pope absolve thee if thou

sign? Have I the orders of the

Holy Father? Philip de Elcemosyna, Orders, my lord-why, no; for what am I? secret whisper of the Holy

Thou, that hast been a statesman, couldst thon always

Becket. The crown? Shall I do less for Canterbury Than Henry for the crown? King

Stephen gave Many of the crown lands to those that helpt him;

So did Matilda, the King's mother. Mark. When Henry came into his own

again, Then he took back not only Stephen's

gifts, But his own mother's, lest the crown should be

Shorn of ancestral splendor. This did Henry. Shall I do less for mine own Canter-

bury? And thou, De Broc, that holdest Saltwood Castle-

De Broc. And mean to hold it. or-Becket. To have my life.

De Broc. The King is quick to anger; if thon anger him, We wait but the King's word to

strike thee dead Becket. Strike, and I die the death of martyrdom;

Strike, and ye set these customs by my death

Ringing their own death-knell thro' all the realm. Herbert. And I can tell you, lords,

ye are all as like To lodge a fear in Thomas Becket's

As find a hare's form in a lion's John of Oxford. Av, sheathe your

swords, ye will displease the King. De Broc. Why down then thou!

but an he come to Saltwood, By God's death, thou shalt stick him like a calf!

[Sheathing his sword. Hilary. O my good lord, I do entreat thee-sign Save the King's honor here before his

barons. He hath sworn that thou shouldst sign, and now but shuns





Blurt thy free mind to the air? . Becket. If Rome be feeble, then should I be firm.

Philip. Take it not that way-balk not the Pope's will. When he hath shaken off the Fm-

peror. He heads the Church against the King with thee.

Richard de Hastings (knecling). Becket, I am the oldest of the

I knew thy father: he would be mine

age Had he lived now; think of me as thy father!

Behold thy father kneeling to thee, Becket. Submit; I promise thee on my salva-

tion That thou wilt hear no more o' the

customs. Becket. What! Hath Henry told thee? hast thou

talk'd with him? Another Templar (kneeling). Father, I am the youngest of the Temp-

Look on me as I were thy bodily son. For, like a son, I lift my hands to

thee.

Philip. Wilt thou hold out for ever, Thomas Becket?

Dost thou not hear? Becket (signs). Why-there then-

there-I sign. And swear to obey the customs. Foliat Is it thy will.

My lord Archbishop, that we too Becket. O ay, by that canonical obedience

Thou still hast owed thy father, Gilbert Foliot.

and with good faith, my lord Archbishop Becket. O ay, with all that loyalty and good faith

Thou still hast shown thy primate,

Gilbert Foliot.

[Becket draws apart with Herbert. Herbert, Herbert, have I betray'd the

I'll have the paper back-blot out my name. Herhert

Too late, my lord: you see they are signing there. Becket. False to myself-it is the

will of God To break me, prove me nothing of

myself! This Almoner hath tasted Henry's

The cardinals have finger'd Henry's

gold. And Rome is venal ev'n to rottenness. I see it. I see it.

I am no soldier, as he said-at least No leader. Herbert, till I hear from

the Pone I will suspend myself from all my functions.

If fast and prayer, the lacerating scourge-

Foliot (from the table). My lord Archbishop, thou hast yet to seal.

Becket. First, Foliot, let me see what I have sign'd. [Goes to the table.

What, this ! and this !-what ! new and old together!

Seal? If a seraph shouted from the sun. And bad me seal against the rights of the Church,

I would anathematize him. I will not seal. Exit with Herbert.

Enter KING HENRY

Henry. Where's Thomas? hath he sign'd? show me the papers! Sign'd and not seal'd! How's that? John of Oxford. He would not seal.

And when he sign'd, his face was stormy-red Shame, wrath, I know not what. He

sat down there And dropt it in his hands, and then a

Like the wan twilight after sunset, crept

Up even to the tonsure, and he

'False to myself! It is the will of God!'

Henry, God's will be what it will.

the man shall seal,
Or I will seal his doom. My burgher's

Nay, if I cannot break him as the prelate,

I'll crush him as the subject. Send for him back.

[Sits on his throne.

Barons and bishops of our realm of England,

After the nineteen winters of King Stephen— A reign which was no reign, when

none could sit

By his own hearth in peace; when
murder common

murder common As nature's death, like Egypt's plague, had fill'd

All things with blood; when every doorway blush'd,

Dash'd red with that unhallow'd passover; When every baron ground his blade

in blood;
The household dough was kneaded

up with blood; The millwheel turn'd in blood; the

wholesome plow Lay rusting in the furrow's yellow

weeds,
Till famine dwarft the race—I came,
your King!

Nor dwelt alone, like a soft lord of the East, In mine own hall, and sucking thro'

fools' ears
The flatteries of corruption—went

abroad
Thro' all my counties, spied my peo-

ple's ways: Yea, heard the churl against the baron—yea,

And did him justice; sat in mine own courts Judging my judges, that had found a King

Who ranged confusions, made the twilight day,

And struck a shape from out the vague, and law

From madness. And the event--our fallows till'd,

Much corn, repeopled towns, a realm again.

So far my course, albeit not glassysmooth, Had prosper'd in the main, but sud-

denly

Jarr'd on this rock. A cleric violated
The daughter of his host, and mur-

The daughter of his host, and murder'd him. Bishops—York, London, Chichester,

Westminster— Ye haled this tonsured devil into

your courts;
But since your canon will not let you take

Life for a life, ye but degraded him Where I had hang'd him. What doth hard murder care

For degradation? and that made me muse, Being bounden by my coronation

oath
To do men justice. Look to it, your

own selves!
Say that a cleric murder'd an archbishop,

What could ye do? Degrade, imprison him— Not death for death.

John of Oxford. But I, my liege, could swear, To death for death.

Henry. And, looking thro' my reign, I found a hundred ghastly murders

done
By men, the scum and offal of the
Church;

Then, glancing thro' the story of this realm,
I came on certain wholesome usages,

Lost in desuetude, of my grandsire's day, Good royal customs—had them writ-

For John of Oxford here to read to you. John of Oxford. And I can easily

ten fair

fohn of Oxford. And I can easily swear to these as being The King's will and God's will and justice; yet





I could but read a part to-day, because Fitzurse. Because my lord of Canterbury-

De Tracy. Av.

This Lord of Canterbury

De Brito. Ás is his wont Too much of late whene'er your royal rights

Are mooted in our councils-Fitzurse. -made an uproar.

And Becket had my bosom Henry. on all this;

If ever man by bonds of grateful-I raised him from the puddle of the

gutter, I made him porcelain from the clay

of the city-Thought that I knew him, err'd thro' love of him,

Hoped, were he chosen archbishop, Church and Crown,

Two sisters gliding in an equal dance. Two rivers gently flowing side by

side-But no

The bird that moults sings the same song again

The snake that sloughs comes out a

snake again. Snake-ay, but he that lookt a fangless one,

Issues a venomous adder. For he, when having dofft the Chan-

Flung the Great Seal of England in my face-

Claim'd some of our crown lands for Canterbury-My comrade, boon companion, my

co-reveller. The master of his master, the King's

king .-God's eyes! I had meant to make him all but king

Chancellor-Archbishop, he might well have sway'd

All England under Henry, the young King,

When I was hence. What did the traitor say?

False to himself, but ten-fold false to The will of God-why, then it is my

will-

Is he coming? Messenger (entering). With a crowd

of worshippers, And holds his cross before him thro' the crowd.

As one that puts himself in sanctuary.

Henry. His cross!

Roger of York. His cross! I'll
front him, cross to cross.

[Exit Roger of York.

Henry. His cross ! it is the traitor that imputes

Treachery to his King! It is not safe for me to look upon him.

Away-with me! Goes in with his Barons to the Council-Chamber, the door of which is left open.

Enter BECKET, holding his cross of silver before him. The BISHOPS come round him.

Hereford. The King will not abide thee with thy cross. Permit me, my good lord, to bear it

Being thy chaplain.

Becket. No: it must protect me.

Herbert. As once he bore the standard of the Angles, So now he bears the standard of the

angels. Foliot. I am the Dean of the prov-

ince : let me bear it. Make not thy King a traitorous murderer

Becket. Did not your barons draw their swords against me?

Enter ROGER OF YORK, with his cross, advancing to BECKET.

Becket. Wherefore dost thou presume to bear thy cross,

Against the solemn ordinance from Rome,

Out of thy province?

Roger of York.

Why dost thou



Arm'd with thy cross, to come before the King?

If Canterbury bring his cross to court,

SCENE III.

Let York bear his to mate with Can-

Foliot (seizing hold of Becket's cross). Nay, nay, my lord, thou must not brave the King.

Nay, let me have it. I will have it! Becket. Away! Flinging him off.

Foliot. He fasts, they say, this mitred Hercules! He fast! is that an arm of fast? My

lord. Hadst thou not sign'd, I had gone

along with thee; But thou the shepherd hast betray'd

And thou art perjured, and thou wilt not seal.

As Chancellor thou wast against the Now as Archbishop goest against the

King; For, like a fool, thou knowest no mid-

die way. Ay, ay ' but art thou stronger than the King?

Becket. Strong-not in mine own self, but Heaven; true To either function, holding it; and

thou Fast, scourge thyself, and mortify thy flesh.

spirit-thou remainest Gilbert

A worldly follower of the worldly strong. I, bearing this great ensign, make it

clear Under what Prince I fight.

My lord of York. Let us go into the Council, where our And our great lords will sit in judg-

ment on him. Becket. Sons sit in judgment on

their father !- then The spire of Holy Church may prick

the graves-Her crypt among the stars. Sign? seal? I promised The King to obey these customs, not yel written, Saving mine order; true too, that

when written I sign'd them-being a fool, as Foliot

call'd me. I hold not by my signing. Get ye

hence.

Tell what I say to the King.

[Exeunt Hereford, Foliot, and other Bishops. The Church will Roger of York.

hate thee. Becket. Serve my best friend and make him my worst foe;

Fight for the Church, and set the Church against me!

Herbert. To be honest is to set all knaves against thee.

Ah! Thomas, excommunicate them I cannot

brook the turmoil thou hast I would, my lord Thomas of Canter-

bury, Thou wert plain Thomas and not

Canterbury. Or that thou wouldst deliver Canter-

bury To our King's hands again, and be at

peace. Hilary (re-entering). For hath not thine ambition set the Church This day between the hammer and the

anvil-Fealty to the King, obedience to thyself?

Herbert. What say the bishops? Some have pleaded for him,

But the King rages-most are with the King; And some are reeds, that one time

sway to the current. And to the wind another. But we

Thou art foresworn; and no foresworn Archbishop

Shall helm the Church. We therefore place ourselves

Under the shield and safeguard of the





And cite thee to appear before the And answer thine accusers.

Art thou deaf? I hear you. [Clash of Rachat

arms. Hilary. Dost thou hear those others?

Becket. Roger of York (re-entering). The King's 'God's eyes! come

now so thick and fast, We fear that we may reave thee of thine own.

Come on, come on! it is not fit for us To see the proud Archbishop mutilated.

Say that he blind thee and tear out thy tongue.

Becket. So be it. He begins at top with me:

They crucified St. Peter downward. Roger of York. But for their sake who stagger be-

twixt thine Appeal, and Henry's anger, yield.

Becket. Hence, Satan! [Exit Roger of York. Fitzurse (re-entering). My lord,

the King demands three hundred marks, Due from his castles of Berkham-

stead and Eve When thou thereof wast warden.

Tell the King I spent thrice that in fortifying his castles.

De Tracy (re-entering). My lord, the King demands seven hundred marks,

Lent at the siege of Thoulouse by the King Becket. I led seven hundred

knights and fought his wars. Brito (re-entering). My lord, the King demands five hundred marks.

Advanced thee at his instance by the

For which the King was bound security.

Becket. I thought it was a gift; I

thought it was a gift.

Enter LORD LEICESTER (followed

My lord, I come unwillingly. The King

Demands a strict account of all those revenues

From all the vacant sees and abba-

Which came into thy hands when Chancellor. Becket. How much might that amount to, my lord Leicester?

Leicester. Some thirty-forty thousand silver marks.

Becket. Are these your customs?
O my good lold Leicester,
The King and I were brothers. All I

I lavish'd for the glory of the King; I shone from him, for him, his glory,

Reflection: now the glory of the

Hath swallow'd up the glory of the King;

I am his no more, but hers. Grant me one day

To ponder these demands, Leicester. Hear first thy sentence ! The King and all his lords Becket. Son, first hear me!

Leicester. Nay, nay, canst thou, that holdest thine estates In fee and barony of the King, de-

cline The judgment of the King? Becket. The King! I hold

Nothing in fee and barony of the King. Whatever the Church owns-she

holds it in Free and perpetual alms, unsubject

One earthly sceptre. Leicester. Nay, but hear thy judgment.

The King and all his barons-Becket. Judgment! Barons! Who but the bridegroom dares to

judge the bride. Or he the bridegroom may appoint?

Not he





Becket.

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That is not of the house, but from the street Stain'd with the mire thereof.

I had been so true
To Henry and mine office that the
King

Would throne me in the great Archbishopric: And I, that knew mine own infirmity,

And I, that knew mine own infirmity, For the King's pleasure rather than God's cause

Took it upon me—err'd thro' love of him. Now therefore God from me with-

Now therefore God from me withdraws Himself, And the King too. What! forty thousand marks!

What! torty thousand marks!
Why thou, the King, the Pope, the
Saints, the world,

Know that when made Archbishop I was freed,

Before the Prince and chief Justiciary, From every bond and debt and obligation

Incurr'd as Chancellor.

Hear me, son. As gold Outvalues dross, light darkness, Abel

Cain,
The soul the body, and the Church
the Throne,

I charge thee, upon pain of mine anathema,

That thou obey, not me, but God in me,
Rather than Henry. I refuse to stand
By the King's censure, make my cry

to the Pope,
By whom I will be judged; refer myself,
The King, these customs, all the

Church, to him,
And under his authority—I depart.

[Going.
[Leicester looks at him doubtingly.

Am I a prisoner?

Leicester. By St. Lazarus, no!
I am confounded by thee. Go in

am confounded by thee. Go in peace.
De Broc. In peace now—but after.

Take that for earnest.

[Flings a bone at him from the rushes.

De Brita, Fitzurse, De Trucy, and others (flinging wisps of rushes). Ay, go in peace, catiff, catiff! And that too, perjured prelate—and that, turn-coat shaveling! There, there, there I traitor, traitor, traitor, traitor, traitor.

Herbert. Enough, my lord,

Becket. Barons of England and of Normandy, When what ye shake at doth but

When what ye shake at doth but seem to fly, True test of coward, ye follow with a

yell.
But I that threw the mightiest knight

of France,
Sir Engelram de Trie,
Herbert.
Enough, my lord.
Becket. More than enough. I

play the fool again.

Enter HERALD.

Herald. The King commands you, upon pain of death,

That none should wrong or injure your Archbishop. Foliot. Deal gently with the young

man Absalom.
[Great doors of the Hall at the back open, and discover a crowd, They shout:
Blessed is he that cometh in the name

of the Lord!

SCENE IV.—Refectory of the Monastery at Northampton.

A banquet on the Tables.

Enter Becket. Becket's Retain-

ERS.

1st Retainer. Do thou speak first.

2nd Retainer. Nay, thou! Nay, thou! Hast not thou drawn the short straw? 1st Retainer. My lord Archbishop,

wilt thou permit us—

Beeket. To speak without stam-

Beeket. To speak without star mering and like a free man? Ay.





1st Retainer. My lord, permit us then to leave thy service.

Becket When? 1st Retainer. Now. Becket. To-night?

1st Retainer. To-night, my lord.

Becket. And why? 1st Retainer. My lord, we leave

thee not without tears.

Tears? Why not stay

with me then? 1st Retainer. My lord, we cannot yield thee an answer altogether to thy satisfaction.

Becket. I warrant you, or your own either. Shall I find you one? The King hath frowned upon me.

1st Retainer. That is not altogether our answer, my lord.

Becket. No; yet all but all. Go, go! Ye have eaten of my dish and drunken of my cup for a dozen

1st Retainer. And so we have. We mean thee no wrong. Wilt thou not say, 'God bless you,' ere we go?

Becket. God bless you all! God

redden your pale blood! But mine is human-red; and when ye shall hear it is poured out upon earth, and see it mounting to Heaven, my God bless you, that seems sweet to you now, will blast and blind you like a curse.

1st Retainer. We hope not, my lord. Our humblest thanks for your blessing. Farewell!

[Exennt Retainers. Becket. Farewell, friends! farewell, swallows! I wrong the bird; she leaves only the nest she built, they leave the builder. Why? Am I to be murdered to-night?

[Knocking at the door. Attendant. Here is a missive left at the gate by one from the castle. Becket. Cornwall's hand or Leicester's: tney write marvellously alike.

Reading.

'Fly at once to France, to King Louis of France: there be those about our King who would have thy blood.'

Was not my lord of Leicester bidden to our supper?

Attendant. Av. my lord, and divers other earls and barons. But the hour is past, and our brother, Master Cook, he makes moan that all be a-getting

Becket. And I make my moan along with him. Cold after warm, winter after summer, and the golden leaves, these earls and barons, that clung to me, frosted off me by the first cold frown of the King. but look how the table steams, like a heathen altar; nay, like the altar at Jerusalem. Shall God's good gifts be wasted? None of them here! Call in the poor from the streets, and let them feast.

Herbert. That is the parable of

our blessed Lord. Becket. And why should not the parable of our blessed Lord be acted again? Call in the poor! Church is ever at variance with the kings, and ever at one with the poor. I marked a group of lazars in the marketplace-half-rag, half-sore-beggars, poor rogues (Heaven bless 'em) who never saw nor dreamed of such a banquet. I will amaze them. Call them in, I say. They shall henceforward be my earls and barons-our lords and masters in Christ Jesus. [Exit Herbert,

If the King hold his purpose, I am myself a beggar. Forty thousand marks! forty thousand devils-and these craven bishops!

A POOR MAN (entering) with his dog.

My lord Archbishop, may I come in with my poor friend, my dog? The King's verdurer caught him a-hunting in the forest, and cut off his paws. The dog followed his calling, my lord. I ha' carried him ever so many miles in my arms, and he licks my face and moans and cries out against the King. Becket. Better thy dog than thee. The King's courts would use thee worse than thy dog-they are too



bloody. Were the Church king, it would be otherwise. Poor beast! poor beast! set him down. I will bind up his wounds with my napkin. Give him a bone; give him a bone! Who misuses a dog would misuse a child—they cannot speak for themselves. Past help! his paws are past help. God help him!

Enter the Beggars (and seat themseives at the Tables). Becket and Herbert wait upon them.

1st Beggar. Swine, sheep, oxhere's a French supper. When thieves fall out, honest men—

and Beggar. Is the Archbishop a thief who gives thee thy supper? Ist Beggar. Well, then, how does it go? When honest men fall out.

thieves—no, it can't be that.

2nd Beggar. Who stole the widow's
one siting hen o' Sunday when she

one sitting hen o' Sunday, when she was at mass?

1st Beggar. Come, come! thou hadst thy share on her. Sitting hen! Our Lord Becket's our great sitting-hen cock, and we shouldn't ha' been sitting here if the barons and bishops hadn't been a-sitting on the Archbishop.

Becket. Ay, the princes sat in judgment against me, and the Lord hath prepared your table—Sederunt principes, ederunt fauperes. A Voice. Becket, beware of the

knife!

Becket. Who spoke? 3rd Beggar. Nobody, my lord. What's that, my lord?

Becket. Venison.
3rd Beggar. Venison?
Becket. Buck; deer, as you call it.
3rd Beggar. King's meat! By the
Lord, won't we pray for your lord-

Becket. And, my children, your prayers will do more for me in the day of peril that dawns darkly and drearily over the house of God—yea, and in the day of judgment also, than the swords of the craven sycophants

would have done had they remained true to me whose bread they have partaken. I must leave you to your banquet. Feed, feast, and be merry. Herbert, for the sake of the Church itself, if not for my own, I must fly to France to-night. Come with me.

[Exit with Herbert.]

3rd Beggar. Here—all of you—
my lord's health (they drink). Well
—if that isn't goodly wine—

1st Beggar. Then there isn't a goodly wench to serve him with it: they were fighting for her to-day in the street.

3rd Beggar. Peace!

1st Beggar. The black sheep baaed to the miller's ewe-lamb.

The miller's away for to-night.

Black sheep, quoth she, too black a sin for me.

And what said the black sheep, my masters?

We can make a black sin white.

3rd Beggar. Peace! 1st Beggar. 'Ewe lamb, ewe lamb, I am here by the dam.'

I am here by the dam.'
But the miller came home that night,

And so dusted his back with the meal in his sack,

That he made the black sheep

3rd Beggar. Be we not of the family? be we not a supping with the head of the family? be we not in my lord's own refractory? Out from among us; thou art our black sheep.

Enter the four KNIGHTS.

Fitzurse. Sheep, said he? And sheep without the shepherd, too. Where is my lord Archbishop? Thou the lustiest and lousiest of this Cain's brotherhood, answer.

3rd Beggar. With Cain's answer, my lord. Am I his keeper? Thou shouldst call him Cain, not me.

shouldst call him Cain, not me.

Fitzurse. So I do, for he would
murder his brother the State.

3rd Beggar (rising and advancing). No. my lord; but because the Lord



hath set his mark upon him that no man should murder him. Fitzurse. Where is he? where is he?

3rd Beggar. With Cain belike, in the land of Nod, or in the land of France for aught I know.

Fitzurse. France! Ha! De Morville, Tracy, Brito-fled is he? Cross swords all of you! swear to follow him! Remember the Oueen!

The four Knights cross their swords. De Brito. They mock us; he is here.

All the Beggars rise and advance upon them

Fitzurse. Come, you filthy knaves, let us pass.

3rd Beggar. Nay, my lord, let us pass, We be a going home after our supper in all humbleness, my lord; for the Archbishop loves humbleness, my lord; and though we be fifty to four, we daren't fight you with our crutches, my lord. There now, if thou hast not laid hands upon me ! and my fellows know that I am all one scale like a fish. I pray God I haven't given thee my leprosy, my lord.

Fitzurse shrinks from him and another presses upon De Brito. De Brito. Away, dog!

4th Beggar. And I was bit by a mad dog o' Friday, an' I be half dog already by this token, that tho' I can drink wine I cannot bide water, my lord; and I want to bite, I want to bite, and they do say the very breath catches

De Brito. Insolent clown. Shall I smite him with the edge of the sword? De Morville. No, nor with the flat of it either. Smite the shepherd and the sheep are scattered. Smite the sheep and the shepherd will excommunicate thee.

De Brito. Yet my fingers itch to beat him into nothing.

5th Beggar. So do mine, my lord. I was born with it, and sulphur won't bring it out o' me. But for all that Archbishop washed my feet o' Tuesday, He likes it, my lord,

6th Beggar. And see here, my lord,

this rag fro' the gangrene i' my leg. It's humbling—it smells o' human natur'. Wilt thou smell it, my lord? for the Archbishop likes the smell on it, my lord; for I be his lord and

master i' Christ, my lord.

De Morville. Faugh! we shall all be poisoned. Let us go.

[They draw back, Beggars following. 7th Beggar. My lord, I ha' three sisters a-dying at home o' the sweating sickness. They be dead while I be a-

supping. 8th Beggar. And I ha' nine darters i' the spital that be dead ten times o'er i' one day wi' the putrid fever; and I bring the taint on it along wi me, for the Archbishop likes it, my

Pressing upon the Knights till

they disappear thro't the door.

3rd Beggar. Crutches, and itches, and leprosies, and ulcers, and gangrenes, and running sores, praise ye the Lord, for to-night ye have saved our Archbishop!

1st Beggar. I'll g hain't half done yet. I'll go back again.

Herbert of Bosham (entering). My friends, the Archbishop bids you good night. He hath retired to rest, and being in great jeopardy of his life, he hath made his bed between the altars, from whence he sends me to bid you this night pray for him who hath fed you in the wilderness.

3rd Beggar. So we will-so we will, I warrant thee. Becket shall be king, and the Holy Father shall be king, and the world shall live by the King's venison and the bread o' the Lord, and there shall be no more poor for ever. Hurrah! Vive le Roy! That's the English of it.

ACT II.

SCENE I .- ROSAMUND'S BOWER

A Garden of Flowers. In the midst a bank of wild flowers with a bench be-



hear in the pine overhead?

2. No; but the voice of the deep as it hollows the cliffs of the land. 1. Is there a voice coming up with

the voice of the deep from the strand. One coming up with a song in the

flush of the glimmering red? 2. Love that is born of the deep com-

ing up with the sun from the 1. Love that can shape or can shatter

a life till the life shall have fled? 2. Nay, let us welcome him, Love that can lift up a life from the

dead 1. Keep him away from the lone little

isle. Let us be, let us be, 2. Nay, let him make it his own, let him reign in it-he, it is he,

Love that is born of the deep coming up with the sun from the sea.

Enter HENRY and ROSAMUND.

Rosamund. Be friends with him again-I do beseech thee. Henry, With Becket? I have but

one hour with thee-Sceptre and crozier clashing, and the

mitre Grappling the crown-and when I flee from this

For a gasp of freer air, a breathingwhile

To rest upon thy bosom and forget him-Why thou, my bird, thou pipest Becket, Becket-

Yea, thou my golden dream of Love's own bower,

Must be the nightmare breaking on my peace With ' Becket.

Rosamund. O my life's life, not to Is all but death to me. My sun, no

cloud!

first

I met thee.

Henry. Where was that? Rosamund. Forgetting that Forgets me too.

Nay, I remember it well. There on the moors.

Rosamund. And in a narrow path.

A plover flew before thee. Then I saw

Thy high black steed among the flaming furze, Like sudden night in the main glare of

day. And from that height something was

said to me I knew not what. I ask'd the way. Henry.

Rosamund. I think so. So I lost mine. Henry. Thou wast too shamed to

answer.

Rosamund. Too scared—so young! The rosebud of my Henry. rose!-

Well, well, no more of him-I have sent his folk.

His kin, all his belongings, overseas: Age, orphans, and babe-breasting mothers-all By hundreds to him-there to beg,

starve, die So that the fool King Louis feed

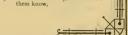
them not. The man shall feel that I can strike him yet.

Rosamund. Babes, orphans, mothers! is that royal. Sire? Henry. And I have been as royal

with the Church He shelter'd in the Abbey of Pontigny.

There wore his time studying the canon law To work it against me. But since he

My friends at Veselay, I have let





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That if they keep him longer as their 1 scatter all their cowls to all the hells.

Rosamund. And is that altogether royal? Henry.

Rosamund. A faithful traitress to thy royal fame.

Henry. Fame! what care I for fame? Spite, ignorance, envy, Yea, honesty too, paint her what way they will.

Fame of to-day is infamy to-morrow; Infamy of to-day is fame to-morrow; And round and round again. matters? Royal—

I mean to leave the royalty of my crown

Unlessen'd to mine heirs. Still-thy fame too: Rosamund. I say that should be royal.

And I say, I care not for thy saying.

And I say, Rosamund. I care not for thy saying. A greater

King Than thou art, Love, who cares not for the word,

Makes ' care not '-care. There have I spoken true?

Henry. Care dwell with me for ever, when I cease To care for thee as ever!

Rosamund. No need! no need!

There is a bench. Come, wilt thou sit? My bank

Of wild-flowers [he sits]. At thy feet ! I had them clear

A royal pleasaunce for thee, in the wood, leave these countryfolk at

court. Rosamund. I brought them In from the wood, and set them here.

I love them More than the garden flowers, that seem at most

Sweet guests, or foreign cousins, not half speaking

The language of the land. I love

them too.

Yes. But, my liege, I am sure, of all the roses-Shame fall on those who gave it a

dog's name This wild one (picking a briar-rose)-

nay, I shall not prick my-

Is sweetest. Do but smen:
Thou rose of the world! Thou rose of all the roses! [Muttering.

I am not worthy of her-this beastbody

That God has plunged my soul in-I, that taking The Fiend's advantage of a throne,

so long Have wander'd among women,—a fonl stream

Thro' fever-breeding levels,-at her side.

Anrong these happy dales, run clearer, drop
The mud I carried, like von brook,

and glass The faithful face of heaven-

[Looking at her, and unconsciously aloud, -thine! thine! I know it. Rosamund. Henry (muttering). Not hers. We have but one bond, her hate of Becket

Rosamund (half hearing). Nay! nay! what art thou muttering? I hate Becket?

Henry (muttering). A sane : ural loathing for a soul A sane and nat-Purer, and truer and nobler than her-

And mine a bitterer illegitimate hate, A bastard hate born of a former

Rosamund. My fault to name him! O let the hand of one

To whom thy voice is all her music, stay it But for a breath.

Puts her hand before his lips. Speak only of thy love. Why there-like some loud beggar at thy gate-

The happy boldness of this hand hath





Becket.

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Love's alms, thy kiss (looking at her hand)-Sacred! I'll kiss it too. [Kissing it.

There! wherefore dost thou so peruse it? Nav.

There may be crosses in my line of life. Henry. Not half her hand-no

hand to mate with her, If it should come to that

Rosamund. With her? with whom? Henry. Life on the hand is naked gypsy-stuff;

Life on the face, the brows-clear innocence!

Vein'd marble-not a furrow yet-and hers [Muttering. Crost and recrost, a venomous spider's

web-Rosamund (springing up). Out of the cloud, my Sun-out of the

eclipse Narrowing my golden hour! O Rosamund, Henry.

I would be true-would tell thee alland something

I had to say-I love thee none the less-

Which will so vex thee. Rosamund. Something against me?

Henry. No, no, against myself. I will not hear it. Rosamund. Come, come, mine hour! I bargain for mine hour.

I'll call thee little Geoffrey. Call him! Geoffrey l Rosamund.

Enter GEOFFREY.

Henry. How the boy grows! Rosamund. Ay, and his brows are thine:

The mouth is only Clifford, my dear father. Geoffrey. My liege, what hast thou

brought me? Henry. Venal imp! What say'st thou to the Chancellor-

ship of England? Geoffrey. O yes, my liege. Henry. 'O yes, my liege!' He As if it were a cake of gingerbread. Dost thou know, my boy, what it is to be Chancellor of England?

Geoffrey. Something good, or thou wouldst not give it me

Henry. It is, my boy, to side with the king when Chancellor, and then to be made Archbishop and go against the King who made him, and turn the

world upside down.

Geoffrey. I won't have it then.

Nay, but give it me, and I promise thee not to turn the world upside down.

Henry (giving him a ball). Here is a ball, my boy, thy world, to turn anyway and play with as thou wiltwhich is more than I can do with mine. Go try it, play. [Exit Geoffrey.

A pretty lusty boy. So like to thee: Rosamund. Like to be liker.

Henry. Not in my chin, I hope ! That threatens double

Rosamund. Thou art manlike Henry. Ay, ay, no doubt; and

were I humpt behind, Thou'dst say as much-the goodly way of women

Who love, for which I love them. May God grant No ill befall or him or thee when I

Am gone. Rosamund. Is he thy enemy. Henry. He? who? ay! Rosamund. Thine enemy knows the secret of my bower.

Henry, And I could tear him asunder with wild horses

Before he would betray it. Nay-no More like is he to excommunicate

me. Rosamund. And I would creep, crawl over knife-edge flint Barefoot, a hundred leagues, to stay

his hand Before he flash'd the bolt. And when he flash'd it Shrink from me, like a daughter of

the Church. Rosamund. Ay, but he will not.

speaks



Be yet within the field. John of Oxford. I will.

Ay! Ay! Mince and go back ! his politic Holiness

Hath all but climb'd the Roman perch again, And we shall hear him presently with

clapt wing Crow over Barbarossa-at last tongue-

free To blast my realms with excommuni-

cation And interdict. I must patch up a

peace-A piece in this long-tugged-at, threadbare-worn

Quarrel of Crown and Church-to rend again. His Holiness cannot steer straight

thro' shoals. Nor I. The citizen's heir hath con-

quer'd me For the moment. So we make our peace with him.

Enter Louis.

Brother of France, what shall be done with Becket? Louis. The holy Thomas! Brother, you have traffick'd

Between the Emperor and the Pope, between The Pope and Antipope-a perilous

game For men to play with God.

Henry. Ay, ay, good brother, They call you the Monk-King. Who calls me? she Louis. That was my wife, now yours? You have her Duchy,

The point you aim'd at, and pray God she prove True wife to you. You have had the

Henry. Come, confess, brother, You did your hest or worst to keep her Duchy.

Only the golden Leopard printed in

Such hold-fast claws that you perforce

Shrank into France. Tut, tut! did we convene

This conference but to babble of our wives? They are plagues enough in-door.

Louis We fought in the East, And felt the sun of Antioch scald our mail.

And push'd our lances into Saracen hearts. We never hounded on the State at

home To spoil the Church.

Henry. How should you see this rightly?

Louis. Well, well, no more! am proud of my 'Monk-King,' and, brother, Whoever named me

May rock, but will not wreck, nor our Archbishop

Stagger on the slope decks for any rough sea Blown by the breath of kings. We

do forgive you For aught you wrought against us.

[Henry holds up his hand. Nay, I pray you, end yourself. You will do Do not defend yourself.

much To rake out all old dying heats, if

At my requesting, will but look into The wrongs you did him, and restore his kin,

Reseat him on his throne of Canterbury,

Be, both, the friends you were. The friends we were! Henry. Co-mates we were, and had our sport together. Co-kings we were, and made the laws

together. The world had never seen the like

Von are too cold to know the fashion of it.

Well, we will be gentle with him, gracious—

Most gracious.



My regal rights. Yet, yet-that none

may dream go against God's honor-ay, or

In any reason, choose

were men

Defective or excessive, must we fol-

All that they overdid or underdid? Nay, if they were defective as St.



MAUD'S DWN LITTLE OAK-ROOM." Page 163.



Denying Christ, who yet defied the tyrant We hold by his defiance, not his de-

fect. O good son Louis, do not counsel me, No, to suppress God's honor for the

sake Of any king that breathes. No, God

forbid! Henry. No! God forbid! and turn

me Mussulman! No God but one, and Mahound is his prophet

But for your Christian, look you, you shall have

other God but me-me. None Thomas, son

Of Gilbert Becket, London merchant. Out! I hear no more. [Exit.

Louis. Our brother's anger puts him,

Poor man, beside himself-not wise. My lord.

We have claspt your cause, believing that our brother
Had wrong'd vou; but this day he

proffer'd peace. You will have war; and tho' we grant

the Church King over this world's kings, yet, my

good lord, We that are kings are something in this world,

And so we pray you, draw yourself from under

The wings of France. We shelter you no more. John of Oxford. I am glad that France hath scouted him at

last I told the Pope what manner of man he was. Roger of York. Yea, since he flouts

the will of either realm, Let either cast him away like a dead dog! [Exit. Foliot. Yea, let a stranger spoil his

heritage, And let another take his bishopric!

De Broc. Our castle, my lord, be-

I pray you come and take it. Fitzurse. When you will. Exit. Becket. Cursed be John of Oxford,

And Gilbert Foliot ! cursed those De

That hold our Saltwood Castle from

Cursed Fitzurse, and all the rest of them

That sow this hate between my lord and me!

Voices from the Crowd. Blessed be the Lord Archbishop, who hath withstood two Kings to their faces for the honor of God

Becket. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, praise! I thank you, sons; when kings but

hold by crowns, The crowd that hungers for a crown in Heaven

Is my true king. Herbert. Thy true King bad thee be A fisher of men; thou hast them in

thy net. Becket. I am too like the King here: both of us

Too headlong for our office. Better have been A fisherman at Bosham, my good

Herbert, Thy birthplace-the sea-creek-the petty rill

That falls into it-the green fieldthe gray church-

The simple lobster-basket, and the mesh-The more or less of daily labor

done-The pretty gaping bills in the homenest

Piping for bread-the daily want supplied-

The daily pleasure to supply it.

Herbert. Ah, Thomas, You had not borne it, no, not for a

day. Becket. Well, maybe, no, Herbert. But bear with Walter

Map, For here he comes to comment on the

time.

longs to Canterbury.

Roger of York, our see!

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Avarice, craft-O God, how many an Has left his bones upon the way to Rome Unwept, uncared for. Yea-on mine

own self The King had had no power except for Rome.

'Tis not the King who is guilty of

mine exile. But Rome, Rome, Rome!

Herbert. My Lord, I see this Louis Returning, ah! to drive thee from his realm.

Becket. He said as much before. Thou art no prophet,

Nor yet a prophet's son. Whatever he say, Deny not thou God's honor for a

king. The King looks troubled.

Re-enter KING LOUIS.

Louis. My dear lord Archbishop, I learn but now that those poor Poitevins.

That in thy cause were stirr'd against

King Henry, Have been, despite his kingly promise

To our own self of pardon, evilly used And put to pain. I have lost all trust in him.

The Church alone hath eves-and now I see That I was blind-suffer the phrase-

surrendering God's honor to the pleasure of a

man. Forgive me and absolve me, holy Knee

Becket. Son, I absolve thee in the name of God. Louis (rising). Return to Sens.

where we will care for you. The wine and wealth of all our France are yours

Rest in our realm, and be at peace with all. [Exeunt. Voices from the Crowd.

the good King Louis! God bless the great Archbishop!

Re-enter HENRY and JOHN OF OX-

Henry (looking after King Louis and Becket). Ay, there they goboth backs are turn'd to me-Why then I strike into my former

For England, crown young Henry there, and make Our waning Eleanor all but love me !

John. Thou hast served me heretofore with Rome-and wel

They call thee John the Swearer. John of Oxford. For this reason,

That, being ever duteous to the King, I evermore have sworn upon his side, And ever mean to do it.

Henry (class him on the shoulder). Honest John!

To Rome again! the storm begins again. Spare not thy tongue! be lavish with

our coins, Threaten our junction with the Em-peror-flatter

And fright the Pope-bribe all the Cardinals-leave

Lateran and Vatican in one dust of gold-Swear and unswear, state and mis-

state thy best! I go to have young Henry crown'd by York.

ACT III.

SCENE L-THE BOWER.

HENRY and ROSAMUND.

Henry. All that you say is just, I cannot answer it Till better times, when I shall put

away-Rosamund. What will you put away?

That which you ask me Till better times. Let it content you

now There is no woman that I love so well.





Under the rose! Bee mustn't buzz,

Kiss me, little one,

Nobody near!

Whoop-but he knows.

Grasshopper, grasshopper,

Whoop-you can hear,

no flower, not

none but you.

My Anjou bower was scarce as beau-

But you were oftener there. I have

The brook's voice is not yours, and



I ha' been but a week here and I ha' seen what I ha' seen, for to be sure it's no more than a week since our old Father Philip that has confessed our mother for twenty years, and she was hard put to it, and to speak truth, nigh at the end of our last crust, and that mouldy, and she cried out on him to put me forth in the world and to make me a woman of the world, and to win my own bread, whereupon he asked our mother if I could keep a quiet tongue i'my head, and not speak till I was spoke to, and I answered for myself that I never spoke more than was needed, and he told me he would advance me to the service of a great lady, and took me ever so far away, and gave me a great pat o' the cheek for a pretty wench, and said it was a pity to blindfold such eyes as mine, and such to be sure they be, but he blinded 'em for all that, and so brought me no-hows as I may say, and the more shame to him after his promise, into a garden and not into the world, and bad me whatever I saw not to speak one word, an' it 'ud be well for me in the end, for there were great ones who would look after me, and to be sure I ha' seen great ones to-day-and then not to speak one word, for that's the rule o' the garden, tho' to be sure if I had been the garden I shouldn't ha minded the apple, for what's an apple, you know, save to a child, and I'm no child, but more a woman o' the world than my lady here, and I ha' seen what I ha' seen—tho' to be sure if I hadn't minded it we should all on us ha' had to go, bless the Saints, wi' bare backs, but the backs 'ud ha' countenanced one another, and belike it 'ud ha' been always summer, and anyhow I am as well-shaped as my

Rosamund. What is it you mean?
Margery. I mean your goodman,
your husband, my lady, for I saw your ladyship a-parting wi' him even now i' the coppice, when I was a-getting o' bluebells for your ladyship's nose to smell on-and I ha' seen the King once at Oxford, and he's as like the King as fingernail to fingernail, and I thought at first it was the King, only you know the King's married, for. King Louis-

Rosamund. Married!

Margery. Years and years, my lady, for her husband, King Louis—

Rosamund. Hush! Margery. -And I thought if it were the King's brother he had a better bride than the King, for the people do say that his is bad beyond all reckoning, and-

Rosamund. The people lie.
Margery. Very like, my lady, but
most on em know an honest woman and a lady when they see her, and besides they say, she makes songs, and that's against her, for I never knew an honest woman that could make songs, tho' to be sure our mother 'ill sing me old songs by the hour, but then, God help her, she had 'em from her mother, and her mother from her mother back and back for ever so long, but none on 'em ever made songs, and they were all honest.

Rosamund. Go, you shall tell me of her some other time.

Margery. There's none so much to tell on her, my lady, only she kept the seventh commandment better than some I know on, or I couldn't look your ladyship i' the face, and she brew'd the best ale in all Glo'ster, that is to say in her time when she had the 'Crown.'

Rosamund. The crown! who? Margery, Mother,



Fitzurse. We have watch'd So long in vain, he hath pass'd out again,
And on the other side.

[A great horn winded. Hark! Madam!

Eleanor. Ay, How ghostly sounds that horn in the black wood!

Whither away, man? what are you

hying from? Countryman. The witch! the witch! she sits naked by a great heap of gold in the middle of the wood, and when the horn sounds she comes out as a wolf. Get you hence! a man passed in there to-day: I hollad to him, but he didn't hear mee; he'll not again the hitch has got him. I daen't stay—I daen't stay—I daen't stay—I daen't stay.

Eleanor. Kind of the witch to give thee warning tho'.

[Man flies.

Is not this wood-witch of the rustic's fear Our woodland Circe that hath witch'd

Our woodland Circe that hath witch'd the King?

[Horn sounded. Another flying. Fitzurse. Again! stay, fool, and tell me why thou fliest. Countryman. Fly thou too. The

Countryman. Fly thou too. The King keeps shis forest head of game here, and when that horn sounds, a score of wolf-dogs are let loose that will tear thee piecemeal. Linger not till the third horn. Fly! [Exit. Eleanor. This is the likelier tale. We have hit the place.

Now let the King's fine game look to itself. [Horn.

Fitzurse. Again!—
And far on in the dark heart of the

wood
I hear the yelping of the hounds of hell.

Eleanor. I have my dagger here to still their throats. Fitzurse. Nay, Madam, not tonight—the night is falling.

What can be done to-night?

Eleanor. Well-well-away.

SCENE III—Traitor's Meadow at Fréteval. Pavilions and Tents of the English and French Baronage.

BECKET and HERBERT OF BOSHAM.

Becket. See here!

Herbert. What's here?
Becket. A notice from the priest,
To whom our John of Salisbury committed

The secret of the bower, that our wolf-

Is prowling round the fold. I should be back

In England ev'n for this.

Herbert. These are by-things In the great cause.

Becket. The by-things of the Lord Are the wrong'd innocences that will cry

From all the hidden by-ways of the world In the great day against the wronger. I know

I know
Thy meaning. Perish she, I, all,
before

The Church should suffer wrong!

Herbert. Do you see, my lord,
There is the King talking with Walter Map?

Becket. He hath the Pope's last letters, and they threaten The immediate thunder-blast of inter-

dict: Yet he can scarce be touching upon

those,
Or scarce would smile that fashion.
Herbert. Winter sunshine!
Beware of opening out thy bosom to it.

Lest thou, myself, and all thy flock should catch An after ague-fit of trembling,

Look!

He bows, he bares his head, he is coming hither.

Still with a smile.

Enter King Henry and Walter







Henry. We have had so many hours together, Thomas, So many happy hours alone to-

gether, That I would speak with you once

more alone.

Becket. My liege, your will and happiness are mine. [Excunt King and Becket.

Herbert. The same smile still.
Walter Map. Do you see that great black cloud that hath come over the sun and cast us all into shadow?

Herbert. And feel it too. Walter Map. And see you you sidebeam that is forced from under it, and sets the church-tower over there all a-

hell-fire as it were.

Herbert. Ay. Walter Map. It is this black, bellsilencing, anti-marrying, burial-hindering interdict that hath squeezed out this side-smile upon Canterbury. whereof may come conflagration. Were I Thomas, I wouldn't trust it. Sudden change is a house on sand; and tho' I count Henry honest enough, yet when fear creeps in at the front, honesty steals out at the back, and the King at last is fairly scared by this cloud-this interdict. I have been more for the King than the Church in this matter-yea, even for the sake of the Church: for, truly, as the case stood, you had safelier have slain an archbishop than a she-goat: but our recoverer and upholder of customs hath in this crowning of young Henry by York and London so violated the immemorial usage of the Church, that, like the gravedigger's child I have heard of, trying to ring the bell, he hath half-hanged himself in the rope of the Church, or rather pulled all the Church with the Holy Father astride of it down upon his own head.

Were you there?

Walter Map. In the church rope? -no. I was at the crowning, for I have pleasure in the pleasure of crowds, and to read the faces of men

Herbert, And how did Roger of York comport himself?

Walter Map. As magnificently and archiepiscopally as our Thomas would have done: only there was a dare-devil in his eye-I should say a dare-Becket. He thought less of two kings than of one Roger the king of the occasion. Foliot is the holier man, perhaps the better. Once or twice there ran a twitch across his face as who should say what's to follow? but Salisbury was a calf cowed by Mother Church, and every now and then glancing about him like a thief at night when he hears a door open in the house and thinks 'the master.

Herbert. And the father-king? Walter Map. The father's eye was so tender it would have called a goose off the green, and once he strove to hide his face, like the Greek king when his daughter was sacrificed, but he thought better of it: it was but the sacrifice of a kingdom to his son, a smaller matter; but as to the young crownling himself, he looked so malapert in the eyes, that had I fathered him I had given him more of the rod than the sceptre. Then followed the thunder of the captains and the shouting, and so we came on to the banquet, from whence there puffed out such an incense of unctuosity into the nostrils of our Gods of Church and State, that Lucullus or Apicius might have sniffed it in their Hades of heathenism, so that the smell of their own roast had not come across

Herbert. Map, tho' you make your

butt too big, you overshoot it.

Walter Map. —For as to the fish, they de-miracled the miraculous draught, and might have sunk a

Herbert. There again, Goliasing and Goliathising!

Walter Map. -And as for the flesh at table, a whole Peter's sheet, with all manner of game, and fourfooted things, and fowls-





Herbert. And all manner of creeping things too?

Matter More.—Well, there were Watter More.—Well, they did not bring their women, and so we were dull enough at first, but in the end we flourished out into a mertiment; for the old King would act servitor and hand a dish to his son; whereupon my lord of Vork—his finecut face bowing and beaming with all that courtesy which hat hesologistic in it than the backward scrape of the clown's heel—great honor, says he, 'from the King's self to the King's son.' Did you hear the young King's quip?

to the King's son.' Did you hear the young King's quip?

Herbert. No, what was it?

Walter Map. Glancing at the days

when his father was only Earl of Anjou, he answered: - Should not an earl's son wait on a king's son? And when the cold corners of the King's mouth began to thaw, there was a great motion of laughter among us, part real, part childlike, to be freed from the dulness-part royal, for King and kingling both laughed, and so we could not but laugh, as by a royal necessity-part childlike again -when we felt we had laughed too long and could not stay ourselvesmany midriff-shaken even to tears, as springs gush out after earthquakesbut from those, as I said before, there may come a conflagration-tho', to keep the figure moist and make it hold water, I should say rather, the lacrymation of a lamentation: look if Thomas have not flung him-self at the King's feet. They have made it up again—for the moment.

Herbert. Thanks to the blessed Magdalen, whose day it is.

Re-enter HENRY and BECKET. (During their conference the BARONS and BISHOPS of FRANCE and ENGLAND come in at back of stage.)

Becket. Ay, King! for in thy kingdom, as thou knowest, The spouse of the Great King, thy King, hath fallenThe daughter of Zion lies beside the way— The priests of Baal tread her under-

foot—
The golden ornaments are stolen

The golden ornaments are stolen from her—

Henry. Have I not promised to

restore her, Thomas,
And send thee back again to Canterbury?

Becket. Send back again those exiles of my kin

Who wander famine-wasted thro' the world.

Henry. Have I not promised, man, to send them back?

Becket. Yet one thing more. Thou

hast broken thro' the pales Of privilege, crowning thy young son by York,

London and Salisbury—not Canterbury.

Henry. York crown'd the Con-

queror—not Canterbury.

Becket. There was no Canterbury in William's time.

in William's time.

Henry. But Hereford, you know,
crown'd the first Henry.

Becket. But Anselm crown'd this Henry o'er again.

Henry. And thou shalt crown my Henry o'er again.

Becket. And is it then with thy good-will that I Proceed against thine evil council-

And hurl the dread ban of the Church on those Who made the second mitre play the

first,
And acted me?
Henry. Well, well, then—have thy

way!
It may be they were evil councillors.
What more, my lord Archbishop?

What more, Thomas?
I make thee full amends. Say all

thy say,
But blaze not out before the Frenchmen here.

Becket. More? Nothing, so thy promise be thy deed.







in salt? I trust not, for before God I promise you the King hath many more wolves than he can tame in his woods of England, and if it suit their purpose to howl for the King, and you still move against him, you may have no less than to die for it; but God and his free wind grant your lordship a happy home-return and the King's kiss of peace in Kent. Farewell! I must follow the King.

Herbert. Ay, and I warrant the customs. Did the King

Speak of the customs?

Becket. No!—to die for it— I live to die for it, I die to live for it. The State will die, the Church can never die.

The King's not like to die for that which dies;

But I must die for that which never dies.

It will be so-my visions in the Lord:

It must be so, my friend! the wolves of England Must murder her one shepherd, that

the sheep
May feed in peace. False figure, Map
would say.

Earth's falses are heaven's truths.

And when my voice Is martyr'd mute, and this man disappears,

That perfect trust may come again between us, And there, there, there, not here I

shall rejoice
To find my stray sheep back within

the fold.

The crowd are scattering, let us move away!

Exeunt.

ACT IV.

And thence to England.

SCENE I.—THE OUTSKIRTS O THE BOWER.

Geoffrey (coming out of the wood). Light again! light again! Margery? no, that's a finer thing there. How it glitters!

Eleanor (entering). Come to me,

little one. How camest thou hither?

Geoffrey. On my legs.

Eleanor. And mighty pretty legs

too. Thou art the prettiest child I ever saw. Wilt thou love me?

Geoffrey. No: I only love mother.

Geoffrey. No; I only love mother. Eleanor. Ay; and who is thy mother?

Geoffrey. They call her- But she lives secret, you see.

Eleanor. Why?
Geoffrey. Don't know why.

Eleanor. Ay, but some one comes to see her now and then. Who is he?

Geoffrey. Can't tell.

Eleanor. What does she call him? Geoffrey. My liege.

Eleanor. Pretty one, how camest thou?

Geoffrey. There was a bit of yellow silk here and there, and it looked pretty like a glowworm, and I thought if I followed it I should find the fairies.

Eleanor. I am the fairy, pretty one, a good fairy to thy mother. Take me to her.

Geoffrey. There are good fairies and bad fairies, and sometimes she cries, and can't sleep sound o' nights because of the bad fairies.

Elconor. She shall cry no more; she shall sleep sound enough if thou wilt take me to her. I am her good fairy.

Geoffrey. But you don't look like a good fairy. Mother does. You are not pretty, like mother.

Eleanor. We can't all of us be as pretty as thou art—[aside] little bastard. Come, here is a golden chain I will give thee if thou wilt lead me to thy mother.

Geoffrey. No-no gold. Mother says gold spoils all. Love is the only gold.

Eleanor. I love thy mother, my pretty boy. Show me where thou camest out of the wood.



Dukei.

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Rosamund. Help! help! Eleanor. They say that walls have ears; but these, it seems, Have none! and I have none—to

SCENE II.

pity thee.

Rosamund. I do beseech you—my

child is so young,
So backward too; I cannot leave him
yet.

I am not so happy I could not die myself,

But the child is so young. You have children—his;
And mine is the King's child; so, if

you love him-Nay, if you love him, there is great

wrong done Somehow; but if you do not—there are those

Who say you do not love him—let me

With my young boy, and I will hide my face, Blacken and gipsyfy it; none shall

know me;
The King shall never hear of me

again,
But I will beg my bread along the

world With my young boy, and God will be our guide.

I never meant you harm in any way.

See, I can say no more.

Eleanor. Will you not say you are

Eleanor. Will you not say you are not married to him? Rosamund. Ay, Madam, I can say

it, if you will.

Eleanor. Then is thy pretty boy a
bastard?

bastard?
Rosamund.

No.
Eleanor. And thou thyself proven wanton?
Rosamund.

No.

I am none such. I never loved but one. I have heard of such that range from love to love.

Like the wild beast—if you can call it love.

Never knew any such, and howsoever You do misname me, match'd with any such, I am snow to mud.

Eleanor. The more the pity then
That thy true home—the heavens—
cry out for thee

Who art too pure for earth.

Enter FITZURSE.

Fitzurse. Give her to me. Eleanor. The Judas-lover of our passion-play Hath track'd us hither.

Fitzurse. Well, why not? I fol-

You and the child: he babbled all the way.

Give her to me to make my honey-

Eleanor. Ay, as the bears love honey. Could you keep her Indungeon'd from one whisper of the

wind,
Dark even from a side glance of the
moon,

And oublietted in the centre—No!

I follow out my hate and thy revenge.

Fitzurse. You bad me take revenge

another way—
To bring her to the dust. . . Come
with me, love,

And I will love thee. . . . Madam, let her live.

I have a far-off burrow where the King Would miss her and for ever.

Eleanor. How sayst thou, sweetheart? Wilt thou go with him? he will marry

Rosamund. Give me the poison; set me free of him!

[Eleanor offers the vial No, no! I will not have it. Eleanor. Then this other,

The wiser choice, because my sleeping-draught

I have leard of such—yea, even among those
Who sit on thrones—I never saw any such.

I have leard of such—yea, even among those
Who sit on thrones—I never saw any such.

Thy body loathsome even to the child;

His village darling in some lewd caress Has wheedled it off the King's neck to her own. By thy leave, beauty. Ay, the same!

I warrant Thou hast sworn on this my cross a hundred times

Never to leave him—and that merits death, False oath on holy cross—for thou

must leave him
To-day, but not quite yet. My good
Fitzurse,

The running down the chase is kindlier sport Ev'n than the death. Who knows

but that thy lover May plead so pitifully, that I may spare thee?

Come hither, man stand there. (To-Rosamund) Take thy one chance; Nay, ev'n the accursed heathen Saladdeen—

Strike!
I challenge thee to meet me before

Answer me there.

Eleanor (raising the dagger). This in thy bosom, fool,
And after in thy bastard's!

Enter Becket from behind. Catches hold of her arm.

Becket. Murderess! [The dagger falls: they stare at one another. After a pause. Eleanor. My lord, we know you proud of your fine hand, But having now admired it long

enough,
We find that it is mightier than it

At least mine own is frailer: you are laming it.

Becket. And lamed and maim'd to dislocation, better Than raised to take a life which

Henry bad me Guard from the stroke that dooms

thee after death To wail in deathless flame.

Eleanor. Nor you, nor I Have now to learn, my lord, that our good Henry

Says many a thing in sudden heats, which he Gainsays by next sunrising-often

ready To tear himself for having said as

much. My lord, Fitzurse-

Becket. He too! what dost thou here?

Dares the bear slouch into the lion's den?

One downward plunge of his paw would rend away Eyesight and manhood, life itself,

from thee. Go, lest I blast thee with anathema, And make thee a world's horror.

My lord, I shall Fitourse. Remember this.

Becket. I do remember thee; Lest I remember thee to the lion, go. [Exit Fitzurse. Take up your dagger; put it in the

sheath. Eleanor. Might not your courtesy stoop to hand it me?

But crowns must bow when mitres sit

Well-well-too costly to be left or [Picks up the dagger. lost. [Picks up the dagger, had it from an Arab soldan, who,

When I was there in Antioch, marvell'd at Our unfamiliar beauties of the west:

But wonder'd more at my much constancy To the monk-king, Louis, our former

burthen, From whom, as being too kin, you

know, my lord,

God's grace and Holy Church deliver'd us. I think, time given, I could have

talk'd him out of His ten wives into one. Look at the

What excellent workmanship. our poor west

We cannot do it so well. Becket.

We can do worse. Madam, I saw your dagger at her throat;

l heard your savage cry.

Eleanor, Well acted, was it?

A comedy meant to seem a tragedy-A feint, a farce. My honest lord, you are known

Thro' all the courts of Christendom as one

That mars a cause with over-vio-

You have wrong'd Fitzurse. I speak not of myself.

We thought to scare this minion of the King

Back from her churchless commerce with the King To the fond arms of her first love.

Fitzurse, Who swore to marry her. You have spoilt the farce

My savage cry? Why, she-she-

To work against her license for her good, Bark'd out at me such monstrous

charges, that The King himself, for love of his own

If hearing, would have spurn'd her; I menaced her with this, as when we

A yelper with a stick. Nav. I deny

That I was somewhat anger'd. Do you hear me?

Believe or no, I care not. You have lost The ear of the King. I have it. . . .

My Lord Paramount, Our great High-priest, will not your







Ev'n of that stale Church-bond which link'd me with him

To bear him kingly sons. I am not so sure But that I love him still. Thou as

much man!
No more of that; we will to France
and be

Beforehand with the King, and brew

This Godstow-Becket intermeddling such A strong hate-philtre as may madden

him—madden Against his priest beyond all hellebore.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—Castle in Normandy. King's Chamber.

HENRY, ROGER OF YORK, FOLIOT, JOCELYN OF SALISBURY.

Roger of York. Nay, nay, my liege, He rides abroad with armed followers, Hath broken all his promises to thyself

Cursed and anathematized us right and left, Stirr'd up a party there against your

son— Henry. Roger of York, you always

Even when you both were boys at Theobald's.

Roser of York. I always hated

Roger of York. I always hated boundless arrogance. In mine own cause I strove against

him there, And in thy cause I strive against him now.

Henry. I cannot think he moves against my son,

Knowing right well with what a tenderness He loved my son.

Roger of York. Before you made him king.

But Becket ever moves against a king. The Church is all—the crime to be a king. We trust your Royal Grace, lord of more land Than any crown in Europe, will not

yield
To lay your neck beneath your citi-

To lay your neck beneath your citizen's heel.

Henry. Not to a Gregory of my

throning! No.

Foliot. My royal liege, in aiming at your love,

at your love, It may be sometimes I have overshot My duties to our Holy Mother

Church,
Tho' all the world allows I fall no

Behind this Becket, rather go beyond In scourgings, macerations, mortifyings,

Fasts, disciplines that clear the spiritual eye,

And break the soul from earth. Let all that be. I boast not: but you know thro' all

this quarrel I still have cleaved to the crown, in

hope the crown Would cleave to me that but obey'd the crown,

Crowning your son; for which our loyal service,

And since we likewise swore to obey the customs,

York and myself, and our good Salisbury here,

Are push'd from out communion of the Church.

Jocelyn of Salisbury. Becket hath trodden on us like worms, my liege;

Trodden one half dead; one half, but half-alive, Cries to the King.

Henry (aside). Take care o' thyself, O King. Jocelyn of Salisbury. Being so

crush'd and so humiliated
We scarcely dare to bless the food
we eat

Because of Becket.

Henry. What would ye have me

Roger of York. Summon your barons; take their counsel; yet









Becket.

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Eleanor. I gave it you, and you your paramour; She sends it back, as being dead to earth.

So dead henceforth to you. Henry. Dead! you have murder'd

her, Found out her secret bower and mur-

der'd her. Eleanor. Your Becket knew the

secret of your bower. Henry (calling out). Ho there! thy

rest of life is hopeless prison. Eleanor. And what would my own Aquitaine say to that?

First, free thy captive from her hopeless prison.

O devil, can I free her Henry.

from the grave? Eleanor. You are too tragic: both of us are players

In such a comedy as our court of Provence Had laugh'd at. That's a delicate

Latin lay Of Walter Map: the lady holds the

cleric Lovelier than any soldier, his poor tonsure

A crown of Empire. Will you have it again? (Offering the cross. He dashes it

down.) St. Cupid, that is too irreverent. Then mine once more. (Puts it on.)

Your cleric hath your lady. Nay, what uncomely faces, could he see you!

Foam at the mouth because King Thomas, lord

Not only of vassals vour amours, Thro' chastest honor of the Deca-

Hath used the full authority of his Church To put her into Godstow nunnery

Henry. To put her into Godstow nunnery

He dared not-liar! yet, yet I remember-

I do remember.

He bad me put her into a nunnerv-

Into Godstow, into Hellstow, Devilstow!

The Church! the Church! God's eyes! I would the Church were down in hel! Eleanor. Aha!

Enter the four KNIGHTS.

Fitzurse. What made the King cry out so furiously?

Our Becket, who will not Eleanor absolve the Bishops,

I think ye four have cause to love this Becket. Fitzurse. 1 hate him for his inso-

lence to all. De Tracy. And I for all his inso-

lence to thee. De Brito. I hate him for I hate him is my reason.

And yet I hate him for a hypocrite. De Morville, I do not love him. for he did his best

To break the barons, and now braves the King Eleanor. Strike, then, at once, the King would have him-See!

Re-enter HENRY.

Henry. No man to love me, honor me, obev me ! Sluggards and fools!

The slave that eat my bread has kick'd his King!

The dog I cramm'd with dainties worried me! The fellow that on a lame jade came

to court, A ragged cloak for saddle-he, he, ĥe. To shake my throne, to push into my

chamber-My bed, where ev'n the slave is private-he-

I'll have her out again, he shall absolve The bishops-they but did my will-

not you-Sluggards and fools, why do you

stand and stare? You are no King's men-you-you-

vou are Becket's men.

Down with King Henry! up with the Archbishop! Will no man free me from this pestilent priest? [Exit.

[Ext.]
[The Knights draw their swords.
Eleanor. Are ye king's men? I
am king's woman, I.

am king's woman, I.

The Knights. King's men! King's men!

SCENE II.—A ROOM IN CANTER-BURY MONASTERY.

BECKET and JOHN OF SALISBURY.

Becket. York said so?

John of Salisbury. Yes: a man

may take good counsel
Ev'n from his foe.

Becket. York will say anything.
What is he saying now? gone to the
King

And taken our anathema with him. York!

Can the King de-anathematize this Vork?

John of Salisbury. Thomas, I

John of Salisbury. Thomas, I would thou hadst return'd to England,

Like some wise prince of this world from his wars,

With more of olive-branch and amnesty

For foes at home—thou hast raised

the world against thee.

Becket. Why, John, my kingdom

is not of this world.

John of Salisbury. If it were more
of this world it might be

More of the next. A policy of wise pardon

Wins here as well as there. To bless thine enemies—

Becket. Ay, mine, not Heaven's. John of Salisbury. And may there not be something

Of this world's leaven in thee too, when crying On Holy Church to thunder out her

rights
And thine own wrong so pitilessly?

Ah, Thomas,

The lightnings that we think are only Heaven's

Flash sometimes out of earth against the heavens.

The soldier, when he lets his whole self go

Lost in the common good, the com-

mon wrong,
Strikes truest ev'n for his own self.
I crave

Thy pardon-I have still thy leave to speak.

Thou hast waged God's war against the King; and yet We are self-uncertain creatures, and

we may, Yea, even when we know not, mix

our spites
And private hates with our defence of
Heaven.

Enter EDWARD GRIM.

Becket. Thou art but yesterday from Cambridge, Grim; What say ye there of Becket?

Grim. I believe him
The bravest in our roll of Primates

down
From Austin—there are some—for
there are men

Of canker'd judgment everywhere— Becket. Who hold With York, with York against me. Grim. Well, my lord,

A stranger monk desires access to you.

Becket. York against Canterbury,

York against God!

I am open to him. [Exit Grim.

Enter ROSAMUND as a Monk.

Rosamund. Can I speak with you Alone, my father? Becket. Come you to confess?

Rosamund. Not now.

Becket. Then speak; this

is my other self,
Who like my conscience never lets
me be.

Rosamund (throwing back the cowl).

I know him; our good John of Salisbury.

To plunge into this bitter world again— These wells of Marah. I am grieved,

my daughter.

I thought that I had made a peace for

thee.

Rosamund. Small peace was mine in my noviciate, father.

Thro' all closed doors a dreadful whisper crept

That thou wouldst excommunicate the King. I could not eat, sleep, pray: I had

with me
The monk's disguise thou gavest me
for my bower:

for my bower: I think our Abbess knew it and allow'd

I fled, and found thy name a charm to get me

Food, roof, and rest. I met a robber once,
I told him I was bound to see the

Archbishop;
'Pass on,' he said, and in thy name I pass'd

From house to house. In one a son stone-blind

Sat by his mother's hearth: he had gone too far

Into the King's own woods; and the poor mother, Soon as she learnt I was a friend of

thine,
Cried out against the cruelty of the

King.
I said it was the King's courts, not the King;

But she would not believe me, and she wish'd The Church were king: she had seen

the Archbishop once,
So mild, so kind. The people love
thee, father.

Becket. Alas! when I was Chan-

cellor to the King,
I fear I was as cruel as the King.
Rosamund. Cruel? Oh, no—it is
the law, not he;

The customs of the realm.

Becket. The customs! customs!

Rosamund. My lord, you have not excommunicated him? Oh, if you have, absolve him!

Becket. Daughter, daughter,
Deal not with things you know not.
Rasamund. I know him.

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Rosamund. I know him.
Then you have done it, and I call you cruel.

John of Salisbury. No, daughter, you mistake our good Archbishop; For once in France the King had

For once in France the King had been so harsh, He thought to excommunicate him—

Thomas, You could not—old affection master'd you.

You falter'd into tears.

Rosamund. God bless him for it.

Becket. Nay, make me not a woman, John of Salisbury, Nor make me traitor to my holy office. Did not a man's voice ring along the

'The King is sick and almost unto death.'

How could I excommunicate him then?

Rosamund. And wilt thou excommunicate him now?

Becket. Daughter, my time is short, I shall not do it. And were it longer—well—I should

not do it.

Rosamund. Thanks in this life,

and in the life to come.

Becket. Get thee back to thy nunnery with all haste;

Let this be thy last trespass. But one question— How fares thy pretty boy, the little Geoffrey?

No fever, cough, croup, sickness?

Rosamund. No, but saved
From all that by our solitude. The

plagues
That smite the city spare the solitudes.

Becket. God save him from all sickness of the sou!

sickness of the soul!

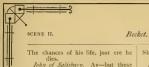
Thee too, thy solitude among thy nuns.

May that save thee! Doth he remember me?

him from all soul! de among thy







John of Salisbury. Ay-but these arm'd men-will you drown

yourself? He loses half the meed of martyrdom

Who will be martyr when he might escape.

Becket. What day of the week?

Tuesday? John of Salisbury. Tuesday, my lord.

Becket. On a Tuesday was I born, and on a Tuesday

Baptized; and on a Tuesday did I fly Forth from Northampton; on a Tuesday pass'd

From England into bitter banishment:

On a Tuesday at Pontigny came to me The ghostly warning of my martyr-

dom: On a Tuesday from mine exile I re-

turn'd. And on a Tuesday-

[Tracy enters, then Fitzurse, De Brito, and De Morville. Monks following

-on a Tuesday- Tracy! (A long silence broken by Fitzurse saying, contemptuously),

God help thee! John of Salisbury (aside). How the good Archbishop reddens! He never yet could brook the note of

scorn. Fitzurse. surse. My lord, we bring a mes-sage from the King

Beyond the water; will you have it alone.

Or with these listeners near you? Becket. As you will.

Fitzurse. Nay, as you will.

Becket. Nay, as you will. John of Salisbury. Why then Better perhaps to speak with them apart.

Let us withdraw [All go out except the four Knights

We are all alone with him.

cross-staff De Morville. No, look! the door is

open: let him be-Fitzurse. The King condemns your excommunicating-

Becket. This is no secret, but a public matter.

In here again! [John of Salisbury and Monks return

Now, sirs, the King's commands!

Fitzurse. The King beyond the water, thro' our voices,

Commands you to be dutiful and leal

To your young King on this side of the water, Not scorn him for the foibles of his

youth. What! you would make his coronation void

By cursing those who crown'd him, Out upon you! Becket. Reginald, all men know I

loved the Prince. His father gave him to my care, and I Became his second father: he had his

faults. For which I would have laid mine own life down

To help him from them, since indeed I loved him. And love him next after my lord his

father. Rather than dim the splendor of his

I fain would treble and quadruple it With revenues, realms, and golden provinces

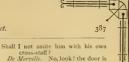
So that were done in equity. Fitzurse. You have broken Your bond of peace, your treaty with the King-Wakening such brawls and loud dis-

turbances In England, that he calls you oversea To answer for it in his Norman

courts. Becket. Prate not of bonds, for never, oh, never again

Shall the waste voice of the bondbreaking sea





Divide me from the mother church of My Canterbury. Loud disturbances! Oh, ay-the bells rang out even to

deafening, Organ and pipe, and dulcimer, chants

In all the churches, trumpets in the halls.

Sobs, laughter, cries: they spread their raiment down

Before me-would have made my pathway flowers, Save that it was mid-winter in the

street, But full mid-summer in those honest

hearts.

Fitzurse. The King commands you to absolve the bishops

Whom you have excommunicated, Becket. Not I, the Pope. Ask him for abso-

lution. Fitzurse. But you advised the

Pope. Becket. And so I did.

They have but to submit. The four Knights. The King commands you.

We are all King's men. Becket. King's men at least

should know That their own King closed with me

last Iuly That I should pass the censures of the

On those that crown'd young Henry in this realm.

And trampled on the rights of Cantherbury.

wrse. What! dare you charge
the King with treachery? Fitzurse.

He sanction thee to excommunicate The prelates whom he chose to crown

his son! Becket. I spake no word of treach-

ery, Reginald. But for the truth of this I make appeal

To all the archbishops, bishops, prelates, barons

Monks, knights, five hundred, that were there and heard.

Nay, you yourself were there: you heard yourself.

Fitzurse. I was not there.

Becket. I saw you there. Fitzurse. I was not. Becket. You were. I never forget

anything. ourse. He makes the King a

How long shall we forbear him? John of Salisbury (drawing Becket

O my good lord, Speak with them privately on this hereafter. You see they have been revelling, and

I fear Are braced and brazened up with Christmas wines

For any murderous brawl. Becket.

And yet they prate Of mine, my brawls, when those, that name themselves Of the King's part, have broken down

our barns. Wasted our diocese, outraged our ten-

ants. Lifted our produce, driven our clerics

ont-Why they, your friends, those ruffians,

the De Brocs, They stood on Dover beach to murder me,

They slew my stags in mine own manor here

Mutilated, poor brute, my sumpter-mule, Plunder'd the vessel full of Gascon

The old King's present, carried off

the casks, Kill'd half the crew, dungeon'd the other half In Pevensey Castle

De Morville. Why not rather then, If this be so, complain to your young

King, Not punish of your own authority?

Becket. Mine enemies barr'd all

access to the boy.

The knew he loved me Huga, Hugh, how proudly you exalt your head !





Becket.

yours-

stand

Rome,

Never again, and you-I marvel at

die

you-

De Brito. Ay, by St. Denis, now will he flame out, And lose his head as old St. Denis did.

Ye think to scare me from To God and to the Holy Father, Tho' all the swords in England flash'd above me Ready to fall at Henry's word or Tho' all the loud-lung'd trumpets upon earth Blared from the heights of all the thrones of her kings, Blowing the world against me, I would Clothed with the full authority of Mail'd in the perfect panoply of faith, First of the foremost of their files, who For God, to people heaven in the great day When God makes up his jewels. Once I fled—

380 Ye know what is between us. have sworn Yourselves my men when I was Chan-My vassals-and yet threaten your In his own house Knights. Nothing can be between That goes against our fealty to the King. Fitzurse. And in his name we charge you that ye keep This traitor from escaping. Becket. Rest you easy, For I am easy to keep. I shall not fly. Here, here, here will you find me. De Morville. Know you not You have spoken to the peril of your life ? Becket. As I shall speak again. Fitzurse, De Tracy, and De Brito. To arms! They rush out, De Morville lingers. Rechet De Morville, I had thought so well of you; and even now You seem the least assassin of the four. Oh, do not damn yourself for company ! Is it too late for me to save your soul? I pray you for one moment stay and speak. De Morville. Becket, it is too late. Is it too late? Too late on earth may be too soon in hell. Knights (in the distance). Close the great gate-ho, thereupon the town. Becket's Retainers. Shut the halldoors. A pause. Becket. You hear them, brother John; Why do you stand so silent, brother John?

John of Salisbury. For I was mus-

ing on an ancient saw,





Rechet

John of Salishury. We must not force the crown of martyrdom. Service stops. Monks come down from the stairs that lead to the

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Nay, drag me not. We must not seem to fly.

SCENE III -- NORTH TRANSEPT OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

On the right hand a flight of steps leading to the Choir, another flight on the left, leading to the North Aisle. Winter afternoon slowly darkening. Low thunder now and then of an approaching storm. Monks heard chanting the service. ROSAMUND

Rosamund. O blessed saint, O glorious Benedict,-These arm'd men in the city, these

fierce faces-Thy holy follower founded Canter-

bury-Save that dear head which now is

Canterbury, Save him, he saved my life, he saved

my child, Save him, his blood would darken Henry's name :

Save him till all as saintly as thyself

He miss the searching flame of purgatory, And pass at once perfect to Paradise.

Noise of steps and voices in the cloisters. Hark! Is it they? Coming! He

is not here-Not yet, thank heaven. O save him ! Goes up steps leading to choir.

Becket (entering, forced along by John of Salisbury and Grim). No, I tell you! I cannot bear a hand upon my person,

Why do you force me thus against my will?

Grim. My lord, we force you from

your enemies. Becket. As you would force a king from being crown'd.

castle Knock, and it shall be open'd. Are you deaf?

What, have I lost authority among you? Stand by, make way !

Opens the doors. Enter Monks from cloister.

Monks. Here is the great Arch-bishop! He lives! he lives! Die with him, and be glorified together. Becket. Together ?

you back! go on with the office Monks. Come, then, with us to

vespers. Becket. How can I come When you so block the entry? Back,

I say! Go on with the office. Shall not Heaven be served

Tho' earth's last earthquake clash'd the minster-bells,

And the great deeps were broken up again,

And hiss'd against the sun?

[Noise in the cloisters. The murderers, hark! Monks. Let us hide | let us hide ! What do these people Becket.

fear? Monks. Those arm'd men in the cloister.

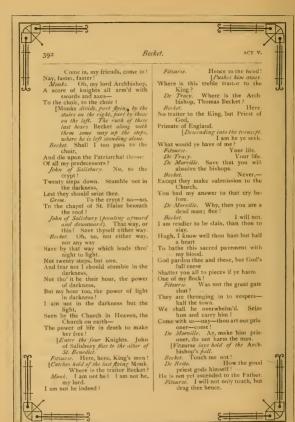
Becket. Be not such cravens! I will go out and meet them. Grim and others. Shut the doors! We will not have him slain before our

They close the doors of the transept. Knocking.

Fly, fly, my lord, before they burst the doors. [Knocking. Becket. Why, these are our own monks who follow'd us!

And will you bolt them out, and have them slain? Undo the doors: the church is not a





Becket. Thou art my than, thou art my vassal. Away!
[Flings him off till he reels, almost to folling.

Tracy (lays hold of the pall).
Come; as he said, thou art our

Bread Down!

[Throws him headlong.

Filence (advances with dreadlong.

sweed). I told thee that I smould remember thee!

Becket. Profligate pander!

Fitzurse. Do you hear that? strike, strike.

[Strikes off the Archbishop's

mitre, and wounds him in the forehead. Becket (covers his eyes with his

hand).

I do commend my cause to God, the
Virgin.

St. Denis of France and St. Alphege of England,

And all the tutelar Saints of Canterbury.

[Grim wraps his arms about the Archbishop.

Spare this defence, dear brother.
[Tracy has arisen, and approaches,

hesitatingly, with his sword raised.

Fitzurse. Strike him, Tracy!

Rosamund (rushing down steps from the choir). No, No, No,

No!
Fitzurse. This wanton here. De
Morville,

Hold her away.

De Morville. I hold her.
Rosamund (held back by De Morville,
and stretching out her arms).
Mercy, mercy,

As you would hope for mercy.

Fitzurse. Strike, I say.

Grim. O God, O noble knights, O

sacrilege
Strike our Archbishop in his own cathedral! The Pope, the King, will curse you the whole world Abhor you; ye will die the death of dogs!

Nay, nay, good Tracy.

Fitzurse. Answer not, but strike.

De Tracy. There is my answer

then.

[Sword falls on Grim's arm, and glauces from it, wounding Becket.

Grim. Mine arm is sever'd.

1 can no more—fight out the good fight—die

Conqueror.

[Staggers into the chapel of St. Benedict.

Becket (failing on his knees). At
the right hand of Power.

the right hand of Power—
Power and great glory—for thy
Church, O Lord—

Into Thy hands, O Lord—into Thy hands!— [Sinks prone. De Brito. This last to rid thee of a world of brawls! (Kill: him.)

The traitor's dead, and will arise no more.

Fitzurse. Nay, have we still'd

What! the great Archbishop!
Does he breathe? No?
De Tracy. No, Reginald, he is

dead, [Storm bursts.]

De Morville. Will the earth gape and swallow us?

De Brito. The deed's done—

[De Brito, De Tracv, Fitzurse, rush out, cryung 'King's men' ' De Morville follows slowly. Flashes of lightning thro' the Cathedral. Rosamund seen kneeling by the body of Becket.

¹ A tremendous thunderstorm actually broke over the Cathedral as the murderers were leaving it.



THE CUP:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GALATIANS

Synorix, an ex-Tetrarch. Sinnatus, a Tetrarch. Attendant. Boy.

Maid. PHŒBE.

Camma, wife of Sinnatus, afterwards
Priestess in the Temple of Artemis.

ROMANS.

Antonius, a Roman General.

Nobleman, Messenger.

ACT

SCENE I.-DISTANT VIEW OF A CITY OF GALATIA.

As the curtain vises, Priestesses are heard singing in the Temple. Bey discovered on a pathway among Rocks, picking grapes. A party of Roman Soldiers, gourding a primary and exemnt, come down the pathway and exemnt.

Enter Synorix (looking round). Singing ceases.

Synorix. Pine, beech and plane, oak, walnut, apricot, Vine, cypress, poplar, myrtle, bower-

ing-in
The city where she dwells. She past
me here

Three years ago when I was flying from My Tetrarchy to Rome. I almost

touch'd her—
\ maiden slowly moving on to music \\
\text{mong her maidens to this Temple—}

O Gods! She is my fate—else wherefore has my fate

Brought me again to her own city?—
inarried

Since—married Sinnatus, the Tetrarch here—

But if he be conspirator, Rome will chain,

Or slay him. I may trust to gain her then

When I shall have my tetrarchy restored

By Rome, our mistress, grateful that I show'd her

The weakness and the dissonance of our clans, And how to crush them easily.

And how to crush them easily. Wretched race! And once I wish'd to scourge them to

the bones. But in this narrow breathing-time of

life
Is vengeance for its own sake worth
the while,

If once our ends are gain'd? and now this cup—

I never felt such passion for a woman.

[Brings out a cup and scroll from under his cloak.

What have I written to her?

[Roading the scroll.]

*To the admired Camma, wife of Sinnatus, the Tetrarch, one who years ago, himself an adorer of our great ago, himself an adorer of our great worshipping in her Temple, and loved worshipping in her Temple, and loved from the burning of one of her shrines in a city thro' which he past with the Roman army: it is the cap we use in our marriages. Receive it from one who cannot at present write himself other than

'A GALATIAN SERVING BY FORCE IN THE ROMAN LEGION.' [Turns and looks up to Boy.







Boy, dost thou know the house of Sinnatus?

Boy. These grapes are for the house of Sinnatus—

Close to the Temple.

Synorix. Yonder?

Boy. Yes.
Synorix (aside). That I
With all my range of women should
yet shun

To meet her face to face at once!

My boy,

Boy comes down rocks to him.

Take thou this letter and this cup to Camma,

The wife of Sinnatus.

Boy. Going or gone to-day
To hunt with Sinnatus.

Synorix. That matters not.

Take thou this cup and leave it at her doors.

[Gives the cup and scroll to the Boy.

Boy. I will, my lord, [Takes his basket of grapes and exit.

Enter ANTONIUS.

Antonius (meeting the Boy as he goes out). Why, whither runs the boy? Is that the cup you rescued from the fire?

Synorix. I send it to the wife of Sinnatus, One half besotted in religious rites.

You come here with your soldiers to enforce
The long-withholden tril ute: you sus-

This Sinnatus of playing patriotism,

Which in your sense is tre: son. You have yet
No proof against him: now this pious

Is passport to their house, and open

To him who gave it; and once there
I warrant
I worm thro' all their windings.

Antonius. If you prosper,
Our Senate, wearied of their tetrarchies.

Their quarrels with themselves, their spites at Rome, Is like enough to cancel them, and

throne One king above them all, who shall be

true
To the Roman: and from what I

heard in Rome,
This tributary crown may fall to you.
Synorix. The king, the crown!
their talk in Rome? is it so?

[Antonius nods. Well—I shall serve Galatia taking it, And save her from herself, and be to

More faithful than a Roman.

[Turus and sees Camma coming. Stand aside; Stand aside; here she comes!

[Watching Camma as she enters with her Maid.

Camma (to Maid). Where is he, girl?

Maid. You know the waterfall
That in the summer keeps the moun-

That in the summer keeps the mountain side, But after rain o'erleaps a jutting rock And shoots three hundred feet.

nd shoots three hundred feet.

Camma. The stag is there?

Maid. Seen in the thicket at the
bottom there

But yester-even.

Camma. Good then, we will climb
The mountain opposite and watch the
chase.

[They descend the rocks and execut.
Synorix (watching her). (Aside.)
The bust of Juno and the brows and eyes

Of Venus; face and form unmatchable!

Antenus. Why do you look at her

Synorix. To see if years have

Antonius (sarcastically). Love her, do you? Synorix. I envied Sinnatus when

he married her.

Antonius. She knows it? Ha!

Synorix. She—no, nor ev'n my

Antonius. Nor Sinnatus either?

Synorix. No, nor Sinnatus.
Antonius. Hot-blooded! I have
heard them say in Rome,
That your own people cast you from

their bounds,

For some unprincely violence to a

woman,

As Rome did Tarquin.

Synorix. Well, if this were so
I here return like Tarquin—for a
crown.

Antonius. And may be foil'd like Tarquin, if you follow

Not the dry light of Rome's straightgoing policy,

But the fool-fire of love or lust, which well

May make you lose yourself, may

May make you lose yourself, may even drown you In the good regard of Rome.

Synorix. Tut—fear me not; I ever had my victories among women.

I am most true to Rome.

Antonius (aside). I hate the man! What filthy tools our Senate works with! Still

I must obey them. (Aloud.) Fare
you well. [Going.
Synorix. Farewell!
Antonius (stopping.) A moment!
If you track this Sinnatus

In any treason, I give you here an order [Produces a paper. To scize upon him. Let me sign it. (Signs it). There

'Antonius leader of the Roman Legion.'

[Hands the paper to Synorix.

Goes up pathway and exit.

Synorix. Woman again!—but I am wiser now.

No rushing on the game—the net, the net.

[Shouts of 'Sinnatus! Sinnatus!'

Then horn.

Looking off stage.] He comes, a
rough, bluff, simple-looking

fellow.

If we may judge the kernel by the husk,

Not one to keep a woman's fealty when

Assailed by Craft and Love, I'll joi with him:

I may reap something from himcome upon her

Again, perhaps, to-day—her. Who are with him?

I see no face that knows me. Shall I

risk it?
I am a Roman now, they dare not

touch me.

Enter Sinnatus, Huntsmen and hounds. Fair Sir, a happy day to

you!

You reck but little of the Roman here,
While you can take your pastime in

While you can take your pastime in the woods. Sinnatus. Ay, ay, why not? What

would you with me, man?

Synorix. I am a life-long lover of the chase,

And thro' a stranger fain would be allow'd

To join the hunt.

Sinnatus. Your name?

Synorix. Strato, my name.

Sinnatus. No Roman name?

Synorix. A Greek, my lord; you know
That we Galatians are both Greek and Gaul.

[Shouts and horns in the distance. Sinnatus. Hillo, the stag! (To Synorix.) What, you are all unfurnish'd?

Give him a bow and arrows—follow—follow.

[Exit, followed by Huntsmen. Synorix. Slowly but surely—till I see my way.

It is the one step in the dark beyond Our expectation, that amazes us. [Distant shouts and horns. Hillo! Hillo!

[Exit Synorix. Shouts and horns

SCENE II.—A ROOM IN THE TETRARCH'S HOUSE.

Frescoed figures on the walls. Evening. Moonlight outside. A couch with cushions on it. A small table with a flagon of wine, cups, plate of grapes, etc., also the cup of Scene I. A chair with drapery on it.

Camma enters, and opens curtains of

Camma. No Sinnatus yet—and there the rising moon. [Takes up a cithern and sits on couch. Plays and sings.

Moon on the field and the foam, Moon on the waste and the wold, Moon bring him home, bring him home Safe from the dark and the cold.

Home, sweet moon, bring him home, Home with the flock to the fold— Safe from the wolf—

(Listening.) Is he coming? I thought I heard A footstep. No not yet. They say that Rome

Sprang from a wolf. I fear my dear lord mixt

With some conspiracy against the wolf.

This mountain shepherd never

dream'd of Rome.
(Sings.) Safe from the wolf to the

And that great break of precipice that runs Thro' all the wood, where twenty

Thro' all the wood, where twenty years ago
Huntsman, and hound, and deer were

Nay, here he comes.

Enter Sinnatus followed by Synorix.

Sinnatus (angrily). 1 tell thee, my good fellow,

My arrow struck the stag.
Synorix. But was it so?
Nay, you were further off: besides the wind

Went with my arrow.

Sumutus. I am sure I struck him.

Synorix. And I am just as sure,
my lord, I struck him.

(Aside.) And I may strike your game

when you are gone.

Camma. Come, come, we will not quarrel about the stag.

I have had a weary day in watching

you. Yours must have been a wearier. Sit and eat,

And take a hunter's vengeance on the

meats.

Sinnatus. No, no—we have eaten—
we are heated. Wine!

Camma. Who is our guest?
Sinnatus. Strato he calls himself.

[Camma offers wine to Synorix, while Sinnatus helps himself. Sinnatus. I pledge you, Strato.

Synorix. And I you, my lord.
[Drinks.
Sinuatus (seeing the cup sent to

Sinnatus (seeing the cup sent to Camma). What's here? Camma. A strange gift sent to me to-day.

A sacred cup saved from a blazing shrine

Of our great Goddess, in some city where Antonius past. I had believed that

Rome
Made war upon the peoples not the
Gods.

Synorix. Most like the city rose against Antonius, Whereon he fired it, and the sacred

shrine

By chance was burnt along with it.

Sinnatus. Had you then

No message with the cup?

Camma. Why, yes, see here.

Gives him the scroll.

Sinnatus (reads). 'To the admired Canna,—beheld you afar off—loved you—sends you this cup—the cup we use in our marriages—cannot at present write himself other than

A GALATIAN SERVING BY FORCE IN THE ROMAN LEGION."

Serving by force! Were there no boughs to hang on,
Rivers to drown in? Serve by force?
No force

Could make me serve by force.

Synorix. Ilow then, my lord?









'QUEEN MAUD IN ALL HER SPLENDOUR." - Page 168.





In the full face of all the Roman camp?
A miracle that they let him home again,

Not caught, maim'd, blinded him.
[Camma shudders.
(Aside.) I have made her tremble.
(Aloud.) I know they mean to torture him to death.

I dare not tell him how I came to know it;

I durst not trust him with—my serving Rome To serve Galatia: you heard him on

the letter.

Not say as much? I all but said as much.

I am sure I told him that his plot

I am sure I told him that his plot was folly. I say it to you—you are wiser—Rome

knows all, But you know not the savagery of Rome.

Camma. O-have you power with Rome? use it for him! Synorix. Alas! I have no such

Synorix. Alas! I have no such power with Rome. All that lies with Antonius.

[As if struck by a sudden thought. Comes over to her.

He will pass to-morrow
In the gray dawn before the Temple
doors.

You have beauty,-O great beauty,and Antonius,

So gracious toward women, never yet Flung back a woman's prayer. Plead

to him, I am sure you will prevail.

Camma. Still—I should tell
My husband.
Synorix. Will he let you plead for

To a Roman?

Camma. I fear not

Synorix. Then do not tell him. Or tell him, if you will, when you return,

turn, When you have charm'd our general into mercy,

And all is safe again. O dearest lady,

[Murmurs of 'Synorix! Synorix!'
heard outside.
Think,—torture,—death,—and come.

Canma. I will, I will.
And I will not betray you.

Synorix (aside). (As Sinnatus

enters.) (As Sinnatus enters.) Stand apart.

Enter SINNATUS and ATTENDANT.

Sinnatus. Thou art that Synorix!

One whom thou hast wrong'd

One whom thou hast wrong'd Without there, knew thee with Antonius.

They howl for thee, to rend thee head from limb.

Synorix. I am much malign'd. I thought to serve Galatia.

Sinnatus. Serve thyself first, villain! They shall not harm My guest within my house. There! (points to door) there! this door Opens upon the forest! Out, begone!

Synorix. However I thank thee (draws his sword); thou hast saved my life.

saved my life. [Exit. Sinnatus. (To Attendant.) Return and tell them Synorix is not here. [Exit Attendant.] What did that villain Synorix say to

you?
Camma. Is he—that—Synorix?
Sinnatus. Wherefore should you doubt it?

doubt it?
One of the men there knew him.
Camma. Only one,
And he perhaps mistaken in the

face.

Sinnatus. Come, come, could he deny it? What did he say?

Camma. What should he say?

Sinnatus. What should he say, my wife!

He should say this, that being

Tetrarch once His own true people cast him from

rheir doors
Like a base coin.
Camma, Not kindly to them?

Sinnatus. Kindly of the most kindly Prince in all the world!

Would clap his honest citizens on the back, Bandy their own rude jests with them, be curious

About the welfare of their babes, their wives, () ay—their wives—their wives.

What should he say?
He should say nothing to my wife if

Were by to throttle him! He steep'd himself In all the lust of Rome. How should

you guess What manner of beast it is?

Camma. Vet he seem'd kindly, And said he loathed the cruelties that Rome

Wrought on her vassals.

Sinuatus. Did he, honest man?
Cumma. And you, that seldom
brook the stranger here,
Have let him hunt the stag with you

to-day.

Sinnatus. I warrant you now, he said he struck the stag.

Camma. Why no, he never touch'd upon the stag.

Sinnatus. Why so I said, my ar-

row. Well, to sleep. ... [Goes to close door. Camma. Nay, close not yet the

door upon a night
That looks half day.
Sinnatus. True; and my friends

may spy him And slav him as he runs.

Camma. He is gone already. th look,—yon grove upon the mountain,—white In the sweet moon as with a lovelier

In the sweet moon as with a lovelier snow! But what a blotch of blackness under-

neath! Sinnatus, you remember—yea, you must.

must,
That there three years ago—the vast
vine-bowers
Ran to the summit of the trees, and

dropt
Their streamers earthward, which a breeze of May

Took ever and anon, and open'd out

The purple zone of hill and heaven; there You told your love; and like the

swaying vines—
Yea,—with our eyes.—our hearts, our

prophet hopes
Let in the happy distance, and that

But cloudless heaven which we have found together In our three married years! You

kiss'd me there
For the first time. Sinnatus, kiss me

now.

Sinnatus. First kiss. (Kisses her.)

There then You talk almost

There then. You talk almost as if it Might be the last.

Camma. Will you not eat a little? Sinnatus. No, no, we found a goatherd's hut and shared

His fruits and milk. Liar! You will believe

Now that he never struck the stag—a brave one

Which you shall see to-morrow.

Camma. I rise to-morrow
In the gray dawn, and take this holy

To lodge it in the shrine of Artemis.

Sinnatus. Good!

Camma. If I be not back in half an hour,
Come after me.

Sinualus. What! is there danger?
Camma. Nay,
None that I know: 'tis' but a step
from here

To the Temple.

Sinnatus. All my brain is full of sleep.

Wake me before you go, I'll after you—
After me now! [Closes door and exit.

Camma (drawing curtains). Your shadow. Synorix—
His face was not malignant, and he

said
That men maligu'd him. Shall I go?
Shall I go?
Death, torture—

' He never yet flung back a woman's prayer'—



Camma. Too early to be here alone with thee; For whether men malign thy name, or

no,
It bears an evil savor among women.
Where is Antonius? (Loud.)

Synorix. Madam, as you know
The camp is half a league without the

city;
If you will walk with me we needs
must meet

Antonius coming, or at least shall find him There in the camp.

Camma. No, not one step with

Where is Antonius? (Louder.)

Synarix (advancing towards h

Synorix (advancing towards her).

Then for your own sake,
Lady, I say it with all gentleness,
And for the sake of Sinnatus your

husband, I must compel you.

Camma (drawing her dagger).

Stay!—too near is death.

Synorix (disarming her). Is it not easy to disarm a woman?

Enter SINNATUS (seizes him from behind by the throat).

Synorix (throttled and scarce audible), Rome! Rome!

Sinnatus. Adulterous dog l Synorix (stabbing him with Camma's dagger). What! will you have it? [Camma utters a cry and runs to Sinnatus.

Sinnatus (falls backward). I have it in my heart—to the Temple—fly— For my sake—or they seize on thee.

Remember | [Dics.
Away—farewell! [Dics.
Camma (runs up the steps into the
Temple, looking back). Fare-

well!

Synorix (seeing her escape). The women of the Temple drag her

in. Publius! Publius! No,

Antonius would not suffer me to break Into the sanctuary. She hath escaped.

[Looking down at Sinnatus.

Adultson, down's that red faced

'Adulterous dog!' that red-faced rage at me!
Then with one quick short stab—

eternal peace. So end all passions. Then what use

in passions?
To warm the cold bounds of our dying life

And, lest we freeze in mortal apathy, Employ us, heat us, quicken us, help us, keep us

From seeing all too near that urn, those ashes Which all must be. Well used, they

serve us well.

I heard a saying in Egypt, that ambi-

bition
Is like the sea wave, which the more you drink,

The more you thirst—yea—drink too much, as men Have done on rafts of wreck—it

drives you mad.

I will be no such wreck, am no such gamester

As, having won the stake, would dare the chance Of double, or losing all. The Roman

Senate, For I have always play'd into their

hands, Means me the crown. And Camma

for my bride—
The people love her—if I win her love,
They too will cleave to me, as one

with her.

There then I rest, Rome's tributary

king.

[Looking down on Sinnatus.

Why did I strike him?—having proof enough

Against the man, I surely should have left That stroke to Rome. He saved my

life too. Did he?

It seem'd so. I have play'd the sud-

den fool.

And that sets her against me—for the moment.





Camma-well, well, I never found the

I could not force or wheedle to my will. She will be glad at last to wear my

crown. And I will make Galatia prosperous

And we will chirp among our vines,

and smile
At bygone things till that (pointing to Sinnatus) eternal peace.

Rome! Rome! [Enter Publius and Soldiers. Twice I cried Rome. Why came ye

Twice I cried Rome. Why came ye not before?

Publius. Why come we now?

Whom shall we seize upon?

Synorix (pointing to the body of Sinnatus). The body of that dead traitor

Sinnatus.
Bear him away.
Music and Singing in Temple.

ACT II.

SCENE.-Interior of the Temple of Artemis.

Small gold gates on platform in front of the vail before the colors statue of the Coldets, and in the centre of the Coldets, and in the centre of the Templa a tripped allar, on busheds is a lighted lamp. Lamps (lighted) suspended between each pillar. Tripods, water, gardands of flowers, etc., about staye. Allar at back close to Goddets, with two cups. Solemn music. Presidence decorating the Temple.

(The Chorus of PRIESTESSES sing as they enter.)

Artemis, Artemis, hear us, O Mother, hear us, and bless us!

Artemis, thou that art life to the wind, to the wave, to the glebe, to the fire!

Hear thy people who praise thee! O help us from all that oppress us!

Hear thy priestesses hymn thy glory!
O yield them all their desire!
Priestess. Phœbe, that man from

Synorix, who has been So oft to see the Priestess, waits once

more Before the Temple

Phabe. We will let her know. [Signs to one of the Priestesses,

who goes out.
Since Camma fled from Synorix to
our Temple,

And for her beauty, stateliness, and

Was chosen Priestess here, have you not mark'd

Her eyes were ever on the marble floor? To-day they are fixt and bright—they

look straight out.

Hath she made up her mind to marry

him?
Priestess. To marry him who
stabb'd her Sinnatus.
You will not easily make me credit

that.
Phabe. Ask her.

Enter CAMMA as Priestess (in front of the curtains).

Priestess. You will not marry Syn-

Cumma My girl, I am the bride of Death, and only Marry the dead.

Priestess. Not Synorix then?
Camma. My girl,
At times this oracle of great Artemis
Has no more power than other oracles
To speak directly.

Phabe. Will you speak to him, The messenger from Synorix who waits Before the Temple?

Camma. Why not? Let him enter.

[Comes forward on to step by tripod.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger (kneels). Greeting and health from Synorix! More than once When he

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You have refused his hand. When last I saw you, You all but vielded. He entreats you now

For your last answer. struck at Sinnatus-

As I have many a time declared to vou-

He knew not at the moment who had fasten'd About his throat-he begs you to for-

get it As scarce his act :- a random stroke :

all else Was love for you: he prays you to believe him.

Camma. I pray him to believethat I believe him. Messenger. Why that is well.

You mean to marry him? Camma. I mean to marry him-if

that be well. Messenger. This very day the Romans crown him king For all his faithful services to Rome.

He wills you then this day to marry him. And so be throned together in the

sight Of all the people, that the world may

You twain are reconciled, and no more feuds

Disturb our peaceful vassalage to Rome.
To-day? Too sudden. 1 Camma.

will brood upon it. When do they crown him?

Messenger. Even now. Camma. And where? Messenger. Here by your temple. Camma. Come once more to me Before the crowning,—I will answer you. [Exit Messenger.

you. [Ext. m. Phabe. Great Artemis! O Camma, can it be well, Or good, or wise, that you should

clasp a hand Red with the sacred blood of Sinnatus?

Camma. Good! mine own dagger driven by Synorix found All good in the true heart of Sinnatus, And quench'd it there for Wise! Life yields to death and wisdom bows

to Fate. Is wisest, doing so. Did not this

man Speak well? We cannot fight imperial Rome,

But he and I are both Galatianborn.

And tributary sovereigns, he and Might teach this Rome-from knowl-

edge of our people-Where to lay on her tribute-heavily

And lightly there. Might I not live for that.

And drown all poor self-passion in the sense Of public good?

Phæbe. I am sure you will not marry him.

Camma. Are you so sure? 1 pray you wait and see. [Shouts (from the distance),

'Synorix! Synorix! Camma. Synorix, Synorix! So-

Not so long since-they sicken me. The One Who shifts his policy suffers some-

thing, must Accuse himself, excuse himself; the Many

Will feel no shame to give themselves the lie. Phabe. Most like it was the Ro-

man soldier shouted. Camma. Their shield-borne pa triot of the morning star

Hang'd at mid-day, their traitor of the dawn The clamor'd darling of their after-

noon! And that same head they would have play'd at ball with

And kick'd it featureless-they now would crown.

Flourish of trumpets.

Enter a Galatian NOBLEMAN with crown on a cushion.



Ran down the marble and lookt like blood, like blood Phabe. 1 do remember your firstmarriage fears.

Camma. I have no fears at this my second marriage

See here-1 stretch my hand outhold it there.

How steady it is!

Phabe. Steady enough to stab him! Camma. Ohush! Opeace! This violence ill becon The silence of our Temple. Gentle-

ness,

Low words best chime with this solemnity.

Enter a procession of Priestesses and Children bearing garlands and golden goblets, and strewing flow-

Enter Synorix (as King, with gold laurel-wreath crown and furfle robes), followed by ANTONIUS, PUBLIUS, Noblemen, Guards, and the Populace.

Camma. Hail, King!

Synorix. Hail, Queen! The wheel of fate has roll'd me to the top.

I would that happiness were gold. that 1

Might cast my largess of it to the crowd!

I would that every man made feast

Beneath the shadow of our pines and planes!

For all my truer life begins to-day.

The past is like a travell'd land now sunk Below the horizon-like a barren

shore That grew salt weeds, but now all

drown'd in love And glittering at full tide-the boun-

teous bays And havens filling with a blissful sea. Nor speak I now too mightily, being

King And happy! happiest, Lady, in my power

To make you happy

Yes, sir Camma, Our Antonius,

Our faithful friend of Rome, tho Rome may set

A free foot where she will, yet of his courtest Entreats he may be present at our

marriage. Camma. Let him come-a legion

with him, if he will. (To Antonius.) Welcome, my lord

Antonius, to our Temple.

(To Synorix.) You on this side the altar. (To Antonius.) You on that.

Call first upon the Goddess, Synorix. All face the Goddess. Priestesses, Children, Populace, and Guards kneel-the others remain standing.

O Thou, that dost inspire the germ with life,

The child, a thread within the house of birth. And give him limbs, then air, and

send him forth The glory of his father-Thou whose

breath Is balmy wind to robe our hills with grass,

And kindle all our vales with myrtleblossom, And roll the golden oceans of our

And sway the long grape-bunches of

our vines. And fill all hearts with fatness and the lust

Of plenty-make me happy in my marriage! Chorus (chanting). Artemis, Artemis, hear him, Ionian Artemis!

Camma. O Thou that slayest the babe within the womb Or in the being born, or after slavest him

As boy or man, great Goddess, whose

Unsockets the strong oak, and rears his root

Beyond his head, and strows our fruits,



Camma. But that might bring a Roman blessing on us. Antonius (refusing cup). Thy pardon, Priestess !

Camma. Thou art in the right. This blessing is for Synorix and for me.

See first I make libation to the Goddess, Makes libation. And now I drink. [Drinks and fills the cup again.

Thy turn, Galatian King. Drink and drink deep-our marriage will be fruitful.

Drink and drink deep, and thou wilt make me happy.

[Synorix goes up to her. She hands him the cup. He drinks. Synorix. There, Camma! I have almost drain'd the cup-

A few drops left. Camma. Libation to the Goddess. [He throws the remaining drops on the altar and gives Camma the cup.

Camma (placing the cup on the altar). Why then the Goddess hears.

[Comes down and forward to tripod. Antonius follows. Antonins

Where wast thou on that morning when I came To plead to thee for Sinnatus's life,

Beside this temple half a year ago? Antonius. I never heard of this

request of thine. Synorix (coming forward hastily to foot of tripod steps). I sought him and I could not find him.

Pray you, Go on with the marriage rites.

Antonius-Camma. 'Camma!' who spake? Antonius. Not I

Nor any here. Camma. I am all but sure that some one spake. Antonius, If you had found him plotting against

Rome, Would you have tortured Sinnatus to

death?

Antonius. No thought was mine of torture or of death. But had I found him plotting, I had

counsell'd him To rest from vain resistance. Rome

is fated To rule the world. Then, if he had not listen'd.

I might have sent him prisoner to

Rome.
Synorix. Why do you palter with the ceremony?

Go on with the marriage rites Camma. They are finish'd.

Synorix. How! Camma. Thou hast drunk deep enough to make me happy.

Dost thou not feel the love I bear to thee

Glow thro' thy veins?

Synorix. The love I bear to thee Glows thro' my veins since first I look'd on thee.

But wherefore slur the perfect ceremony? The sovereign of Galatia weds his

Queen. Let all be done to the fullest in the

sight Of all the Gods Nay, rather than so clip

The flowery robe of Hymen, we would add Some golden fringe of gorgeousness

beyond Old use, to make the day memorial,

Synorix, first King, Camma, first Queen o' the Realm,

Drew here the richest lot from Fate, to live And die together.

This pain-what is it ?-again? I had a touch of this last year-in-Rome

Yes, yes. (To Antonius.) Your arm -a moment-It will pass. I reel beneath the weight of utter

This all too happy day, crown-queen at once. O all ye Gods-Jupiter !- Jupiter ! Falls backward







THE FALCON.

DRAMATIS PERSONAL

THE COUNT FEDERIGO DEGLI ALBERIGHI. FILIPPO. Count's foster-brother. THE LADY GIOVANNA ELISABETTA, the Count's nurse.

SCENE,-AN ITALIAN COTTAGE. CASTLE AND MOUNTAINS SEEN THROUGH WINDOW

ELISABETTA discovered seated on stool in window darning. The Count with Falcon on his hand comes down through the door at back. A withered wreath on the wall.

Elisabetta. So, my lord, the Lady Giovanna, who hath been away so long, came back last night with her son to the castle.

Count. Hear that, my bird! Art

thou not jealous of her? My princess of the cloud, my plumed purveyor, My far-eved queen of the winds-thou

that canst soar Beyond the morning lark, and how-

soe'er Thy quarry wind and wheel, swoop

down upon him Eagle-like, lightning-like-strike, make his feathers

Glance in mid heaven

Crosses to chair. I would thou hadst a mate! Thy breed will die with thee, and mine with me :

I am as lone and loveless as thyself. Sits in chair.

Giovanna here! Av, ruffle thyselfhe jealous! Thou should'st be jealous of her.

Tho' I bred thee The full-train'd marvel of all falconry, And love thee and thou me, vet if

Giovanna Be here again-No, no! Buss me, my bird!

The stately widow has no heart for

Thou art the last friend left me upon earth-

No, no again to that.

Rises and turns. My good old nurse, had forgotten thou wast sitting

there. Elisabetta. Ay, and forgotten thy foster-brother too.

Count. Bird-babble for my falcon! Let it pass

What art thou doing there?

Elisabetta. Darning your lordship. We cannot flaunt it in new feathers

now: Nay, if we will buy diamond neck-

To please our lady, we must darn, my lord

This old thing here (points to necklace round her neck), they are but blue beads-my Piero,

God rest his honest soul, he bought em for me. Ay, but he knew I meant to marry

him. How couldst thou do it, my son?

How couldst thou do it? Count. She saw it at a dance, upon

a neck Less lovely than her own, and long'd for it Elisabetta. She told thee as much?

No. no-a friend of Count. hers. Elisabetta. Shame on her that she

took it at thy hands, She rich enough to have bought it for

herself! Count. She would have robb'd me then of a great pleasure.

Elisabetta. But hath she yet return'd thy love?

Not yet!







Elisabetta. She should return thy nicklace then.

Count. Ay, if

Count. Ay, if She knew the giver; but I bound the seller To silence, and I left it privily

At Florence, in her palace.

Elisabetta. And sold thine own

To buy it for her. She not know?
She knows
There's none such other——

There's none such other——

Count. Madman anywhere.

Speak freely, tho' to eall a madman

mad

Will hardly help to make him sane again.

Enter FILIPPO.

Filipo. Ah, the women, the women! Ah, Monna Giovanna, you here again! you that have the face of an angel and the heart of a—that's too positive! You that have a score of lovers and have not a heart for any of them—that's positive-negative: you that have not the head of a toad, and not a heart like the jewel in it—that's too negative; you that have a cheek to negative; you that have a cheek in it it—that's positive again—that's better!

Elisaletta. Sh.—sh.—Filippo! Filippo (turns half round). Here has our master been a-glorifying and a-velveting and a-selking himself, and a-peacocking and a-spreading to catch her eye for a dozen year, till he hasn't an eye left in his own tall to flourish among the pea-hens, and all along o' you, Monna Giovanna, all along o' you, Monna Giovanna, all along o

Elisabetta. Sh—sh—Filippo! Can't you hear that you are saying behind his back what you see you are saying afore his face?

Count. Let him—he never spares

me to my face!

Filippo. No, my lord, I never spare your lordship to your lordship's face, nor behind your lordship's back, nor to right, nor to left, nor to round about and back to your lordship's

face again, for I'm honest, your lord-ship.

Count. Come, come, Filippo, what is there in the larder?
[Flisabetta crasse to fireblace and

[Elisabetta crosses to fireplace and puts on wood.

Filippo. Shelves and hooks, shelves and hooks, and when I see the shelves I am like to hang myself on the hooks. Count. No bread?

Filippo. Half a breakfast for a rat!

Count. Milk?
Filippo. Three laps for a cat I

Count. Cheese?
Filippo. A supper for twelve mites.

Count. Eggs?

Filippo. One, but addled.

Filippo. Half a tit and a hern's bill.

Count. Let be thy jokes and thy jerks, man! Anything or nothing?

Filippo Well my lord if all hus.

Filippe. Well, my lord, if all-outnothing be anything, and one plate of dried prunes be all-but-nothing, then there is anything in your lordship's larder at your lordship's service, if your lordship care to call for it.

Count. Good mother, happy was

For he return'd to the rich father; I
But add my poverty to thine. And all
Thro' following of my fancy. Pray
thee make

Thy siender meal out of those scraps and shreds

Filippo spoke of. As for him and me, There sprouts a salad in the garden still.

(To the Falcon.) Why didst thou miss thy quarry yester-even? To-day, my beauty, thou must dash us

down
Our dinner from the skies. Away.

Filippol

[Exit, followed by Filippo.

Eliabetia. I knew it would come to this. She has beggared him. I always knew it would come to this! (Gos up to table as if to returne durning, and looks out of window.) Why, as I live, there is Monna Giovanna coming down the hill from the eastle. Stops and stares at our cottage. Ay,



ay! stare at it: it's all you have left us. Shame on you! She heautiful: sleek as a miller's mouse! Meal enough meat enough, well fed; but beautiful -- bah! Nay, see, why she turns down the path through our little vineyard, and I sneezed three times this morning. morning. Coming to visit my lord, for the first time in her life too! Why, bless the saints! I'll be bound to confess her love to him at last. 1 forgive her, I forgive her! I knew it would come to this-I always knew it must come to this! (Going up to door during latter part of speech and opens it.) Come in, Madonna, come in. (Retires to front of table and curtseys as the Lady Giovanna enters, then moves chair towards the hearth.) Nay, let me place this chair for your ladyship.

[Lady Giovanna moves slowly down stage, then crosses to chair, looking about her, bows as she sees the Madonna over fireplace, then sits in chair.

Lady Giovanna. Can I speak with the Count?

Elisabetta. Ay, my lady, but won't you speak with the old woman first, and tell her all about it and make her happy? for I've been on my knees every day for these half-dozen years in hope that the saints would send us this blessed morning; and he always took you so kindly, he always took the world so kindly. When he was a little one, and I put the bitters on my breast to wean him, he made a wry mouth at it, but he took it so kindly, and your ladyship has given him bit-ters enough in this world, and he never made a wry mouth at you, he always took you so kindly-which is more than I did, my lady, more than I did -and he so handsome-and bless your sweet face, you look as beautiful this morning as the very Madonna her own self-and better late than never -but come when they will-then or now-it's all for the best, come when they will-they are made by the blessed saints-these marriages.

[Raises her hands. Lady Giovanna. Marriages? I shall never marry again! Flisabette (rises and turns). Shame

on her then!

Lady Giovanna. Where is the

Count?

Elisabetta. Just gone
To fly his falcon.

Lady Giovanna. Call him back and say

I come to breakfast with him.

Elisabetta.

To breakfast! Oh sweet saints! one

plate of prunes!

Well, Madam, I will give your message to him.

[Exit.

Lady Giovanna. His falcon, and I come to ask for his falcon,
The pleasure of his eyes—boast of his

hand-Pride of his heart-the solace of his

hours— His one companion here—nay, I have

heard That, thro' his late magnificence of

living
And this last costly gift to mine own self, [Shows diamond necklace.

self, [Shows diamond necklace.]
He hath become so beggar'd, that his falcon
Ev'n wins his dinner for him in the

field.
That must be talk, not truth, but

truth or talk, How can I ask for his falcon?

[Rises and moves as she speaks. O my sick boy! My daily fading Florio, it is thou Hath set me this hard task, for when

I say What can I do-what can I get for thee?

Ile answers, 'Get the Count to give me his falcon, And that will make me well.' Yet if

I ask, He loves me, and he knows I know

he loves me!
Will he not pray me to return his

To marry him?—(pause)—I can never marry him.



[Looking at wreath on wall. Count. That wither'd wreath is of more worth to me

Than all the blossom, all the leaf of this New-wakening year.

[Goes and takes down wreath.

Lady Giovanna. And yet I never saw The land so rich in blossom as this

The land so rich in blossom as this year.

Count (holding wreath toward her).

Was not the year when this was gather'd richer?

Lady Giovanna. How long ago

was that?

Count. Alas, ten summers!

A lady that was beautiful as day

A lady that was beautiful as day Sat by me at a rustic festival With other beauties on a mountain

With other beauties on a mountain meadow, And she was the most beautiful of all:

Then but fifteen, and still as beautiful.

The mountain flowers grew thickly

The mountain flowers grew thickly round about. I made a wreath with some of these;

I ask'd

A ribbon from her hair to bind it

with;
I whisper'd, Let me crown you Queen

of Beauty,

And softly placed the chaplet on her

head. A color, which has color'd all my

life, Flush'd in her face; then I was call'd away;

And presently all rose, and so departed.

Ah! she had thrown my chaplet on

the grass, And there I found it.

[Lets his hands fall, holding wreath despondingly.

Lady Giovanna (after pause). How long since do you say?

Count. That was the very year be-

fore you married.

Lady Giovanna. When I was married you were at the wars.

Count. Had she not thrown my chaplet on the grass,

It may be I had never seen the wars. [Replaces wreath whence he had

taken it.

Lady Giovanna. Ah, but, my lord,

there ran a rumor then
That you were kill'd in battle. I can

True tears that year were shed for you in Florence.

Count. It might have been as well for me. Unhappily

l was but wounded by the enemy there

And then imprison'd.

Lady Giovanna. Happily, how-

ever,
I see you quite recover'd of your

wound.

Count. No, no, not quite, Madonna, not yet, not yet.

Re-enter FILIPPO.

Filippo. My lord, a word with you.

Count. Pray, pardon me!

[Lady Giovanna crosses, and fasses behind chair and takes

fasses behind chair and takes down wreath; then goes to chair by table.

Count (to Filippo). What is it, Filippo?

Filippo. Spoons, your lordship.

Count. Spoons

Filippo. Yes, my lord, for wasn't my lady born with a golden spoon in her ladyship's mouth, and we haven't never so much as a silver one for the golden lips of her ladyship.

Count. Have we not half a score of silver spoons?

Filippo. Half o' one, my lord!

Filippo. I trod upon him even now, my lord, in my hurry, and broke him.

Count. And the other nine?

Filippa. Sold! but shall I not mount with your lordship's leave to her ladyship's eastle. in your lordship's and her ladyship's seneschal, and so descend again with some of her ladyship's own appurtenances?





Count. Why-no, man. Only see

your cloth be clean. Exit Filippo. Lady Giovanna. Av. av. this faded ribbon was the mode In Florence ten years back. What's

here? a scroll Pinned to the wreath.

My lord, you have said so much Of this poor wreath that I was bold enough

To take it down, if but to gness what flowers

Had made it; and I find a written scroll

That seems to run in rhymings. Might I read?

Count. Ay, if you will. Lady Giovanna. It should be if you can.

(Reads.) 'Dead mountain.' Nay, for who could trace a hand So wild and staggering?

Count. This was penn'd, Madonna, Close to the grating on a winter morn

In the perpetual twilight of a prison, When he that made it, having his right hand

Lamed in the battle, wrote it with his

Lady Giovanna. O heavens! the very letters seem to shake With cold, with pain perhaps, poor prisoner! Well,

Tell me the words-or better-for I see

There goes a musical score along with them. Repeat them to their music.

Count. You can touch No chord in me that would not answer von

In music Lady Giovanna. That is musically

[Count takes guitar. Lady Giovanna sits listening with wreath

in her hand, and quietly re-moves scroll and places it on table at the end of the song. Count (sings, playing guitar).

'Dead mountain flowers, dead mountain-meadow flowers.

Dearer than when you made your mountain gay,

Sweeter than any violet of to-day, Richer than all the wide world-wealth of May.

To me, tho' all your bloom has died away,

bloom again, dead mountainmeadow flowers.

Enter ELISABETTA with cloth.

Elisabetta. A word with you, my

Count (singing). 'O mountain flowers! Elisabetta. A word, my lord!

(Louder). Count (sings). "Dead flowers!" Elisabetta. A word, my lord!

Count. I pray you pardon me again!

[Lady Giovanna looking at wreath, Count (to Elisabetta). What is it? Count (to Elisabetta). Elisabetta. My lord, we have but one piece of earthenware to serve the salad in to my lady, and that cracked!

Count. Why then, that flower'd bowl my ancestor

Fetch'd from the farthest east-we never use it For fear of breakage-but this day

A great occasion. Von can take it, nurse!

I did take it, my lord,

but what with my lady's coming that had so flurried me, and what with the fear of breaking it, I did break it, no Count. My one thing left of value

in the world! No matter I see your cloth be white as

snow Elisabetta (fointing thro' window). White? I warrant thee, my son, as the snow yonder on the very tip-top o' the mountain.

Count. And yet to speak white truth, my good old mother, I have seen it like the snow on the moraine.



Elisabetta. How can your lordship say so? There my lord!

O my dear son, be not unkind to me. And one word more. | Going-returns Count (touching guitar). Good ! let it be but one

Elisabetta. Hath she return'd thy

Couut. Not vet! E.lisahetta. And will she? Count (looking at Lady Giovanna).

I scarce believe it! Elisabetta. Shame upon her then!

Count (sings). 'Dead mountain flowers Ah well, my nurse has broken The thread of my dead flowers, as she

has broken My china bowl. My memory is as

dead. [Goes and replaces guitar.

Strange that the words at home with me so long Should fly like bosom friends when

needed most. So by your leave if you would hear

the rest, The writing

Lady Giovanna (holding wreath toward him). There ! my lord, you are a poet,

And can you not imagine that the wreath. Set, as you say, so lightly on her head,

Fell with her motion as she rose, and she, A girl, a child, then but fifteen, how-

ever Flutter'd or flatter'd by your notice of her,

Was yet too bashful to return for it? Was it so indeed? was it Count. so? was it so?

Leans forward to take wreath, and touches Lady Giovanna's hand. which she withdraws hastily; he places wreath on corner of chair. Lady Giovanna (with dignity). I did not say, my lord, that it was so

I said you might imagine it was so,

Enter FILIPPO with bowl of salad, which he places on table

Filippo. Here's a fine salad for my lady, for tho' we have been a soldier, and ridden by his lordship's side, and seen the red of the battle-field, vet are we now drill-sergeant to his lordship's lettuces, and profess to be great in green-things and in garden-stuff.

Lady Giovanna. I thank thee, good

Filippo.

Enter ELISABETTA with bird on a dish which she places on table.

Elisabetta (close to table). Here's a fine fowl for my lady; I had scant time to do him in. I hope he be not underdone, for we be undone in the doing of him.

Lady Giovanna. I thank you, my good nurse.

Filippo (re-entering with plate of prunes). And here are fine fruits for my lady-prunes, my lady, from the tree that my lord himself planted here in the blossom of his boyhood-and so I, Filippo, being, with your ladyship's pardon, and as your ladyship knows, his lordship's own fosterbrother, would commend them to your ladyship's most peculiar appreciation. [Puts plate on table.

Elisabetta. Filippo! Lady Giovanna (Count leads her to table). Will you not eat with me, my lord?

Count. l cannot, Not a morsel, not one morsel. I have broken

My fast already. 1 will pledge you Wine! Filippo, wine !

Sits near table, Filippo brings flask, fills the Count's goblet, then Giovanna's; Elisabetta stands at the back of Lady Giovanna's chair

Count. It is but thin and cold, Not like the vintage blowing round your eastle

We lie too deep down in the shadow here





My one child Florio lying still so sick. I bound myself, and by a solemn vow,

That I would touch no flesh till he were well Here, or else well in Heaven, where

all is well. Elisabetta clears table of bird and

salad: Filippo snatches up the plate of prunes and holds them to Lady Giovanna. Filippo. But the prunes, my lady,

from the tree that his lordship—

Lady Giovanna. Not now, Filippo. My lord Federigo,

Can I not speak with you once more alone?

Count. You hear, Filippo? My good fellow, go! Filippo. But the prunes that your

lordship-Elisabetta. Filippo!

Count. Ay, prune our company of thine own and go!

Elisabetta. Filippo! Filippo (turning). Well, well! the women! Exit. Count. And thou too leave us, my

dear nurse, alone. Elisabetta (folding up cloth and going). And me too! Ay, the dear nurse will leave you alone; but, for all that, she that has eaten the yolk is scarce like to swallow the shell.

[Turns and curtseys stiffly to Lady Giovanna, then exit. Lady Giovanna takes out diamond necklace from casket.

Lady Giovanna. I have anger'd your good nurse; these old-world servants

Are all but flesh and blood with those they serve.

And afterwards a boon to crave of

Count. No, my most honor'd and

Takes nothing in return from you

Return of his affection-can deny Nothing to you that you require of

him. Lady Giovanna. Then I require you to take back your dia-monds— [Offering necklace.

I doubt not they are yours. other heart

Of such magnificence in courtesy Beats-out of heaven. They seem'd too rich a prize

To trust with any messenger. I came [Count draws back.

If the phrase 'Return' displease you, we will say-

exchange them For your-for your-

Count (takes a step toward her and then back). For mine-and what of mine? Well, shall we Lady Giovanna.

say this wreath and your sweet rhymes? Count. But have you ever worn my diamonds?

Lady Giovanna. For that would seem accepting of your love. I cannot brave my brother-but be

sure That I shall never marry again, my lord ! Count. Sure?

Lady Giovanna. Yes I Count. Is this your brother's order?

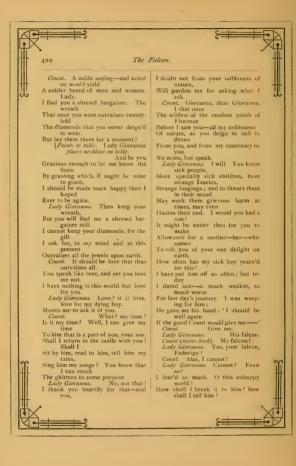
Lady Giovanna. No! For he would marry me to the richest man In Florence; but I think you know

the saying-'Better a man without riches, than

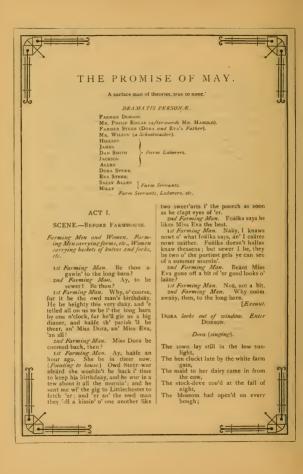
riches without a man.











O joy for the promise of May, of May,

O joy for the promise of May. (Nodding at Dobson.) I'm coming down, Mr. Dobson. I haven't seen I'm coming Eva vet. Is she anywhere in the garden?

Dobson. Noa, Miss. I ha'n't seed 'er neither.

Dora (enters singing).

But a red fire woke in the heart of the town. And a fox from the glen ran away

with the hen. And a cat to the cream, and a rat to

the cheese: And the stock-dove coo'd, till a kite

dropt down, And a salt wind burnt the blossoming

trees; () grief for the promise of May, of

May, O grief for the promise of May.

I don't know why I sing that song: I don't love it

Dobson. Blessings on your pretty voice, Miss Dora. Wheer did they larn ye that? Dora. In Cumberland, Mr. Dob-

Dobson. An' how did ye leave the

Dora. Getting better, Mr. Dobson. But he'll never be the same man again. Dobson. An' how d'ye find the owd man 'ere?

Dora. As well as ever. I came back to keep his birthday.

Dobson. Well, I be coomed to keep his birthdaäy an' all. The owd man

be heighty to-daäy, beant he?

Dora, Yes, Mr. Dobson. day's bright like a friend, but the wind east like an enemy. Help me to move this bench for him into the sun. (They move bench.) No, not that way

-here, under the apple tree. Thank you. Look how full of rosy blossom [Pointing to apple tree. Dobson. Theer be redder blossoms

nor them, Miss Dora.

Where do they blow, Mr.

Under your eyes, Miss Dora. Do they?

Dobson. And your eyes be as blue Dora. What, Mr. Dobson? A

butcher's frock? Dolson. Noa, Miss Dora; as bluc

Dora. Bluebell, harebell, speedwell, bluebottle, succory, forget-inenot?

Dobson. Noa. Miss Dora; as blue Dora. The sky? or the sea on a

blue day? Dobson. Naäy then. I mean'd they be as blue as violets.

Dora. Are they? Dobson. Theer ve goas agean, Miss, niver believing owt I says to ye -hallus a-fobbing ma off, tho' ye haws I love ye. I warrants ye'll think moor o' this young Squire Edgar as ha' coomed among us—the Lord knaws how-ye'll think more on is little finger than hall my hand at

the haltar. Dora. Perhaps, Master Dobson. I can't tell, for I have never seen him. But my sister wrote that he was mighty pleasant, and had no pride in him

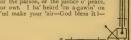
Dobson. He'll be arter you now, Miss Dora Will he? How can I tell? Dora

Dobson. He's been arter Miss Eva, haän't he? Dora. Not that I know.

Dobson. Didu't I spy 'em a-sitting i' the woodbine harbor togither?

Dora. What of that? Eva told me that he was taking her likeness.

Dobson. What's a hartist? I doan't believe he's iver a 'eart under his waistcoat. And I tells ye what, Miss Dora: he's no respect for the Queen, or the parson, or the justice o' peace, or owt. I ha' heard 'im a-gawin' on



stan' on end. And wuss nor that. When theer wur a meeting o' farmers at Littlechester t'other daay, and they was all a-crying out at the bad times, he cooms up, and he calls out among our oan men, 'The land belongs to the people!

Dora. And what did you say to that?

Dobson. Well, I says, s'posc my pig's the land, and you says it belongs to the parish, and theer be a thousand i' the parish, taakin' in the women and childer; and s'pose I kills my pig, and gi'es it among 'em, why there I should ha' lost the pig.

Dora. And what did he say to

Nowt-what could he saäy? But I taäkes 'im fur a bad lot and a burn fool, and I haates the very sight on him,

Dora (looking at Dobson). Master Dobson, you are a comely man to look

Dobson. I thank you for that, Miss Dora, onyhow.

Dora. Av, but you turn right ugly when you're in an ill temper; and I promise you that if you forget yourself in your behavior to this gentle man, my father's friend, I will never change word with you again.

Enter FARMING MAN from barn.

Farming Man. Miss, the farming men 'ull hev their dinner i' the long barn, and the master 'ud be straunge an' pleased if you'd step in fust, and see that all be right and reg'lar fur 'em afoor he coom.

Dora. I go. Master Dobson, did you hear what I said?

Dobson. Yeas, yeas! I'll not meddle wi' 'im if he doant meddle wi' mea. (Exit Dora.) Coomly, says she. I niver thowt o' mysen i' that waay; but if she'd taake to ma i' that waay, or ony waay, I'd slaave out my life fur 'er. 'Coomly to look at,' says she-but she said it spiteful-like. To look at-yeas, 'coomly'; and she mayn't be so fur out theer. But if that be nowt to she, then it be nowt to me. (Looking off stage.) School-master! Why if Steer han't haxed schoolmaster to dinner, thaw 'e knaws I was hallus agean heving schoolmaster i' the parish! fur him as be handy wi' a book bean't but haafe a hand at

Enter WILSON.

Well, Wilson. I seed that one cow 'o thine i' the pinfold agean as I wur a-coomin' 'ere.

Wilson. Very likely, Mr. Dobson. She will break fence. I can't keep her in order.

Dohson. An' if tha can't keep thy one cow i' horder, how can tha keep all thy scholards i' horder? But let that goa by. What dost a know o' this Mr. Hedgar as be a-lodgin' wi' ve? I coon'd upon 'im t'other daay lookin' at the coontry, then a-scrattin upon a bit o' paäper, then a-lookin' agean; and I taaked 'im fur soom sort of a land-surveyor-but a beant.

Wilson. He's a Somersetshire man, and a very civil-spoken gentleman.

Dobson. Gentleman! What be he a-doing here ten mile an' moor (ro' a raäil? We laäys out o' the waäy fur gentlefoalk altogither - leastwaavs they niver cooms 'ere but fur the trout i' our beck, fur they be knaw'd as far as Littlechester. But 'e doant fish neither.

Wilson. Well, it's no sin in a gentleman not to fish.

Dobson. Noa, but I haates 'im. Wilson. Better step out of his road,

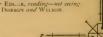
then, for he's walking to us, and with a book in his hand. Dobson. An' I haätes boooks an' all, fur they puts foalk off the owd

waävs.

Enter EDUAR, reading-not seeing







This author, with his Edgar. charm of simple style And close dialectic, all but proving

An automatic series of sensations, Has often numb'd me into apathy Against the unpleasant jolts of this

rough road

That breaks off short into the abvsses -made me

A Quietist taking all things easily. Dobson. (Aside.) There mun be summut wrong theer, Wilson, fur I doant understan' it.

Wilson. (Aside.) Nor I either. Mr. Dobson.

Dobson (scornfully). An' thou doant understan' it neither-and thou schoolmaster an' all.

Edgar. What can a man, then, live for but sensations.

Pleasant ones? men of old would undergo

Unpleasant for the sake of pleasant ones Hereafter, like the Moslem beauties

waiting To clasp their lovers by the golden

For me, whose cheerless Houris after death

Are Night and Silence, pleasant ones -the while-

If possible, here! to crop the flower and pass. Dobson. Well, I never 'eard the

likes o' that afoor Wilson. (Aside.) But I have, 311.
Dobson. It's the old Scripture text, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow

we die.' I'm sorry for it, for, tho' he never comes to church, I thought better of him. 'What are we, says the blind old.man in Lear?

' As flies to the Gods; they kill us for their sport. Then the owd Dobson. (Aside.)

man i' Lear should be shaamed of hissen, but noan o' the parishes goas by that naame 'ereabouts.

Edvar. The Gods! but they, the shadows of ourselves,

Have past for ever. It is Nature And not for her sport either. She

Man only knows, the worse for him!

for why Cannot he take his pastime like the

flies? And if my pleasure breed another's pain,

Well-is not that the course of Nature too.

From the dim dawn of Being-her main law Whereby she grows in beauty-that

her flies Must massacre each other? this poor

Dobson. Natur! Natur! Well, it be i' my natur to knock 'im o' the 'ead now: but I weant.

Edgar. A Quietist taking all things easily-why-Have I been dipping into this again

To steel myself against the leaving

Good day! [Closes book, seeing Wilson. Good day, sir.

[Dobson looks hard at Edgar. Edear (to Dobson). Have I the pleasure, friend, of knowing you? Dobson, Dobson,

Edgar Good day, then, Dobson.

Dobson. 'Good daäy then, Dob-son!' Civil-spoken i'deed! Why, Wilson, tha 'eard 'im thysen-the fe ler couldn't find a Mister in his mouth fur me, as farms five boonderd haäcre.

Wilson. You never find one for me, Mr. Dobson. Dobson. Noä, fur thou be nobbut

schoolmaster; but I taakes 'im for a Lunnum swindler, and a burn fool. Wilson. He can hardly be both, and he pays me regular every Satur

Dobson. Veas; but I haates 'im.

Enter STEER, FARM MEN and WOMEN

Steer (goes and sits under apple tree).

Hev' ony o' ye seen Eva?

Dobson. Noä, Mr. Steer.

Steer. Well, I reckons they'll hev' a fine cider-crop to-year if the blossom 'owds. Good murnin', neighbors, and the saame to you, my men. I taakes it kindly of all o' you that you be coomed—what's the newspaaper word, Wilson?-celebrate-to cele-brate my birthdaäy i' this fashion. Niver man 'ed better friends, and I will saay niver master 'ed better men: fur thaw I may ha' fallen out wi' ye sometimes, the fault, mebbe, wur as much mine as yours; and, thaw I says it mysen, niver men'ed a better master-and I knaws what men be, and what masters be, fur I wur nobbut a laäborer, and now I be a landlordburn a plowman, and now, as far as money goäs, I be a gentleman, thaw I beänt naw scholard, fur I 'ednt naw time to maake mysen a scholard while l wur maäkin' mysen a gentleman, but I ha taken good care to turn out boath my darters right down fine laädies.

Dobson. An' soä they be.

1st Farming Man. Soa they be! soa they be! and Farming Man. The Lord bless

boath on 'em! 3rd Farming Man. An' the saame to you, Master.

4th Farming Man. And long life to boath on 'em. An' the saame to Steer. Thank ye!

Enter Eva.

Wheer 'asta been? Eva (timidly). Many happy returns

of the day, father.

Steer. They can't be many, my dear, but I oapes they'll be 'apuy.

Dobson. Why, the looks haale anew to last to a hoonderd. Steer. An' why shouldn't I last to

a hoonderd? Haäle! why shouldn't I be haale? fur thaw I be heighty this

pin's prick of paain; an' I can taake my glass along wi' the voungest, fur I niver touched a drop of owt till my oan wedding-daay, an' then I wur turned sixty. Why shouldn't I huppads o' be haale? I ha' plowed the ten-aicre -it be mine now-afoor onv o' ve wur burn-ve all knaws the ten-aacre-I' mun ha' plowed it moor nor a hoonderd times; hallus hup at sunrise, and I'd drive the plow straait as a line right i' the faace o' the sun, then back agean, a-follering my oan shadder-then hup agean i' the faace o' the sun. Eh! how the sun 'ud shine, and the larks 'ud sing i' them daäys, and the smell o' the mou'd an' all. Eh! if I could ha' gone on wi' the plowin' nobbut the smell o' the mon'd 'ud ha' maäde ma live as long as Jerusalem.

Erg. Methusaleh, father. Steer. Ay, lass, but when thou be as owd as me thou'll put one word fur

another as I does. Dobson. But, Steer, thaw thou be haäle anew I seed tha a-limpin' up just now with the roomatics i' the

Steer. Roomatics! Noa: llaame't my knee last night running arter a Beant there house-breakers down i' Littlechester, Dobson-doant ye hear of ony?

Dobson. Av, that there be. Immanuel Goldsmiths was broke into o Monday night, and ower a hoonderd pounds worth o' rings stolen

Steer. So I thowt, and I heard the winder-that's the winder at the end o' the passage, that goas by thy chaumber. (Turning to Eva.) Why, lass, what maakes tha sa red? Did 'e git into thy chaumber? * Eva. Father!

Well, I runned arter thief i' the dark, and fell agean coalscuttle and my kneeä gev waay or 1'd ha' cotched im, but afoor I coomed up he got thruff the winder agean. Eva. Got thro' the window again?

Steer. Ay, but he left the mark of 'is foot i' the flower-bed; now theer be noan o' my men, thinks I to mysen,





'ud ha' done it 'cep' it were Dan Smith, fur I cotched 'im once a-stealin coals an' I sent fur im, an' I measured his foot wi' the mark i' the bed, but it wouldn't fit-secams to me the mark wur maäde by a Lunnnu boot. (Looks at Eva.) Why, now, what maakes tha sa white?

Eva. Fright, father! Steer. Maake thysen easy. I'll hev the winder naäiled up, and put Towser

under it. Eva (clasping her hands). No, no,

Towser'll tear him all to father! pieces.

Steer. Let him keep awaay, then; but coom, coom! let's be gawin. ha' broached a barrel of aale i' the long barn, and the fiddler be theer, and the lads and lasses 'ull hev a dance. small (Aside.) Dance!

heart have I to dance. I should seem to be dancing upon a grave.

Steer. Wheer be Mr. Edgar?

about the premises?

Dobson. Hallus about the premises! Steer. So much the better, so much the better, 1 likes 'im, and much the better. I likes im, the Eva likes im. Eva can do owt wi' im; look for im, Eva, and bring im to the barn. He ant naw pride in im, and we'll git im to speechify for us arter dinner

Eva. Yes, father! [Exit. Steer. Coom along then, all the rest o' ye! Churchwarden be a coomin, thaw me and 'im we niver 'grees about the tithe; and Parson mebbe, thaw he niver mended that gap i' the glebe fence as I telled 'im; and Blacksmith, thaw he niver shoes a herse to my likings; and Baaker, thaw I sticks to hoam-maade-but all on 'em welcome, all on 'em welcome; and I've hed the long barn cleared out of all the machines, and the sacks. and the taäters, and the mangles, and theer'll be room anew for all o' ve. Foller me. All

All. Yeas, yeas! Three cheers for Mr. Steer! [All excunt except Dobson into barn. Enter EDGAR.

(who is going, turns). Source !—if so be you be a source. Edgar, Dobbins, I think.

Dobson. Dobbins, you thinks; and

l thinks ye wears a Lunnun boot. Well?

Dobson. And I thinks I'd like to taake the measure o' your foot.

Edgar. Ay, if you'd like to measure your own length upon the grass. Dobson. Coom, coom, that's a good

un. Why, I could throw four o' but I promised one of the Misses I wouldn't meddle wi' ye, and I weant. [Exit into barn.

Edgar. Jealous of me with Eva! Well, tho' I grudge the pretty jewel,

that I Have worn, to such a clod, yet that

might be The best way out of it, if the child

could keep Her counsel. I am sure I wish her happy.

But I must free myself from this entanglement.

I have all my life before me-so has she-Give her a month or two, and her

affections Will flower toward the light in some new face.

Still I am half-afraid to meet her now. She will urge marriage on me. 1 hate tears.

Marriage is but an old tradition. I Traditions, ever since my narrow

father. After my frolic with his tenant's girl, Made younger elder son, violated the

whole Tradition of our land, and left his

Born, happily, with some sense of art. to live By brush and pencil. By and by,

when Thought Comes down among the crowd, and

man perceives that











The lost gleam of an after-life but leaves him

A beast of prey in the dark, why then the crowd wreak my wrongs upon my

wrongers. Marriage! That fine, fat, hook-nosed uncle of

mine, old Harold, Who leaves me all his land at Little chester.

He, too, would oust me from his will.

Made such a marriage. And marriage in itself-

The storm is hard at hand will sweep away Thrones, churches, ranks, traditions,

customs, marriag One of the feeblest! Then the man the woman.

Following their best affinities, will each

Bid their old bond farewell with Good wishes, not reproaches; with

no fear Of the world's gossiping clamor, and

no need Of veiling their desires.

Conventionalism. Who shrieks by day at what she does

by night. Would call this vice; but one time's vice may be

The virtue of another; and Vice and Virtue Are but two masks of self: and what

hereafter Shall mark out Vice from Virtue in the gulf Of never-dawning darkness?

Enter EVA.

My sweet Eva. Where have you lain in ambush all the morning?

say your sister, Dora, has return'd. And that should make you happy, if

you love her! But you look troubled.

Oh. I love her so.

I was afraid of her, and I hid myself. We never kept a secret from each other

She would have seen at once into my trouble.

And ask'd me what I could not answer. Oh, Philip,

Father heard you last night. Our savage mastiff, That all but kill'd the beggar, will be

placed Bencath the window, Philip.

Savage, is he? What matters? Come, give me your hand and kiss me

This beautiful May-morning Faux. The most beautiful

May we have had for many years! And here Is the most beautiful morning of this May.

Nay, you must smile upon me! There

May and morning still more beautiful, Vou, the most beautiful blossom of

the May Eva. Dear Philip, all the world is beautiful

If we were happy, and could chime in with it Edgar. True: for the senses, love. are for the world;

That for the senses Firm.

And when the man. The child of evolution, flings aside His swaddling-bands, the morals of the tribe.

He, following his own instincts as his

Will enter on the larger golden age; No pleasure then taboo'd: for when the tide Of full democracy has overwhelm'd

This Old world, from that flood will rise the New Like the Love-goddess, with no bridal

Ring, trinket of the Church, but naked Nature

In all her loveliness Eva. What are you saying?









Edgar. That, if we did not strain to make ourselves Better and higher than Nature, we might be

As happy as the bees there at their honey

In these sweet blossoms.

Eva. Yes; how sweet they smell!

Edgar. There! let me break some off for you.

Eva. [Breaking branch off. My thanks.

But, look, how wasteful of the blossom you are! One, two, three, four, five, six—you

One, two, three, four, five, six—you have robb'd poor father
Of ten good apples. Oh, I forgot

to tell you

He wishes you to dine along with us,
And speak for him after—you that
are so clever!

Edgar. I grieve I cannot; but, in-

Eva. What is it?
Edgar. Well, business. I must leave you, love, to-day.

Eva. Leave me, to-day! And when will you return?

Edgar. I cannot tell precisely;

but—

Eva. But what?

Edgar. I trust, my dear, we shall be always friends. Eva. After all that has gone be-

tween us—friends!
What, only friends? [Drops branch.
Edgar. All that has gone between

Should surely make us friends.

Eva. But keep us lovers.

Edgar. Child, do you love me
now?

Exu. Yes, now and ever. Edgar. Then you should wish us both to love for ever. But, if you will bind love to one for

ever,
Altho' at first he take his bonds for

flowers, As years go on, he feels them press upon him,

Begins to flutter in them, and at last

Breaks thro' them, and so flies away for ever;

While, had you left him free use of his wings, Who knows that he had ever dream'd

Who knows that he had ever dream'd of flying? Eva. But all that sounds so wicked

and so strange;
'Till death us part'—those are the

only words, The true ones—nay, and those not

true enough,

For they that love do not believe that death

Will part them. Why do you jest with me, and try To fright me? Tho' you are a gentle-

man,

I but a farmer's daughter—

Edgar. Tut! you talk

Edgar. Tut! you talk
Old feudalism. When the great Democracy
Makes

Makes a new world—

Eva. And if you be not jesting.

Neither the old world, nor the new.

nor father,

Sister, nor you, shall ever see me more.

Edgar (moved). Then—(aside)
Shall I say it?—(aloud) fly with
me to-day.

Eva. No! Philip, Philip, if you do not marry me, I shall go mad for utter shame and

die.

Edgar. Then, if we needs must be conventional.

When shall your parish-parson bawl our banns

Before your gaping clowns?

Eva. Not in our church—
I think I scarce could hold my head

up there.
Is there no other way?
Edgar.
Yes, if you cared
To fee an over-opulent superstition,

Then they would grant you what they call a license
To marry. Do you wish it?

Eva. Do I wish it?

Edgar. In London,

Eva. You will write to me?







xake

an' all?

Dobson. Noä; I knaws a deal better now. 1 seed how the owd man wur vext. Dorg. I take them, then, for Eva's

Takes basket, places some in her

Well, my child, let us join them. Enter all from barn laughing.

sits reluctantly under apple tree Dance.

ACT II.

Five years have clapsed between Acts I. and II.

SCENE.-A MEADOW. ON ONE SIDE A PATHWAY GOING OVER A RUSTIC BRIDGE. AT BACK THE FARMHOUSE AMONG TREES. THE DISTANCE A CHURCH SPIRE.

DORSON and DORA

Dobson. So the owd uncle i' Coomberland be dead, Miss Dora, beant Dora. Yes, Mr. Dobson, I've been

attending on his deathbed and his burial. Dohson. It be five year sin' ye went

afoor to him, and it seems to me nowt?

Dora. No, Mr. Dobson.

Dahson. But he were mighty fond

Dora. Fonder of poor Eva-like everybody else.

Debson (handing Dora basket of Not like me, Miss Dora; and I ha' browt these roses to ye-I forgits what they calls 'em, but I hallus gi'ed soom on 'em to Miss Eva at this time o' year. Will ya taake 'em? fur Miss Eva, she set the bush by my dairy winder afoor she went to school at Littlechester-so I allus browt at Littlechester—so I allus browt soom on 'em to her; and now she be gone, will ye taake 'em, Miss Dora? Dora. I thank you. They tell me

that vesterday you mentioned her name too suddenly before my father. See that you do not do so again!

Dobson. Eva's saake. Yeas. Poor gel, poor gel! I can't abear to think on 'er now, fur I'd ha' done owt fur 'er mysen; an' ony o' Steer's men, an' ony o' my men 'ud ha' done owt fur 'er, an' all the parish 'ud ha' done owt fur 'er, fur we was all on us proud on 'er, an' them theer be soom of her oan roses, an' she wur as sweet as ony on 'em-the Lord bless 'er-'er oan sen : an' weant ve taake 'em now. Miss Dora, fur 'er saäke an' fur my saäke

Dora. De you want them back again?

Dobson. Noa, noa! Keep 'em, But I hed a word to saay to ye. Dora. Why, Farmer, you should

be in the havfield looking after your men; you couldn't have more splendid weather.

Dobson. I be a going theer; but I thowt I'd bring tha them roses fust. The weather's well anew, but the glass be a bit shaaky. S'iver we've led moäst on it.

Dora. Ay! but you must not be too sudden with it either, as you were last year, when you put it in green, and your stack caught fire

Dobson. I were insured, Miss, an' I lost nowt by it. But I weant be too sudden wi' it: and I feel sewer. Miss Dora, that I ha' been noan too sudden wi' you, fur I ha' sarved for ye well nigh as long as the man sarved for 'is sweet'art i' Seriptur'. Weant ve gi'e me a kind answer at last?

Dora. I have no thought of marriage, my friend. We have been in such grief these five years, not only on my sister's account, but the ill success of the farm, and the debts, and my father's breaking down, and his blind-ness. How could I think of leaving him?.





Dobson. Eh, but I be well to do; and if ye would nobbut hev me. I would take the owd blind man to my oan fireside. You should hev him

allus wi' ye. Dora. You are generous, but it cannot be. I cannot love you; nay, I think I never can be brought to love any man. It seems to me that I hate men, ever since my sister left us. Oh, see here. (Pulls out a letter.) wear it next my heart. Poor sister, I had it five years ago. 'Dearest Dora.—I have lost myself, and am lost for ever to you and my poor father. I thought Mr. Edgar the best of men, and he has proved himself the worst. Seek not for me, or you may find me at the bottom of the river. EVA.

Dobson. Be that my fault?

Dora. No; but how should I, with this grief still at my heart, take to the milking of your cows, the fatting of your calves, the making of your butter, and the managing of your poul-

Dobson. Naäv, but I hev an owd woman as 'ud see to all that; and you should sit i' your oan parlor quite like a laädy, ye should!

Dora. It cannot be. Dobson.

And plaay the pianner, if ve liked, all daay long, like a laady, ye should an' all. Dora. It cannot be,

Dobson. And I would loove tha moor nor ony gentleman 'ud loove

Dora. No, no; it cannot be.

Dobson. And p'raps ye hears 'at I soomtimes taakes a drop too much; but that be all along o' you, Miss, because ye weant hev me; but, if you would, I could put all that o' one side eäsy anew.

Dora. Cannot you understand plain words, Mr. Dobson? I tell you,

it cannot be.

Dobson. Eh, lass! Thy feether eddicated his darters to marry gentlefoalk, and see what's coomed on it.

Dobson. Von have shown me that, though fortune had born you into the estate of a gentleman, you would still have been Farmer Dobson. You had better attend to your hayfield. Good afternoon. eld. Good afternoon. [Exit. Dooson. 'Farmer Dobson!' Well.

I be Farmer Dobson; but I thinks Farmer Dobson's dog 'ud ha' knaw'd better nor to cast her sister's misfortin inter 'er teeth arter she'd been areadin' me the letter wi' 'er voice a-shaäkin', and the drop in 'er eye. Theer she goäs! Shall I foller 'er and ax 'er to maäke it up? Noä, not yet. Let 'er cool upon it; I likes 'er all the better fur taäkin' me down, like a laady, as she be. Farmer Dolo-son! I be Farmer Dobson, sewer anew; but if iver I cooms upo' Gentleman Hedgar agean, and doant laay my cartwhip athurt 'is shou'ders, why then I beant Farmer Dobson, but summun else-blaäme't if I beant!

Enter HAYMAKERS with a load of

The last on it, eh? 1st Haymaker. Yeas. Doison, Hoam wi' it, then

Exit surlily 1st Haymaker. Well, it be the last

2nd Haymaker, Yeas, an' owd Dobson should be glad on it. What maäkes 'im allus sa glum?

Sally Allen. Glum! he be wuss nor He coom'd up to me yister alum daay i' the haayfield, when mea and niv sweet'art was a workin' along o one side wi' one another, and he sent 'im awaay to t'other end o' the field; and when I axed 'im why, he telled me 'at sweet'arts niver worked well togither; and I telled'im 'at sweetarts allus worked best togither; and then he called me a rude naame, and I can't abide 'im.

James. Why, lass, doant tha knaw

he be sweet upo' Dora Steer, and she weant sa much as look at 'im? And wheniver 'e sees two sweet'arts

Dora. That is enough, Farmer





The Promise of May.

To be true to each other, let 'appen what maay,

Till the end of the daäy And the last load hoam.

All. Well sung!

James. Fanny be the naäme i' the song, but I swopt it fur she.

[Pointing to Sally. Sally. Let ma aloan afoor toalk, wilt tha?

1st Haymaker. Ve shall sing that agean to-night, fur owd Dobson'll gi'e

us a bit o' supper.

Sully. I weant goa to owd Dobson; he wur rude to me i' tha haay-field, and he'll be rude to me agean to-night. Owd Steer's gotten all his grass down and wants a hand, and I'll

1st Haymaker. Owd Steer gi'es nubbut cowd tea to 'is men, and owd Dobson gi'es beer.

Dobson gi'es beer.

Sally. But I'd like owd Steer's cowd tea better nor Dobson's beer. Good-bye.

fames. Gi'e us a buss fust, lass.
Sally. I tell'd tha to let ma

fames. Why, wasn't thou and me abussin' o' one another t'other side o' the haāycock, when owd Dobson coom'd upo' us? I can't let tha aloan if I would, Sally. Offering to kits her. Sally. Git along wi' ye, do! [Exit. Milling is, exeumt singing.

'To be true to each other, let 'appen what many, Till the end o' the dany

An' the last load hoam.

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. Not Harold! 'Philip Edgar, Philip Edgar!' Her phantom call'd me by the name

she loved.

I told her I should hear her from the grave.

Ay! yonder is her casement. I remember

Her bright face beaming starlike down upon me

togither like thou and me, Sally, he be fit to bust hissen wi' spites and jalousies. Sally, Let'im bust hissen, then.

fath. 1 cares.

1st Haymaker. Well but, as I said afoor, it be the last load boam; do

afoor, it be the last load boam; do thou and thy sweet'art sing us hoam to supper—'The Last Load Hoam.'

A.U. Ay' 'The Last Load Hoam.'
Hoam.'

Song.

What did ye do, and what did ye saäy,
Wi' the wild white rose, an' the wood-

Wi' the wild white rose, an' the woodbine sa gaay, An' the midders all mow'd, an' the

sky sa hlue-What did ye saay, and what did ye

do,

When ye thowt there were nawbody

watchin' o' you, And you an' your Şally was forkin' the haäv.

At the end of the daay,

What did we do, and what did we saay,

Wi' the briar sa green, an' the willer sa graäy. An' the midders all mow'd, an' the

sky sa blue—
Do ye think I be gawin' to tell it to you,

What we mowt saay, and what we mowt do, When me an' my Sally was forkin'

the haäy, At the end of the daäy, For the last load hoam?

But what did ye saäy, and what did ye do,
Wi' the butterflies out, and the swallers at plaäy.

An' the midders all mow'd, an' the sky sa blue? Why, coom then, owd feller, I'll tell it

to you; For me an' my Sally we swear'd to be

to you; For me an' my true,





Some madman, is it,

Sometimes I wonder.

Gesticulating there upon the bridge?

I am half afraid to pass.

With our first wail then life-When man has surely learnt at last that all Song (further off). His old-world faith, the blossom of 'Till the end o' the dawy his youth, Has faded, falling fruitless-whether An' the last load hoam, Load hoam.

enough.

death

So the child grow to manhood: better





Now I must go. Harold. But give me first your hand:

I do not dare, like an old friend, to shake it I kiss it as a prelude to that privilege

When you shall know me better. (Aside.) How beautiful His manners are, and how unlike the farmer's!

You are staying here?

Harold. Yes, at the wayside inn

Close by that alder-island in your brook.

'The Angler's Home.'

Are you one? No, but I Take some delight in sketching, and the country

Has many charms, altho' the inhabi-

Seem semi-barbarous.

I am glad it pleases you; Yet 1, born here, not only love the

But its inhabitants too; and you, I doubt not. Would take to them as kindly, if you

To live some time among them If I did. Harold.

Then one at least of its inhabitants Might have more charm for me than all the country.

Dora. That one, then, should be grateful for your preference. Harold. I cannot tell, tho' standing in her presence. (Aside.) She colors!

Dora. Sir! Be not afraid of me. these are no conventional flourishes.

I do most earnestly assure you that Your likeness-[Shouts and cries without. What was that? my poor

Enter FARMING MAN.

blind father-

Farming Man. Miss Dora, Dan Smith's cart hes runned ower a laady i' the holler laane, and they ha' ta'en the body up inter your chaumber, and they be all a-callin' for ye.

Dora. The body !- Heavens! [come!

But you are trembling. Allow me to go with you to the farm. Exeunt.

Enter DOBSON

Dobson. What feller wur it as' a' been a-talkin' fur haafe an hour wi' my Dora? (Looking after him). Seeams I ommost knaws the back on 'im-drest like a gentleman, too. Damn all gentlemen, says I! I should ha' thowt they'd hed anew o' gentlefoälk, as I telled 'er to-daav when she fell foul upo' me.

Minds ma o' summun. swear to that; but that be all one. fur I haätes 'im afoor I knaws what be. Theer l he turns round. Philip Hedgar o' Soomerset! Philip Hedgar o' Soomerset !- Noa-veasthaw the feller's gone and maade such

Eh lad, if it be thou, I'll Philip tha! a-plaavin' the saame gaame wi my Dora-I'll Soomerset tha I'd like to drag 'im thruff the herse-

pond, and she to be a-lookin' at it.
I'd like to leather 'int black and blue. and she to be a-laughin' at it. I'd like to fell 'im as dead as a bullock! (Clenching his fist.)

But what 'ud she saay to that? She telled me once not to meddle wi' 'im, and now she be fallen out wi' ma, and I can't coons at 'er.

It mun be him. Noä! Fur she'd niver 'a been talkin' haafe an hour wi' the divil 'at killed her oan sister, or

Yeas! Fur she niver knawed 'is faäce when 'e wur 'ere afoor; but I'll maäke 'er knaw! I'll maäke 'er knaw!

Enter HAROLD.

" Naäy, but I mun git out on 'is



This Dora! She gave her hand, unask'd, at the farm-gate; I almost think she half return'd the pressure

mine. What, I that held the orange blossom Dark as the yew? but may not those,

who march Before their age, turn back at times, and make

Courtesy to custom? and now the stronger motive, Misnamed free-will-the crowd would

call it conscience-Moves me-to what? I am dreaming; for the past Look'd thro' the present, Eva's eyes thro' hers-

A spell upon me! Surely I loved Eva More than I knew! or is it but the

past That brightens in retiring? Oh, last night Tired, pacing my new lands at Little-

chester, dozed upon the bridge, and the black river

Flow'd thro' my dreams-if dreams they were. She rose From the foul flood and pointed toward the farm, And her cry rang to me across the

years, 'I call you, Philip Edgar, Philip

when

The stronger motive rules. But she hates Edgar. May not this Dobbins, or some other

Edgar in Harold? Well then, I must make her

Love Harold first, and then she will forgive Edgar for Harold's sake. She said

She would forgive him, by-and-by. not now

For her own sake then, if not for mine -not now-But by-and-by.

Enter DOBSON behind

Dobson, By-and-by-eh, #sd. dosta knaw this paaper? Ye dropt it upo the road. 'Philip Edgar, Esq.' Ay, you be a pretty squire. I ha' fun' ye out, I hev. Eh, lad, dosta knaw what tha means wi' by-and-by? Fur if ye be goin' to sarve our Dora as ye sarved our Eva-then, by-and-by, if she weant listen to me when I be a-tryin' to saave 'er-if she weant--look to thysen, for, by the Lord, I'd think na moor o' maäkin' an end o tha nor a carrion craw-noä-thaw they hanged ma at 'Size fur it. Dobbins, I think!

I beant Dobbins. Dobson. Harold. Nor am I Edgar, my good fellow.





Dobson. Tha lies! What hasta been saayin' to my Dora? Harold. I have been telling her of the death of one Philip Edgar of Toft

Hall, Somerset. Dobson. Tha lies!

Harold (pulling out a newspaper). Well, my man, it seems that you can read. Look there-under the deaths. Dobson. 'O' the 17th, Philip Ed-

gar, o' Toft Hall, Soomerset.' coom thou to be sa like 'im, then? Harold. Naturally enough; for I

am closely related to the dead man's Dobson. An' ow coom thou by the

letter to 'im ?

Harold. Naturally again; for as I used to transact all his business for him, I had to look over his letters. Now then, see these (takes out letters). Half a score of them, all directed to me-Harold.

Dobson, 'Arold! 'Arold! 'Arold. so they be.

Harold. My name is Harold!

Good-day, Dobbins! Oobbins! [Exit. 'Arold! the feller's clean Dobson. daäzed, an' maäzed, an' maäted, an' muddled ma. Deäd! It mun be true, fur it wur i' print as black as owt. Naäy, but 'Good daäy, Dob-bins.' Why, that wur the very twang on 'im. Eh, lad, but whether thou be Hedgar, or Hedgar's business man, thou her 't naw business 'ere wi' my Dora, as I knaws on, an' whether thou calls thysen Hedgar or Harold, if thou stick to she I'll stick to theestick to tha like a weasel to a rabbit, I will. Ay! and I'd like to shoot tha like a rabbit an' all. 'Good daäy,

ACT III.

Dobbins.' Dang tha!

SCENE.-A ROOM IN STEER'S House. DOOR LEADING INTO BEDROOM AT THE BACK.

Dora (ringing a handbell). Milly!

Enter MILLY.

Milly. y. The little 'ymn? Yeas, but I wur so ta'en up wi' Miss; but I wur so ta'en up wi' leädin' the owd man about all the blessed murnin' 'at I ha' nobbut larned mysen haafe on it.

O man, forgive thy mortal foe, Nor ever strike him blow for blow; For all the souls on earth that live To be forgiven must forgive. Forgive him seventy times and seven: For all the blessed souls in Heaven Are both forgivers and forgiven,

But I'll git the book agean, and larn mysen the rest, and saay it to ye afoor dark; ye ringed fur that, Miss, didn't ye?

No, Milly; but if the farm-Dora. ing-men be come for their wages, to send them up to me.

Milly. Yeas, Miss. Dora (sitting at desk counting money). Enough at any rate for the present. (Enter Farming Men.)
Good afternoon, my friends. I am
sorry Mr. Steer still continues too unwell to attend to you, but the schoolmaster looked to the paying you your wages when I was away,

Men. Yeas; and thanks to ye.

Dora. Some of our workmen have left us, but he sent me an alphabetical list of those that remain, so, Allen, I may as well begin with you

Allen (with his hand to his ear). Halfabitical! Taäke one o' the young 'uns fust, Miss, for 1 be a bit deaf, and I wur hallus scaared by a big word; leästwaäys, I should be wi' a lawyer. Dora. I spoke of your names.

Allen, as they are arranged here (shows book)-according to their first

Allen. Letters! Yeas, I sees now. Them be what they larns the childer' at school, but I were burn afoor schoolintime.

Dora. But, Allen, tho' you can't





read, you could whitewash that cottage of yours where your grandson had the fever

Allen. I'll hev it done o' Monday. Else if the fever spread, the

parish will have to thank you for it. Allen. Mea? why, it be the Lord's doin', noan o' mine; d'ye think I'd gi'e 'em the fever? But I thanks ye all the saame, Miss. (Takes money.)

Dora (calling out names). Higgins, Jackson, Luscombe, Nokes, Oldham, Skipworth! (All take money.) Did you find that you worked at all the worse upon the cold tea than you would have done upon the beer?

Higgins. Noa, Miss; we worked

naw wass ano' the cowd tea: but we'd ha' worked better upo' the beer.

Dora. Come, come, you worked well enough, and I am much obliged to all.4ff you. There's for you, and you, and you. Count the money and see if it's all right. Men. All right, Miss; and thank

ve kindly.

[Exeunt Luscombe, Nokes, Old-

ham, Skipworth.

Dora. Dan Smith, my father and I forgave you stealing our coals.

[Dan Smith advances to Dora.

Dan Smith (bellowing). Whoy, O lor, Miss! that wur sa long back, and the walls sa thin, and the winders brokken, and the weather sa cowd, and my missus a-gittin' ower 'er lyin'-in. Dora. Didn't I say that we had

forgiven you? But, Dan Smith, they tell me that you-and you have six children—spent all your last Satur-day's wages at the ale-house; that you were stupid drunk all Sunday, and so ill in consequence all Monday, that you did not come into the havfield. Why should I pay you your full wages?

Dan Smith. I be ready to taake

the pledge.

Dora. And as ready to break it again. Besides it was you that were driving the cart—and I fear you were tipsy then, too-when you lamed the lady in the hollow lane.

Dan Smith (bellowing.). O lor, Miss! noä, noä! Ye sees the holler laäne be hallus sa dark i' the arternoon, and wheere the big eshtree cuts athurt it, it gi'es a turn like, and 'ow should I see to laame the laady. and meä coomin' along pretty sharp an' all?

Well, there are your wages; Dora. the next time you waste them at a pothouse you get no more from me. (Exit Dan Smith.) Sally Allen, you worked for Mr. Dobson, didn't you?

Sally (advancing). Yeas, Miss; but he wur so rough wi' ma, I couldn't abide 'im.

Why should he be rough with you? You are as good as a man in the hayfield. What's become of your brother?

Sally. 'Listed for a soadger, Miss, i' the Oueen's Real Hard Tillery. Dora. And your sweetheart-when

are you and he to be married? At Michaelmas. Sally. Miss.

please God. Dora. You are an honest pair. I

will come to your wedding.

Sally. An' I thanks ve fur that, Miss, moor nor fur the waage.

'A cotched ma (Going-returns.) 'A cotched ma 'ere afoor, an' axed ma to be' is little sweet-art, an soa I knaw'd 'im when I seed' im agean and I telled feyther

What is all this, Allen? Dora. Allen. Why, Miss Dora, meä and my maätes, us three, we wants to hev three words wi' ye. Higgins. That be 'im, and mea,

Miss. Jackson. An' meä, Miss.

Allen. An' we weant mention naw naämes, we'd as lief talk o' the Divil afoor ye as 'im, fur they says the master goas clean off his 'ead when he 'ears the naame on 'im; but us three, arter Sally'd telled us on 'im, we fun' 'im out a-walkin' i' West l'ield wi' a white 'at, vine o'clock, upo' Tuesday murnin', and all on us, wi' your leave, we wants to leather 'im.





Dora. Who? Allen.

Him as did the mischief here, five year' sin'.

Dora. Mr. Edgar?

Allen. Theer, Miss! You naamed 'im-not me

Dora. He's dead, man-dead . gone to his account-dead and buried Allen. I beant sa sewer o' that, fur Sally knaw'd 'im; Now then?

Yes; it was in the Somer-Dora. setshire papers.

Allen. von mun be his brother, an' we'll leather 'im.

Dora. I never heard that he had a brother. Some foolish mistake of Sally's; but what! would you beat a man for his brother's fault? That were a wild justice indeed. Let bygones be bygones. Go home! Goodnight! (All excunt.) I have once more paid them all. The work of the farm will go on still, but for how long? We are almost at the bottom of the well: little more to be drawn from it-and what then? Encumbered as we are, who would lend us anything? We shall have to sell all the land, which Father, for a whole life, has been getting together, again, and that, I am sure, would be the death of him. What am I to do? Farmer Dobson, were I to marry him, has promised to keep our heads above water; and the man has doubtless a good heart, and a true and lasting love fur me: yet-though I can be sorry for him-as the good Sally says. 'I can't abide him '-almost brutal, and matched with my Harold is like a hedge thistle by a garden rose. But then, he, too-will he ever be of one faith with his wife? which is my dream of a true marriage. Can fancy him kneeling with me, and uttering the same prayer; standing up side by side with me, and singing the same hymn? I fear not. Have I done wisely, then, in accepting him? But may not a girl's love-dream have too much romance in it to be realized all at once, or altogether, or anywhere but in Heaven? And vet I had once a vision of a pure and perfect marriage, where the man and the wuman, only differing as the stronger and the weaker, should walk hand in hand together down this valley of tears, as they call it so truly, to the grave at the bottom, and lie down there to gether in the darkness which would seem but for a moment, to be wakened again together by the light of the resurrection, and no more partings for ever and for ever. (Walks up and down. She sings.)

O happy lark, that warblest high Above thy lowly nest,

O brook, that brawlest merrily by Thro' fields that once were blest, O tower spiring to the sky.

O grave in daisies drest, O Love and Life, how weary am I, And how I long for rest.

There, there, I am a fool! Tears! I have sometimes been moved to tears by a chapter of fine writing in a novel; but what have I to do with tears now? All depends on me-Father, this poor girl, the farm, everything; and they both love me-I am all in all to both; and he loves me too, I am quite sure of that. Courage, courage! and all will go well. (Goes to bedroom door opens it.) How dark your room is! Let me bring you in here where there is still full daylight. (Brings Eva forward.) Why, you look better.

Eva. And I feel so much better,

that I trust I may be able by-and-by to help you in the business of the farm; but I must not be known yet. Has anyone found me out, Dura?

Dora. Oh, no; you kept your veil too close for that when they carried you in, since then, no one has see h you but myself.

Eva. Yes—this Milly.

Dora. Poor blind Father's little guide, Milly, who came to us three years after you were gone, how should she know you? But now that you have been brought to us as it were from the grave, dearest Eva, and have





heen here so long, will you not speak with Father to-day?

Eva. Do you think that I may? No, not yet. I am not equal to it yet.

Dora. Why? Do you still suffer from your fall in the hollow lane?

Eva. Bruised; but no bones broken.

Dora. I have always told Father that the huge old ashtree there would cause an accident some day; but he would never cut it down, because one of the Steers had planted it there in former times.

Eva. If it had killed one of the Steers there the other day, it might have been better for her, for him, and for you.

Dora. Come, come, keep a good heart! Better for me! That's good, llow better for me?

Ezec. You tell me you have a lover. Will he not fly from you if he learn the story of my shame and that I am

still living ²
Dora. No; I am sure that when we are married he will be willing that you and Father should live with us; for, indeed, he tells me that he met you once in the old times, and was much taken with you, my dear.

Eva. Taken with me; who was he? Have you told him I am here?

Dora. No; do you wish it?

Dora. No; do you wish it?
Eva. See, Dora; you yourself are ashained of me (weeps), and I do not wonder at it.

Dora. But I should wonder at myself if it were so. Have we not been all in all to one another from the time when we first peeped into the bird's nest, waded in the brook, ran after the butterflies, and prattled to each other that we would marry fine gentlemen, and played at being fine

Eva. That last was my Father's fault, poor man. And this lover of yours—this Mr. Harold—is a gentle-

Dora. That he is, from head to foot. I do believe I lost my heart to

him the very first time we met, and I love him so much—

Eva. Poor Dora!

Dora. That I dare not tell him how much I love him.

how much I love him.

Eva. Better not. Has he offered you marriage, this gentleman?

Dora. Could I love him else?

Dora. Could I love him else?

Eva. And are you quite sure that after marriage this gentleman will not be shamed of his poor farmer's daughter among the ladies in his drawing-

room? Shamed of me in a drawingroom! Wasn't Miss Vayasour, our
schoolimistress at Littlechester, a lady
born? Were not our fellow-pupils all
adies? Wasn't dear mother herself
at leasts in the state of the state of the
like a lady; talk a little like a lady? Can't agrid when she loves her husband, and he her, make herself anything he wishes her to be! Shamed
of me in a drawing-room, indeed! See
here! 'I hope your Lordship is
quite recovered of your gout?

or over to-day? (Cartein) if on
recommend our Volitigeur. 'I am
sorry that we could not attend your
Grace's party on the toth! (Cartdies). There, I am glad my nonsense

has made you smile!

Eva. I have heard that 'your Lordship,' and 'your Ladyship,' and 'your Grace' are all growing old-fashioned!

Dora. But the love of sister for sister can never be old-fashioned. I have been unwilling to trouble you with questions, but you seem somewhat better to-day. We found a letter in your bedroom torn into bits. I couldn't make it out. What was it?

Em. From himl from himl He said we had been most happy together, and he trusted that some time we should meet again, for he had not forgotten his promise to come when I called him. But that was a mockery, you know, for he gave me no address.





and there was no word of marriage; and, O Dora, he signed himself 'Yours gratefully'—fancy, Dora, 'gratefully'! 'Yours gratefully'!

Dora. Infamous wretch! (Aside.) Shall I tell her he is dead? No; she

is still too feeble.

Eva. Hark! Dora, some one is coming. I cannot and will not see

Dora. It is only Milly.

Enter MILLY with basket of roses.

Dora. Well, Milly, why do you come in so roughly? This sick lady here might have been asleep.

Milly. Please, Miss, Mr. Dobson

Mitty. Please, Miss, Mr. Dobson telled me to saäy he's browt some of Miss Eva's roses for the sick laädy to smell on.

Dora. Take them, dear. Say that the sick lady thanks him! Is he here?

Milly. Yeas, Miss; and he wants

to speak to ye partic'lar.

Dora. Tell him I cannot leave the

sick lady just yet.

Milly. Yeas, Miss; but he says he wants to tell ye summut very partic'-

Dora. Not to-day. What are you staying for?

Milly. Why, Miss, I be afeard I

shall set him a-swearing like onythink. Dora. And what harm will that do you, so that you do not copy his bad manners? Go, child. (Exit Milly.) But, Eva, why did you write 'Seek

me at the bottom of the river? Evn. Why? because I meant it!
—that dradful night! that lonely
walk to Littlechester, the rain beating
in my face all the way, dead midnight
when I came upon the bridge; the
river, black, slimy, swirling under me
in the lamplight, by the rotten wharfs
—but I was so mad, that I mounted
upon the parapet—

Dora. You make me shudder!
Eva. To fling myself over, when I
heard a voice, 'Girl, what are you doing there?' It was a Sister of Mercy,

who had died in his misery blessing God, and the Sister took me to her house, and bit by bit—for she prom-

ised secrecy—I told her all.

Dora. And what then?

Eva. She would have persuaded me to come back here, but I couldn't. Then she got me a place as unrestry governess, and for when the child process of the common state of the common state

Dera (reads). 'My dear Child,—I can do no more for you. I have done wrong in keeping your secret; your Father must be now in extreme old age. Go back to him and ask his for-giveness before he dies.—SISTER AGATHA! Sister Agatha is right. Don't you long for Father's forgiveness!

ness!
Eva. I would almost die to have it!
Dora. And he may die before he gives it; may drop off any day, any hour. You must see him at once.
(Rings bell. Enter Milly.) Milly, my dear, how did you leave Mr. Steer?

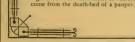
Milly. He's been a-moanin' and agroanin' in 'is sleep, but I thinks he be wakkenin' oop.

Dora. Tell him that I and the lady here wish to see him. You see she is lamed, and cannot go down to

Milly. Yeas, Miss, I will.

Dora. I ought to prepare you.
You must not expect to find our Father as he was five years ago. Its mmch altered; but I trust that your return—for you know, my dear, you were always his favorite—will give

were always his favorite—will give him, as they say, a new lease of life. Eva (clinging to Dora). Oh, Dora, 100ra 1





Enter STEER led by MILLY. Steer. Hes the cow cawved? Dora. No. Father.

Be the colt dead? Steer. No. Father.

He wur sa bellows'd out wi' Steer. the wind this murnin', 'at I tell'd 'em to gallop 'im. Be he dead?

Dora. Not that I know. What hasta sent fur me, Steer.

then, fur? Dora (taking Steer's arm). Well,

Father, I have a surprise for you. Steer. I ha niver been surprised but once i' my life, and I went blind upon it.

Eva has come home. Dora.

Hoam? fro' the bottom o' the river? Dora. No, Father, that was a mis-

take. She's here again. The Steers was all gentle-Steer foalks i' the owd times, an' I worked early an' laäte to maäke 'em all gen-

tlefoälks agean. The land belonged to the Steers i' the owd times, an' it belongs to the Steers agean: I bowt it back agean; but I couldn't buy my darter back ageän when she lost hersen, could I? I eddicated boath on 'em to marry gentlemen, an' one on 'em went an' lost hersen i' the river.

Dora. No, Father, she's here. Steer. Here! she moant coom here. What would her mother saay? If it be her ghoäst, we mun abide it.

can't keep a ghoäst out. Eva (falling at his feet). O forgive

me! forgive me!
Steer. Who said that? Taake me awaäy, little gell. It be one o' my bad daays. [Exit Steer led by Mills

Dora (smoothing Eva's forehead). Be not so cast down, my sweet Eva. You heard him say it was one of his bad days. He will be sure to know you to-morrow.

Eva. It is almost the last of my bad days, I think. I am very faint. I must lie down. Give me your arm. Lead me back again.

[Dora takes Eva into inner room.

Enter MILLY.

Miss Dora! Miss Dora! Milly. Dora (returning and leaving the bedroom door ajar). Quiet! quiet!

Milly. Mr. 'Arold, Miss. Dora. Below ?

Milly. Veas, Miss. He be saayin' word to the owd man, but he'll

coom up if ye lets 'im. Tell him, then, that I'm waiting for him.

Mully. Yeas, Miss.

[Exit. Dora sits pensively and

Enter HAROLD.

Harold. Vou are pale, my Dora! but the ruddiest cheek

That ever 'charm'd the plowman of your wolds Might wish its rose a lily, could it

But half as lovely. I was speaking

Your father, asking his consent-you wish'd me-

That we should marry: he would answer nothing, I could make nothing of him; but, my

You look so weary and so worn!

What is it Has put you out of heart?

It puts me in heart Dora. Again to see you; but indeed the state

Of my poor father puts me out of heart.

Is yours yet living?

Harold. No—I told you.

Dora. When? Harold. Confusion !- Ah well! the state we all Must come to in our spring-and-winter

world live long enough! and poor Steer looks

The very type of Age in a picture, bow'd

To the earth he came from, to the grave he goes to,









Beneath the burthen of years.

More like the picture Dora Of Christian in my 'Pilgrim's Progress ' here,

Bow'd to the dust beneath the burthen

of sin. Harold. Sin! What sin? Not his own. Dora.

Harold. That nursery-tale Still read, then?

Dora. Yes; our carters and our

shepherds Still find a comfort there.

Harold. Carters and shepherds!

Dora. Scorn! I hate scorn. A

soul with no religion-My mother used to say that such a

one Was without rudder, anchor, compass

-might be Blown everyway with every gust and

wreck On any rock; and tho' you are good

and gentle, Yet if thro' any want-

Of this religion? Child, read a little history, you will find

The common brotherhood of man has been

Wrong'd by the cruelties of his relig-More than could ever have happen'd thro' the want

Of any or all of them. Dora. -But, O dear friend, If thro' the want of any-I mean the

true one-And pardon me for saving it-vou

should ever Be tempted into doing what might seem

Not altogether worthy of you, I think That I should break my heart, for you have taught me To love you.

Harold. What is this? some one been stirring Against me? he, your rustic amourist,

The polish'd Damon of your pastoral This Dobson of your idyll?

No, Sir, no!

Did you not tell me he was crazed with jealousy, Had threaten'd ev'n your life, and

would say anything?

Did I not promise not to listen to him, Nor ev'n to see the man?

Harold. Good; then what is it That makes you talk so dolefully? I told you-Dora My father. Well, indeed, a friend

just now One that has been much wrong'd,

whose griefs are mine, Was warning me that if a gentleman Should wed a farmer's daughter, he

would be Sooner or later shamed of her among The ladies, born his equals.

More fool he! Harold. What I that have been call'd a Socialist,

A Communist, a Nihilist-what you will !-

Dora. What are all these? Utopian idiotcies. Harold. They did not last three Junes. Such

rampant weeds Strangle each other, die, and make the soil

For Cæsars, Cromwells, and Napoleons

To root their power in. I have freed myself

From all such dreams, and some will say because have inherited my Uncle. Let

them. But-shamed of you, my Empress! I

should prize The pearl of Beauty, even if I found

Dark with the soot of slums. But I can tell you, Dora. We Steers are of old blood, tho' we

be fallen. See there our shield. (Pointing to arms on mantelpiece.

For I have heard the Steers Had land in Saxon times; and your own name

Of Harold sounds so English and so









Enter MILLY.

Milly. Please, Mister 'Arold.

Harold (roughly). Well?

Milly. The owd man's coom'd agean to 'issen, an' wants
To hey a word wi' ye about the mar-

riage.

Harold. The what?

Milly. The marriage.

Harold. The marriage?

Milly. The marriage.

Harold. The marriage?

Milly. Yeas, the marriage.

Granny says marriages be maade if eaven.

Harold. She lies! They are made

in Hell. Child, can't you see?

Tell them to fly for a doctor.

Milly.

O law—yeäs, Sir!

Milly.

I'll run fur 'im mysen.

Havold.

All silent there,
Yes, deathlike! Dead? I dare not
look: if dead,
Were it best to steal away, to spare

myself, And her too, pain, pain, pain?

My curse on all This world of mud, on all its idiot gleams Of pleasure, all the foul fatalities That blast our natural passions into

Enter Dobson.

pains!

Dobson. You, Master Hedgar,
Harold, or whativer

They calls ye, for I warrants that ye goas

By haafe a scoor o' naames—out o'

the chaumber.

[Dragging him past the body.

Harold. Not that way, man!

Curse on your brutal strength!

l cannot pass that way.

Dobson. Out o' the chaumber!
I'll mash tha into nowt.

Harold. The mere wild-beast!

Dobson. Out o' the chaumber,
dang tha!

Harold. Lout, churl, clown!

[While they are shouting and struggling Dota rises and omes between them.

Dora (to Dobson). Peace, let him be: it is the chamber of Death! Sir, you are tenfold more a gentleman, A hundred times more worth a woman's love,

Than this, this—but I waste no words upon him:

Illis wickedness is like my wretchedness-

Beyond all language. (To Harold.)

You—you see her there!
Only fifteen when first you came on her.

And then the sweetest flower of all the wolds,

So lovely in the promise of her May, So winsome in her grace and gaiety, So loved by all the village people here,

So happy in herself and in her

Dobson (agitated). Theer, theer! ha' done. I can't abear to see her. [Exit. Dora. A child, and all as trustful

Dora. A child, and all as trustful as a child! Five years of shame and suffering

broke the heart
That only beat for you; and he, the

father,
Thro' that dishonor which you brought upon us,
Has lost his health, his eyesight, even

his mind.

Harold (covering his face). Enough!

Dora. It seem'd so; only there
was left

A second daughter, and to her you came

Veiling one sin to act another.

Harold. No!

You wrong me there! hear, hear me!

1 wish'd, if you— [Pauses.

Dora. If I— [Pauses.]

Harold. Could love me, could be

Harold. Could love me, con brought to love me

As I loved you—

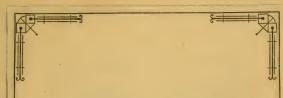
Dora. What then?

Harold. 1 wish'd, I hoped
To make, to make—

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